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Arizona Historical Review

volume 1

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Arizona

Review:

CHAS. E. BATES

Author of "The History of Arizona"

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Arizona Historical Review

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ARIZONA STATE CAPITOL BUILDING



J. W. STRODE, MAJOR GEO. H. KELLY, State Historian, GOV. GEO. W. P. HUNT, BISHOP SERN SORENSON.

Old House, Navajo Springs, where the first territorial government was organized. Picture taken June 21, 1926. Territory organized December 29, 1863

Arizona Historical Data

The territory now included within the limits of Arizona was acquired by virtue of treaties concluded with Mexico in 1848 and in 1854. Previous to that time this country belonged to Mexico as a part of Sonora.

The act cutting Arizona away from the territory of New Mexico was passed by the United States congress and signed by President Abraham Lincoln on February 24, 1863.

Governor John N. Goodwin and other territorial officials reached Navajo Springs, now in Navajo County, on December 29, 1863 where on that date the governor issued a proclamation inaugurating the territorial government.

The first Arizona territorial legislature was convened in Prescott, the temporary Capital, September 26, 1864. Territorial capital located in Tucson November 1, 1867, under an act of the legislature. The territorial capital was relocated at Prescott the first Monday in May, 1877. On February 4, 1889 the territorial capital was permanently located at Phoenix where it has remained since.

Arizona became a state on February 14, 1912, by virtue of a congressional act passed in 1911.

The officers appointed by President Lincoln, who were responsible for the first Arizona territorial government were: John N. Goodwin, of Maine, Governor; Richard C. McCormick, of New York, Secretary of the Territory; William F. Turner, of Iowa, Chief Justice; William T. Howell, of Michigan and Joseph P. Allyn, of Connecticut, associate justices; Almon Gage, of New York, attorney general; Levi Bashford, of Wisconsin, Surveyor General; Milton B. Duffield, of New York, U. S. Marshal; Charles D. Poston, of Kentucky, Superintendent Indian affairs.

The first Arizona State officials, elected in 1911, included the following: George W. P. Hunt, Governor; Sidney P. Osborn, Secretary of State; J. C. Callaghan, State auditor; D. F. Johnson, State treasurer; C. O. Case, Superintendent of Public instruction; W. P. Geary, F. A. Jones and A. W. Cole, Corporation Commissioners; Alfred Franklin, Chief Justice; D. L. Cunningham and H. D. Ross, Associate Justices of the Supreme Court.

ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW

This is the first issue of the Arizona Historical Review. It will be issued quarterly hereafter and letters from prominent citizens of the state, interested in having its history preserved, have encouraged and strengthened the hope that the publication will be favorably received by the public and attain a self-supporting basis during the present year. The idea of a state historical review is not a new one, as many states have one devoted to publishing specially prepared articles dealing with incidents and giving experiences of those who marched in the column of pioneers which first planted the white man's civilization on the Atlantic coast and pushed it across the country to the Pacific Ocean.

Arizona is the youngest state in the Union but its antiquity reaches back many years prior to the coming of the Spanish conquistadors or the landing of the pilgrims on Plymouth Rock. The ancient civilization in Arizona is shown by the remaining ruins and irrigation canals to have included methods requiring scientific knowledge of economy in construction and much genius in planning for defense against enemies. We hope to have stories in the Historical Review of Arizona's pre-historic features from men capable to enlighten the present day population on some of the habits and industrial methods of those who, for instance, built the Casa Grande ruins, the cliff houses now in ruins in many parts of our state and the system of irrigation canals found in the Gila and Salt River Valleys.

The first United States authority under the Stars and Stripes, reached what is now Arizona in 1846, when the Kearney expedition took over the government of New Mexico, of which all of present day Arizona north of the Gila River was a part, passing on to California to assume control of that state. From this date began the modern history of Arizona. From this date the pioneers who trekked the old

Santa Fe trail over the Rocky Mountains began the work of subduing the hostile Indians, reclaiming a parching and waterless desert by irrigation and making of it a land of successful agricultural and horticultural activity by first building crude, brush dams and digging the original canals which took the water from the rivers and carried it to the planted crops; from this date began the development of Arizona's resources and the bringing of stock to the vast areas of pastoral ranges found on the mesas and in the valleys; after this date began the creation of Arizona's system of public education which has grown to its present magnitude, so creditable to those who have had to do with its progress. While the early Christians who came to this country with the early expeditions of the conquistadors were allied with the Catholic Church, now all the more prominent protestant churches are well established in Arizona with creditable edifices in which to conduct their worship.

What is desired for the pages of the Arizona Historical Review are stories telling of establishment and progress of all these enterprises and creditable features of our state. Stories of this character telling of incidents encountered in the overcoming of such great obstacles as confronted the Arizona pioneers and also of personal experiences.

Before definitely deciding to launch the publication of the Arizona Historical Review, the state historian, in a letter to a number of the prominent citizens of the state, whose cooperation was regarded as necessary for success, made known what he had in mind. The responses to these letters were most gratifying, and the work of making preparation for issuing this first number was at once undertaken.

Following are some of the letters received by the state historian, giving endorsement to the idea of the Arizona Historical Review:

EXECUTIVE OFFICE
State House,
Phoenix

December 2, 1927.

"My dear Major Kelly:

I have your letter of November 30th in which you state that you as State Historian are contemplating starting a quarterly magazine.

I am very glad to approve of your project. I think it merits consideration and I believe that after a few editions of the magazine it would become a self-supporting project. I am sure it will prove a success.

My only comment is, the magazine should have been gotten out earlier. Anything I can do to help you promote the enterprise I'll be glad to be advised of.

Yours sincerely,

GEO. W. P. HUNT, Governor.

Major Geo. H. Kelly,
State Historian, Phoenix."

STATE LAW AND LEGISLATIVE
REFERENCE LIBRARY

State House

Phoenix, Dec. 13, 1927.

"Hon. George H. Kelly
Arizona State Historian
State Capitol, Phoenix, Arizona.

My dear Major Kelly:

I have your communication of the first instant anent the proposition of publishing by you a magazine to be known as the Arizona Historical Review.

It is with great satisfaction that I note your purpose to proceed with such a publication and I feel assured of its success from the beginning. Although we have had several histories, the real history of the State and Territory of Arizona is in the memories of the pioneers who still remain with us. Their reminiscences and stories of the early battles

against the savage Apache and the more savage desert heat, in the making of a state, will make most fascinating reading for the present and future generations.

Assuring you of my hearty support and with very best wishes for your success, I am

Very sincerely yours,

CON P. CRONIN,
State Librarian.

TEMPE STATE TEACHERS' COLLEGE

Tempe, Arizona

Dec. 12, 1927.

"George H. Kelly,
Arizona State Historian,
State House, Phoenix, Arizona.

My dear Sir:

I have read your letter of recent date with considerable interest. There is one point in it which strikes me very forcibly and which it seems to me would be a decided success if undertaken by some one who has as much material on hand as you possess and who has the ability to put it into good shape for a quarterly publication.

I believe that the establishment of a quarterly review for Arizona would be a success. Should you decide to take up the matter, let me assure you of my personal interest and co-operation so far as I can be of any service. I am sure that the state educational institutions would all be willing to co-operate with you in the matter of publishing such a work.

Very cordially yours,

A. J. MATTHEWS, President."

THE COCONINO SUN

Flagstaff, Arizona

December 8th, 1927.

"Major George H. Kelly,
State Historian, Phoenix, Ariz.

My dear Major:

I have your letter of the 1st relative to a

quarterly historical magazine and believe the suggestion is a good one and should be carried out. It will stimulate the gathering of data from time to time for future use and in its self would be most interesting to a great many people throughout the state.

With best wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

F. S. BREEN."

NORTHERN ARIZONA STATE TEACHERS' COLLEGE
Flagstaff, Dec. 3, 1927.

"Major Geo. H. Kelly,
State Historian,
State House, Phoenix, Arizona

My dear Major Kelly:

I have your letter with reference to the publication of a quarterly historical magazine dealing with the development of Arizona.

It seems to me this will be a very worth while undertaking, one filled with the finest possibilities. There is a wonderful supply of material for such a magazine and I believe the publication of this material in this form would find many more readers than where it is published in book form. It seems to me such a magazine would have a wide appeal in Arizona and the entire Southwest.

It is my feeling that the average citizen of Arizona does not have an adequate appreciation of the romance, heroism, daring and hardship connected with the development of our State. It is a most inspiring story that should be read by every citizen of the State to the end that we may develop a greater loyalty and a finer State consciousness.

I realize, but of course not so well as you, the expense and work connected with a thing of this kind. But if the State could finance the proposition for a short time, it seems to me that it should not be so very long until it becomes self-supporting. I can promise you the full, and, I believe, enthusiastic cooperation of the Northern Arizona State Teachers' College. We have several people who are interested

along this line. One of our faculty members at the present time is working on a book dealing with Arizona literature. Our library is accumulating quite a collection of Arizona. I presume the most important part we could play in such a publication would be the making of studies along various lines with the idea of publishing the results in the magazine.

I presume it is your idea to have the magazine directly under the control and management of the State Historian, and then possibly have an advisory board on which the various institutions and organizations of the State would be represented, or perhaps recruiting the staff from these organizations. So then, my first impression concerning the matter, is one of enthusiasm and hearty support to the extent of my ability.

I have not thought through the more practical phases of the problem. I shall keep this matter in mind, perhaps discussing it with individuals who may be interested and sometime in the near future, when I am in Phoenix, I shall be glad to drop into your office and discuss the matter further.

With assurances of my complete co-operation,

I am

Sincerely yours,

GRADY GAMMAGE, President."

UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA

Office of the President

Tucson, December 3, 1927

"Mr. George H. Kelly,
Arizona State Historian,
State House, Phoenix, Arizona.

My dear Mr. Kelly:

We heartily agree with you as to the desirability of publishing an Arizona Historical Review, quarterly. It will not only be a valuable contribution to Arizona's historical records, but will also serve a great need in furnishing information regarding Arizona and the Southwest to our winter visitors.

The Arizona Archaeological and Historical Society and the Department of History at the university will be very glad, I am sure, to assist in this good work.

You doubtless will hear from Mrs. Kitt of the Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society and I am confident that she will add her cooperation and render valuable assistance.

Any aid that we may give to make the movement go forward successfully, we shall be glad to render. Wishing you continued health and success, we remain

Sincerely yours,

BYRON CUMMINGS, President."

ARIZONA—AN HISTORICAL OUTLINE

(Written by PATRICK HAMILTON,
Arizona Immigration Commissioner in 1884).

The sixteenth century was prolific in memorable events that make many a thrilling page in modern history. None has a greater attraction than those which narrate the doings of the Spanish conquerors in the New World. The glamour of romance which the early chroniclers threw around the lives and the deeds of those famous free-booters is not yet dispelled; and the intrepidity, daring, personal bravery and brilliant achievements of Cortez, Pizarro, Alvarado and Balboa have a fascination for every student of history. Their avarice, selfishness and cruelty have left a blot on their memory; but their fame is more than half redeemed by the wonderful work they wrought. The grandeur of their conquests has covered with a halo of glory their personal failings and imperfections; and the desperate adventurer is forgotten in the hero whose invincible sword conquered an empire. No hardship was too great or no danger too appalling to daunt the hearts of those indomitable free lances. Any enterprise, however desperate, that promised glory of gain, always found in them ready recruits and enthusiastic supporters. No part of the New World was too distant or too dangerous for them to penetrate. Long before other European nations thought of colonizing the western hemisphere, the Spaniards had sent expeditions through all that vast region now embraced by Mexico, Central America, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas and Colorado. The imperfect records of these various expeditions read like some tale of fiction; and the reckless bravery, the dauntless energy, and the unconquered will of the old cavaliers have never been surpassed, before or since. To those pioneers of the western world we are indebted for our first glimpse of this country. But long before the coming of the Caucasian another people and a different civilization flourished here; but oblivion has so completely

swallowed up their identity that they cut no figure in our annals.

Arizona is an olden land with a modern history. That it was once the home of a semi-civilized race, there is ample evidence in the ruins left by its former occupants, in nearly every valley and mountain range. The origin and history of the people who once held sway in this remote region of the western world are lost in the mists of antiquity, and the lengthening shadows of time afford to their modern successors but a dim conjecture as to who they were, whence they came and what were the causes which led to their complete extinction. These questions suggested themselves to the first Europeans who penetrated the territory, now known as Arizona, nearly three hundred and fifty years ago, and the answers to them were as indefinite then as they are today. There is every reason to believe that the most interesting epoch in Arizona's history lies buried in those mysterious mounds which are an enigma alike to the savant and the sightseer; and the relics which are dug from them suggest mutely, yet eloquently, the time when every valley smiled with prosperity; when mountain and mesa were covered with flocks and herds; when towns and cities adorned the plain and a happy and contented people enjoyed the gifts of bounteous nature in this favored land. This was the golden age of Arizona, but not even tradition gives a whisper as to the causes which brought to so sudden an ending a civilization at once so extensive and unique.

The modern history of the region now embraced within the limits of Arizona Territory begins with the advent of the first Spanish adventurers. More than a quarter of a century before their countrymen laid the foundations of St. Augustine, and long before Captain John Smith established the "first families" at Jamestown, or the Puritan Pilgrims had sighted the inhospitable shores of Massachusetts Bay, the daring Conquistadores had penetrated the wilds of Arizona and New Mexico. To Alvar Nunez Cabeza de Vaca belongs the honor of being the first European to set foot upon Arizona soil. He was treasurer and alcalde of the unfortunate ex-

pedition of Panfilo de Narvaez to the coast of Florida, in 1527. Casting anchor in Tampa Bay, Narvaez, with three hundred and forty men, marched inland, after having arranged that the fleet should follow the coast. But the uniting of the sea and the land forces was never effected. After losing some vessels by storms and spending nearly a year cruising about the coast, the fleet bore away for Cuba, being unable to learn any tidings of the inland expedition.

Narvaez explored the interior for a considerable distance, suffering many hardships. But instead of the golden treasures and the Fountain of Perpetual Youth, which his excited imagination had pictured as lying hidden in the Land of Flowers, he found a wild and inhospitable region whose swamps swarmed with venomous and repulsive reptiles, and whose every breeze bore upon its wings the deadly malaria.

After long and fruitless wanderings, the expedition again reached the seaboard, but the fleet was nowhere in sight, nor could any traces of it be found. In their extremity the Spaniards made tools from their stirrups and other articles of iron, and built five boats. In these the remnant of the expedition, now reduced to a little over two hundred men, embarked for Cuba. The boat commanded by Cabeza de Vaca was stranded on an island, and the survivors, more dead than alive, fell into the hands of the savages. As no tidings of the other boats were ever received it is supposed they were swallowed up by the hungry sea, with all their occupants.

According to the story of Alvar Nunez, himself and companions became slaves of their captors. He remained with his Indian taskmasters for nearly six years, naked like themselves, and suffering great hardships. At the end of that time he effected his escape, but he only gained a change of masters, for he was soon again a slave in another tribe. Here he met Andreas Dorante, Alfonso del Castillo Maldonado, and Estevan, an Arabian negro. These were also members of the expedition of Narvaez, who had been wrecked, and were now held in bondage by the Indians. With these

Cabeza de Vaca soon agreed upon a plan of escape. They were in a desperate plight. Before them stretched hundreds of leagues of treacherous sea; behind them lay an unknown region of vast extent, never yet pressed by the foot of a European. As the only chance of ever again seeing friends or civilization, they determined to penetrate the wilderness to the west, and endeavor to join their countrymen in Northern Mexico. It was a bold resolve, but it was the only one that promised deliverance from their present terrible condition. To cross a continent, and brave the unforeseen dangers which lay in their path, required no ordinary daring, but those old Spaniards had hearts for any enterprise and nerves of steel for any emergency.

Their wanderings and adventures read like some story of romance, and only a mere outline of it can be given here. The exact route of these first overland travelers is also a matter of some doubt. They waded the swamps and bayous of Florida and reached the Indian towns of the region now embraced within the States of Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi. The wondering savages, as may be supposed, gazed with astonishment, not unmixed with awe, upon the first white men they had ever beheld. The negro, Estevan, was likewise the subject of wild conjecture and unbounded curiosity, he being the first of his race whom the red men had ever seen. Nunez explained, as best he might, the cause of their unexpected appearance, and their desire to reach the European settlements on the distant Pacific. The natives treated the strangers kindly, supplied them with provisions, and provided comfortable quarters.

How long Cabeza de Vaca and his fellow-travelers remained with these people is not clear, but their stay was evidently a lengthy one.

Bidding adieu at last to their kind entertainers, they turned their faces to the west and pushed on towards the "big water." They discovered the Mississippi nearly ten years before De Soto stood upon its banks and found a resting place beneath its turbid flood. Crossing the stream, they traversed the wide plains, passing through many tribes, with

whom they tarried, and from all of whom they received kindness and succor. To all inquiries of the wondering aborigines, Nunez and his companions pointed toward the setting sun, as the direction of their journey. They at last reached the Arkansas and followed up that stream, meeting with large bands of Indians encamped in its grassy valley. Game was abundant and they feasted right royally in the tepees of their dusky hosts.

Entering what is now New Mexico, they came to the Indian Pueblos on the Rio Grande. These were the first indications the Spaniards had seen during their weary wanderings of anything like civilization. The inhabitants lived in stone houses, cultivated the soil, dressed in deer skins and light cotton stuffs and their mode of life, customs, and surroundings were almost the same as they are at the present day. They received the wayworn and ragged Spaniards with the utmost kindness, set before them abundance of food and provided them with beds of deer and bear skins upon which to lay their weary limbs. The adventurers remained at these towns for a lengthy period, the exact duration of which can only be conjectured. They then pressed on westward to the Zuni and Moqui villages. The people of these villages were found to be similar in all respects to those they had left on the Rio Grande. Their houses, form of government, manners, and customs were exactly the same and the lapse of three hundred and fifty years has made no material change. Vague rumors had already reached these towns about the wonderful race with white skins, and beards on their faces, who had made their appearance far to the south. They looked upon the band of hardy adventurers as being from another world. Nothing was too good for the pale faced strangers and the chief men vied with each other in paying every attention and showing them every kindness. The Spaniards succeeded in making their hosts understand the cause of their coming and the object of their journey. The Indians pointed south toward the snowclad peaks of the San Francisco, meaning they would find their countrymen in that direction.

Leaving the Moqui towns, and well provided with provisions, the party turned southward and passing through central Arizona, reached after many days of weary travel, the Pima settlements on the Gila.

This is the first knowledge we have of the tribe; and Cabeza de Vaca's narrative describes them as they are today. Like all the other Indians whom the Spaniards had met, the Pimas were spellbound with astonishment at the sight of the strangers. They treated them with the deference due to demigods and supplied them with everything to meet their immediate wants. These aborigines had also heard of the coming of the Europeans to Mexico and directed the party to follow the line of Pima towns to the south and they would lead them to the goal of their desires. Elated with the hope of soon meeting their countrymen, Nunez and his comrades resumed their journey with lighter hearts. They passed through southern Arizona and Sonora and after many hardships and adventures, which space will not admit of detailing here, their longing eyes were at last gladdened by the sight of the banner of Castile and Leon floating from the ramparts of Culiacan, in Sinaloa. Overjoyed at the sight and bursting into tears, they threw themselves upon the ground and offered heart-felt prayers to God for their deliverance. When the four ragged, dirty, unkempt and unshorn men marched into the plaza the whole town turned out to gaze upon them. Years of wandering in unknown wilds had bronzed their faces almost to the color of the savage. Their uncouth garb of tattered deer skins added to their wild appearance and when they spoke, the spectators could hardly believe that those were Christians and Spaniards who stood before them.

The reader who has accompanied Cabeza de Vaca ("Cow's Head") in his tramp across the continent, may desire to know his subsequent history. He was appointed, some years later, to conduct the expedition for the discovery of the Rio de la Plata and the conquest of Paraguay. To make amends for the vicissitudes of his earlier career, fortune showered honors and riches upon him towards its close. His surprising adventures among the savages in the interior of the continent

lost nothing of their thrilling interest by his own narration, which is marked by all the lively colors of the veracious traveler.

Alvar Nunez and his companions gave glowing accounts of the country over which they passed and their highly colored descriptions of the "Seven Cities of Cibola," the Moqui towns, and other points on the route, aroused the spirit of adventure and cupidity among the restless Spaniards, ever ready to face any danger or undergo any hardship that promised glory or gain. The pious ardor of the zealous missionaries was likewise fired by the tales which Nunez and his fellow travelers told of the hordes to the northward, steeped in pagan idolatry and awaiting the coming of those who would lead them to the true God.

An adventurous pioneer of the cross in the western world, Padre Marco de Niza by name, listening to the stories told by Cabeza de Vaca, resolved to satisfy himself as to their truth or falsity. Early in 1539 the good Father, under the patronage of the Viceroy Mendoza, and accompanied by a few followers, and guided by the negro Estevan, set out from Culiacan in search of the "Seven Cities of the Bull." They passed through the country of the Pimas, and up the valley of the Santa Cruz, by the present site of Tucson, thence across to the Pima settlements on the Gila. Here the party were furnished with guides and provisions and traveled north to the valleys of Central Arizona. Here they met the friendly Yavapai tribe, with whom they rested several days. Striking northeast towards the San Francisco mountains they soon came to the Little Colorado and a few days journey beyond their eyes were gladdened by the sight of the first of the mysterious "Seven Cities." Father de Niza sent forward Estevan to the first city to notify the chief of his arrival and the peaceful nature of his mission. It is said the black Lothario became a little too familiar with the Moqui maidens, which so incensed the warriors that they dashed out his brains with their war-clubs. The Father, hearing of the fate that had befallen his dusky follower, did not enter the city, deeming the temper of the inhabitants not in a proper condition for the reception

of the gospel truths. He set up the emblem of Christianity, named the country the New Kingdom of San Francisco and returned to Culiacan.

The public mind throughout New Spain was wrought up to a high pitch of excitement by the news which Padre de Niza brought on his return. The desire to extend the dominion of the Cross produced in the breasts of the fathers a feeling of holy adventure; and the thirst for gold and glory possessed alike the belted knight and the sturdy man-at-arms. The Viceroy, Mendoza, became infused with the spirit which surrounded him and fitted out two expeditions to explore the marvelous country to the north; one by land under Vazquez de Coronado and the other by sea under Fernando Alarcon. In April, 1540, Coronado marched out of Culiacan with nearly a thousand men, the greater number being Indians. He entered Arizona by the valley of the Santa Cruz and passed by the present site of Tucson, where he found an Indian rancheria. He then directed his march to the Pima towns on the Gila. While resting here, Coronado visited the ruins of Chichitilaca, which he named "Casa Grande." Crossing over to the Salt River, the Spanish leader followed that stream to its junction with the Verde and up the latter to its source in the Valle de Chino. From this point he struck across to the San Francisco mountain country and thence into the valley of the stream, which he named the "Rio del Lion," from the quantities of wild flax found growing on its banks. The river is now known as the Colorado Chiquito. Directing his course northwest, from this point, two days' march brought him in sight of the Moqui towns, forty-five days after starting from Culiacan.

The rich and populous cities which the adventurers expected to find proved to be but a collection of poor and insignificant villages. The houses were small, built in terraces and laid in rough stone as they are at the present day. The province contained seven villages, each governed by a chief. The people were peaceful, intelligent and industrious. They raised good crops of corn, beans and pumpkins, cultivated fine peaches, wore cotton cloth and dressed deer skins, and

were in no respect materially different from their descendants, the Moquis and Zunis of the present day.

As may be supposed, the inhabitants were greatly alarmed at the appearance of so large a force, but they were given to understand no harm was intended them if they gave up the wealth they were reported to possess to the invaders. But a thorough search failed to bring to light the treasures said to exist in such profusion in the "Seven Cities." Large quantities of corn were found in the store houses, and every dwelling was well supplied with domestic utensils fashioned of baked clay. At one of the towns, which he named Granada, the inhabitants offered resistance, and Coronado took the place by assault, killing a number of the natives. He speaks of the people of these towns as being well disposed and industrious in cultivating the soil. They held their lands in severalty and had a well arranged tribal government. He next visited the Zuni villages, which he found an exact counterpart of those of the Moquis. The former, like the latter, had no treasure to tempt the cupidity of the Spaniards and, beyond being called upon for a supply of provisions, they were left unmolested. Disappointed in his quest, the Spaniard leader turned his face eastward. He visited the New Mexico pueblos on the Rio Grande, which he found larger and more populous than those of the Zunis and Moquis and whose customs, laws, religion and mode of life were exactly similar. But among them, as among the tribes first visited, there was a notable dearth of the royal metal, and save a few silver and copper ornaments, their dwellings were entirely destitute of the wealth they had been reported to contain. Coronado next turned north and explored the country as far as the present site of Denver, and east as far as the Canadian river. During his march through the latter region, he had several brushes with the Comanches and lost a number of his Indian auxiliaries. With the exception of roving bands of savages, he found the country uninhabited.

Disappointed in finding no booty, and cursing his credulity in listening to the tales of Alvar Nunez and Padre de Niza, the Spanish adventurer directed his steps homeward and in

the spring of 1542, after nearly two years of profitless wanderings, the expedition returned to Mexico. While encamped in the San Francisco mountains, Coronado sent out two detachments to explore the country to the west. One of these, commanded by Captain Diaz, discovered the great Colorado below the Canyon and followed it to its mouth.

Don Garcia Lopez de Cardenas was sent northward with a command of twelve men and was the first white man to gaze upon the wonders of the Grand Canyon. The expedition of Alarcon set sail about the time Coronado marched. It was intended to co-operate with the land forces but there was little concert of action in the movements of either. Alarcon discovered the Gulf of California, which he named the Sea of Cortez. He also discovered the Colorado and Gila rivers. Not being able to stem the current of the former stream, he manned two boats and ascended it some ninety leagues to the mouth of the Grand Canyon. He then set sail and returned to Mexico.

It was not until 1582, forty years later, that any further efforts were made to explore the region known to the Spaniards as "Arizuma." In that year Antonio de Espejo led an expedition towards the north. He penetrated to the region of the Rio Grande, traveled up that stream some fifteen days and named the country Nueve Mexico. He passed through many pueblos and turning westward visited Zia and Acoma. The former place he speaks of as having a population of 20,000 souls, "and containing eight market places and better houses, the latter plastered and painted in diverse colors." The Zuni pueblos were next visited and named Cibola. From this point, Espejo traveled westward to the Moqui towns, where he was received most hospitably and presented with baskets of corn and mantles of cotton cloth. Tarrying here but a short time, he again journeyed on, and forty-five leagues southwest to Moqui, on a mountain easily ascended, he discovered rich silver ore. The mines were situated near two rivers, whose banks were lined with great quantities of wild grapes, walnut trees and flax "like that of Castile."

There can scarcely be a doubt that one of those streams was

the Rio Verde, and that the mines were situated at no great distance from it, probably in the region of the country now known as the Black Hills. This is the first authentic account we possess of the finding of precious metals within the limits of Arizona and to Antonio de Espejo must be awarded the honor of the discovery. He was the pioneer prospector of our territory and little dreamed what magnificent results were to flow from his find. History is silent as to whether the old cavalier set up his "monuments" and marked his "claim" but as he shortly afterwards returned to Zuni, it is presumed he did not consider his discovery of sufficient importance to merit much attention. From Zuni, Espejo retraced his steps to the Rio Grande, and crossing over to the Rio Pecos, descended that stream to its mouth and then returned to Mexico, where he arrived in 1583.

As these expeditions were undertaken solely with the hope of acquiring sudden wealth, like that which rewarded the conquerors of Mexico and Peru, no effort was made to found colonies and a century elapsed before any effort was made to establish a permanent settlement in "Arizuma." In 1686 the Jesuit missionary, Fray Eusebio Francisco Kino, left the City of Mexico and journeyed to the north, with the intention of spreading the light of Christianity among the wild tribes of Sinaloa and Sonora. Being joined by Padre Juan Maria Salvatierra, the two pious friars pushed on to the country of Sobahipuris and in the year 1687 the first mission within the territory, now known as Arizona, was established at Guevavi, some distance south of Tucson, The Mission of San Xavier del Bac ("of the water") was founded about the same time, or not long after. The first mission building was a very pretentious structure and it was nearly a hundred years later before the present edifice was erected. The zealous propagandists preached the gospel truths to the tribes living along the Gila, many of whom ranged themselves beneath the banner of the Cross. Fray Kino and another priest pushed their apostolic peregrinations to the Gulf of California and calculated the width of that desolate sea to be about fifty miles, from shore to shore. In one of their visits to the Gila, they

tried, but unsuccessfully, to establish a mission near the ruins of Casa Grande.

In 1720, or thirty-three years after the founding of Guevavi, there were nine missions, all in a prosperous condition, within the present limits of the territory. The population of those missions was almost entirely composed of converts from the Pima tribe, who took the name of Papago ("baptized"), and a few subjugated Apaches. The missions were prosperous and the untiring labors of the pious Fathers brought forth good fruit in the peaceful and industrious Indian colonies which grew up about them. The neophytes were taught the art of tillage and large bodies of land were brought under cultivation. Sheep and cattle were introduced, rich mines were opened and worked, comfortable houses were erected and order and industry took place of savagery and sloth. The mission colonies were on the high road to prosperity, were self-sustaining and doing good work, not only in teaching the Indians the truths of Christianity but in developing the material resources of the country. But they were subject to constant raids from the untamed Apache, and in 1751 an outbreak occurred among the Pimas, many of the priests were killed and several of the missions destroyed. After this insurrection, the vice-regal government established the presidios of Tucson and Tubac and maintained therein small garrisons for the protection of the neighboring missions.

In the year 1765, a royal decree was issued, at Madrid, ordering the expulsion of the Jesuits from Spain and her colonies. This was a severe blow to the missions in "Arizuma," and one from which they never recovered. The decree was not carried into effect until 1767, when the last of the followers of Loyola were driven from the scenes of their labors and triumphs in Southern Arizona. In May, 1768, fourteen Franciscan friars arrived in Tucson, from Mexico, to take the place of the expelled Jesuits. On their arrival they found the missions in a declining condition and subject to frequent attacks from the savage Apache. Life and enterprise seem to have fled with their founders and they maintained an uncertain and constantly harassed existence until the breaking out of the

war for Mexican Independence. Being deprived of the fostering care and protection of the vice-regal government, they rapidly declined and were finally abandoned by a decree of the Mexican government in 1828. During the regime of the mission fathers, many prospecting and exploring parties penetrated Southern Arizona and a number of settlements were established. Besides the presidios of Tucson and Tubac, there were flourishing haciendas at San Bernardino, Barbacamori, San Pedro, Arivaca and Calabasas. These settlements possessed large flocks of sheep and herds of cattle. Mining was also prosecuted vigorously, especially at Arivaca and Cababi. Some of the silver ores were reduced on the ground by simple adobe furnaces, while the richest was transported on the backs of mules to Sonora and Sinaloa. Most of the valuable gold and silver ornaments of the mission churches came from the mines which surrounded them, and at Guavavi, the remains of sixteen arrastras could be distinctly traced, a few years ago. After the breaking up of the missions these prosperous colonies were despoiled by the savages and abandoned by those who escaped the tomahawk and torch.

By the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, in 1847, all that portion of the territory north of the Gila River was ceded to the United States. At that time there was not a single white inhabitant in all that vast region stretching from the Gila to the Utah boundary, and from the Colorado of the West to the present line of New Mexico. Northern and Central Arizona was an untrodden wild and the unconquered Apache was lord of the mountain, river and plain. The few inhabitants who eked out a precarious existence within the miserable presidios of Tucson and Tubac were the only inhabitants of the country, then called Pimeria Alta. In 1854, that portion of the present territory lying south of the Gila was acquired from Mexico by the treaty negotiated by James Gadsden, then minister to our sister republic. The price paid for the purchase, embracing some forty thousand square miles, was ten millions of dollars. A good deal of ridicule was cast upon Mr. Gadsden for throwing such a sum

upon a "worthless desert" and it was generally considered that the Mexicans had decidedly the best of the bargain. But although Minister Gadsden failed in achieving the main object he had in mind—the securing of Guaymas and the control of the gulf—yet, in view of the marvelous mineral wealth contained in the territory acquired, it must be considered a cheap and valuable acquisition.

Subsequent to the ratification of the Gadsden treaty, the territory was attached to the County of Dona Ana, New Mexico. In 1855 the country was formally turned over to the United States by the Mexican authorities; American troops took possession of Tucson and Tubac; the Mexican colors were lowered, the stars and stripes hoisted in their place and the authority of the Great Republic established where Spaniard and Mexican held sway for more than two hundred years.

After the acquisition of Southern Arizona, several expeditions were sent out by the War Department to explore the almost unknown territory of the southwest. The reports of Lieutenants Whipple and Ives were the first valuable contribution to our knowledge of Arizona. In 1854, Lieutenant Williamson made a survey of the country north of the Gila, with the object of discovering a route for a railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In the same year, Lieutenant Gray surveyed the route from Marshall, Texas, to Tubac, and from thence to Port Lobos, on the Gulf, and also to Fort Yuma and San Diego. A year later, Lieutenant Beale made numerous surveys throughout Northern Arizona. He followed the line of the 35th parallel and opened a road from the Rio Grande to Fort Tejon, in California, which for years was known as the "Beale Route." The Atlantic and Pacific Railroad follows the line of the old road from the Rio Grande to the Colorado.

On the last day of December, 1854, a memorial to Congress was introduced in the Legislature of New Mexico, by the representative from Dona Ana County, praying for the organization of the territory into a separate political division. The name first chosen was "Pimeria," but the one afterwards

adopted was "Arizona." Authorities differ as to the origin of the name. It is a corruption of "Arizuma," first applied to the country by the early Spanish explorers. Some maintain that the word is of Pima origin, and means "Little Creek," while others hold that its derivation is from the two Pima words "Ari," a maiden, and "Zon," a valley or country, having reference to the traditionary maiden queen who once ruled over all the Pima Nation.

Near the southern line of the territory, there was formerly a pueblo attached to the Mission of Saric, half a league from the mining town of Agua Caliente. This pueblo took its name from the mountain near by, which was known as the "Arizona Mountain." From this the name came to be applied to the entire territory. The pueblo of "Arizona" was established by Padres Kino and Salvatierra in 1690. It was destroyed by the revolt of the Pimas in 1751.

The first attempt to secure a territorial government proved a failure. But this did not deter energetic and enterprising men from pushing their way into Southern Arizona. In August, 1856, an expedition, under the leadership of Charles D. Poston, entered the territory from San Antonio, Texas, for the purpose of working the rich silver mines said to exist in the Santa Rita and Arivaca districts. About the same time the government established two military posts in the Gadsden Purchase, one at the head of the Sonoita, some sixty miles east of Tucson, called Fort Buchanan, and the other on the lower San Pedro, near the mouth of the Arivapai, and known as Fort Breckenridge. In August, 1858, the Butterfield Stage route was established. This line extended from Marshall, Texas, to San Diego, and carried mails and passengers three times a week. During the next two years a large amount of capital was invested in mining development; and notwithstanding the enormous cost of supplies and materials of all kinds, which had to be transported hundreds of miles over wretched roads, the country made steady progress. Companies organized in New York and Cincinnati operated extensively in the Santa Rita, Patagonia, Cerro Colorado and Ajo districts. Tubac became the headquarters

for nearly all of these corporations and a live, energetic population of 500 souls was gathered there in 1858-59-60. A weekly newspaper was started, known as the Arizonan, the pioneer journal of the territory. The great natural resources of the country were becoming known and it seemed to have entered on a high road to prosperity, when the breaking out of the Civil War brought to an abrupt ending Arizona's onward march on the highway of progress. The troops at Forts Buchanan and Breckenridge received orders to evacuate the territory, burn and destroy all government property they could not carry away and fall back to the Rio Grande. The two forts were reduced to ashes, together with large quantities of government stores and the military abandoned the country. About the same time the Butterfield mail line, deprived of all protection against hostile savages, was stopped, and the route changed further north.

Every enterprise came to a standstill, and every American who could get away fled to California or Sonora. The Apache marauders swept down from their mountain strongholds and carried death and destruction throughout Southern Arizona. Mines, ranches and stock ranges were abandoned and the few whites left in the country took refuge within the walls of Tucson. The savages indulged in a saturnalia of slaughter and the last glimmer of civilization seemed about to be quenched in blood. The Indians advanced to the outskirts of the town, carrying death and devastation in their track. They swept the scattered settlements, killing and destroying everything in their path. The horribly mutilated bodies of men, women and children marked nearly every mile of the road to the Rio Grande. The blaze from many a comfortable home lit up the midnight sky and the agonizing shrieks of the victims, and the fiendish yells of the red demons, were the sights and sounds throughout the Gadsden Purchase. This frightful condition of things existed for nearly a year after the withdrawal of the troops.

In February, 1862, Captain Hunter, with a company of Texans, entered Tucson, and took possession of the territory, in the name of the Confederate States. The majority of the

white population were in sympathy with the cause he represented. Some time before his arrival they held a meeting and with all the solemnity which the occasion demanded, had passed an ordinance proclaiming the secession of Arizona from the Union. The Stars and Bars, however, did not long continue to float over the Old Pueblo. Hunter held possession of the place until May, when the advance of the California Volunteers caused him to retreat to the Rio Grande. With the advent of the California troops, and the feeling of security which their presence inspired, the country began slowly to awaken from the horrible nightmare which had crushed out every vestige of peaceful industry. The discovery of rich gold diggings on the Colorado, at Weaver Hill, and on the Hassayampa, gave a fresh impetus to immigration and business of every kind began to revive. The people had long clamored for a territorial government. A bill looking to that end was introduced in the Congress of 1857, but failed to pass. Again, in 1860, the people made an effort in the same direction, and Sylvester Mowry was elected to proceed to Washington and urge upon the National Legislature the necessity for such a measure.

Another bill was introduced but political jealousies defeated the effort and the breaking out of the Great Rebellion indefinitely postponed the matter. Arizona remained attached to New Mexico until the 24th day of February, 1863, when the bill giving it a separate political existence received the President's signature. The civil officers appointed to conduct the affairs of the new territory entered upon their duties at Navajo Springs the 29th day of December, 1863. The national colors were given to the breeze, a salute was fired, an address delivered, and the territorial government formally inaugurated. The seat of government was first established at Fort Whipple, which had been built by order of General Carleton, for the protection of the miners then working the rich placers of the Sierra Prieta. It was afterwards removed to Prescott, where it remained until 1867, when it was removed to Tucson. Ten years later it was again changed to Prescott. (In 1889 the territorial capital was located at Phoenix and on February

24th, 1901, the present state capitol building was dedicated to the purpose of housing the territorial government. After the territory had been admitted as a state an addition was built to the capitol. All available space in this enlarged building is now occupied and more room is urgently needed, as a number of state officials are now domiciled outside the capitol building.—Geo. H. Kelly, State Historian).

On the 9th day of April, 1864, the newly appointed governor, John N. Goodwin, issued a proclamation dividing the newly organized territory into three judicial districts. On the 26th day of May, 1864, he issued a supplementary paper establishing election precincts in the several districts and authorizing the holding of the first election in the territory for delegate to congress and members of the legislature. The first legislative assembly convened in Prescott on the 26th day of September, 1864. Most of these pioneer law-makers have long since "crossed over the divide." Of the twenty-seven members who composed the first legislature but four are left in the territory: Robert W. Groom, Edw. D. Tuttle, Henry A. Bigelow and Jesus M. Elias. At this first session the territory was divided into four counties, namely, Pima, Yuma, Yavapai and Mohave.

From 1864 to 1874 the history of Arizona is written in blood. Isolated from the world, and with the most imperfect and irregular means of communication, population increased slowly; the few who had the hardihood to run the risk of the tomahawk and the scalping-knife were attracted by the rich mineral discoveries in Northern Arizona and that portion of the territory received the larger portion of the immigration. The government established military posts at different points for the protection of the scattered settlements but the Apache stubbornly resisted the advance of the whites. Many an adventurous pioneer fell a victim to savage treachery and left his bones to bleach on the desert plain or bleak mountain side. In the ten years from 1864 to 1874 it is estimated that not less than one thousand victims of savage atrocity found bloody graves in Arizona.

But steadily the red man yielded to his destiny. The

gaps in the ranks of the pioneers were rapidly filled and the tales of the marvelous mineral wealth of this region drew hither a large contingent of that army of restless adventurers ever on the wing for fresh fields. For such men Apache ferocity had no terrors, if there was a chance of unearthing some mineral treasure in the wilds of the southwest. Settlements took root around the several posts; towns and camps sprung into existence in different parts of the territory; the fertile valleys and rich bottom lands were brought under cultivation; herds of cattle were brought into the country and foot by foot the dauntless pioneers won this rich domain from the fiends whose presence so long had cursed it.

The rich mines were the lodestones which drew population hither. The discovery of the Bradshaw mines, south of Prescott, in 1870, attracted a large number of people to that region. In 1874 and 1875, the remarkably rich silver deposits of Globe district drew thousands from all parts of the Pacific Coast and the discovery of the Silver King about the same time attracted the attention of the mining world to the wonderful wealth hidden in the mountains of Arizona. Before these discoveries were made, General Crook had brought to terms the hitherto unconquered Apache, and after centuries of murder, rapine and robbery, he was placed on reservations in the latter part of 1873. Before that, the hardy settler followed his calling under difficulties that would have disheartened most men. He tilled the soil with his trusty rifle strapped to the plow and his ready six-shooter belted about him. If a miner, his "pard," armed to the teeth, took position on some commanding eminence above the claim and kept a bright lookout for the sneaking foe. If a stock owner, he had to maintain an armed guard day and night around his herd, and even then the least negligence on his part would often cause the loss of every hoof.

The intrepidity, daring and self-sacrifice of the heroic band who, during those terrible years of savage warfare held this outpost of civilization, are worthy to be embalmed in the pages of Arizona's history and handed down¹ for the emulation of those who possess the land which their valor so gallantly

won. Rough, perhaps, were they in manner and rude of speech, but they had those sterling virtues which flourish best on the border and which ennoble our common humanity. For those that are gone, peace to their ashes, and forever green be the memory of their dauntless deeds in the hearts of their countrymen!

In 1878, the Southern Pacific Railroad entered the territory. The laying of the iron rails marks the brightest epoch in Arizona's history. Before the advance of the locomotive, the barriers of isolation were removed and the last vestiges of savagery swept aside. Arizona was wedded to the realms of civilization and her matchless resources were made known to the world. Population rapidly increased; towns and settlements sprung up along the line of the road; new life was infused into every branch of industry; property values more than doubled and the country entered on an era of prosperity it had never before known.

The discovery of the rich mineral deposits in the Tombstone district, some time before, firmly established the reputation of the territory abroad as a mining region second to no other on the globe. Thousands rushed to the new finds and soon a city of 6,000 inhabitants rose where but a few years before the Apache roamed at will. The amount of treasure which these mines have already added to the world's wealth has made Tombstone the foremost mining camp on the Pacific Coast.

Early in 1883, the Atlantic and Pacific Railway was completed across Northern Arizona to the Colorado River and another transcontinental line bound the territory with iron bands to the outside world. The prosperity enjoyed by the southern portion of the territory was soon duplicated in the north. Mining, farming, stock-raising and every industrial pursuit has felt the beneficial efforts of cheap and rapid communication; population has more than doubled; the country's hidden resources are being brought to light; capital is seeking investment; wealth is increasing and Northern Arizona has entered upon a career of development and material progress which promises to be lasting. This is the

condition of Arizona today—1884. The long night of weary waiting is over at last and the sun of a brighter day is bathing hill, mountain, valley and plain with the beams of peace and prosperity; savagery has fled before its dazzling light and isolation has vanished with the darkness which gave it birth.

In this brief sketch the reader has the principal events in the history of Arizona, from its discovery up to the present time, a period of more than 340 years—the expeditions and explorations of the early Spaniards; the pious labors of the mission fathers and their efforts for Christianity and civilization; the advent of the Americans; the years of warfare with the Apaches; the subjugation of the savages and the opening of railroads. It is a history with many a dark and bloody page and only here and there a bright one. But the future is brilliant with assurances that will more than make amends for the past. Arizona is no longer an unknown region, savage-infested and difficult to reach. She stands on the highway of nations and the fiery annihilator of time and space has heralded throughout the land the richness of her mines, the fertility of her soil, the salubrity of her climate and the grand opportunities which she offers to the immigrant and capitalist.

One of the first discovered regions of the western world, it is only within the past few years that its grand resources and almost unlimited possibilities have become known and understood. It has entered on the full tide of prosperity, and throughout the Union eager eyes are casting longing looks towards the land of sunshine and silver.

COMING OF THE KEARNEY EXPEDITION

Establishing U. S. Authority

The territory now included in the State of Arizona, south of the Gila River, was acquired by the United States as a result of the Gadsden Treaty, which was concluded with Mexico in 1853 and approved in 1854. That portion of Arizona lying north of the Gila River was acquired by the United States as a result of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in 1848. Previous to that time the Mexicans in Sonora had maintained a precarious possession of Tucson and a few other settlements in the Santa Cruz Valley. These possessions were frequently preyed upon by the Apache Indians against whom Mexican soldiers afforded little protection to the lives or property of the inhabitants. The Papago Indians, however, were more successful in repelling these Indians. A census report of September, 1848, gave to Tucson 760 inhabitants and Tubac was credited with a population of 249. In Bancroft's history the following appears: "In the meager and fragmentary record of Mexican annals down to 1854, I find only an occasional complaint of impending ruin as in earlier times with appeals for aid, mention of a few Apache depredations and campaigns and the names of a few officials but nothing from which to form anything like a continuous narrative, or to form any definite idea of the general condition of affairs."

In 1846 the first effort was made to plant the American flag and authority in the territory embraced now in New Mexico, which at that time was bordered on the south by the Gila River. The territory, in what is Arizona south of the Gila River, did not come into the United States until the approval of the Gadsden Treaty, in 1854.

The military command of Colonel Kearney, designed for the conquest of New Mexico and the countries beyond, including California, consisted of two batteries of artillery (6-pounders), under the command of Major Clark; three

squadrons of the first dragoons, under Major Sumner; the first regiment of Missouri cavalry, under Colonel Doniphan and two companies of infantry under Captain Agney. This force was detached in different columns from Fort Leavenworth and was concentrated with admirable order and precision on the first day of August at a camp nine miles below Bent's Fort.

On August 2, 1846, the command of Colonel Kearney was joined by Lieut. W. H. Emory, topographical engineer of the United States Army, in compliance with an army order, issued on June 5, 1846, directing him, with Lieuts. Warner, Albert and Peck, as assistants, to join Colonel Kearney, first dragoons at Fort Leavenworth, as field and topographical engineers of his command. Colonel Kearney had left Fort Leavenworth before the arrival of Lieutenant Emory, who followed and joined the "Army of the West" at Bent's Fort on August 2, 1846.

From Bent's Fort the expedition proceeded towards Santa Fe, then occupied by Mexican civil and military forces under the command of Governor Armijo. On August 7, the Kearney force was ascending the Raton Mountains, which at the point of passage was 7,500 feet high. On August 12, six or eight Mexicans were captured and on their persons were found the proclamation of the Prefect of Taos, based on one of Governor Armijo, calling the citizens to arms for the purpose of repelling the "Americans who were coming to invade their soil and destroy their property and liberties." Other Mexicans were captured on the following days, who claimed to have been sent out to ascertain what constituted the force of Colonel Kearney. These were all held. On the 13th, at the ranch home of a Mr. Bonney, an American, who owned considerable numbers of horses and cattle, a Mr. Spry came into camp, on foot and wearing very little clothing. He had escaped from Santa Fe during the previous night and came to inform Colonel Kearney that Armijo's forces were assembling; that he might expect vigorous resistance and advised that a certain canyon be avoided because of its being fortified. But little attention was given to these stories and warnings, as no doubt

Colonel Kearney felt that he had sufficient force to overcome anyone who undertook to oppose him. On August 14, a messenger arrived bearing a letter from Governor Armijo, which on being interpreted read something like this: "You have notified me that you intend to take possession of the country I govern. The people of the country have risen, en masse, in my defense. If you take the country, it will be because you prove the strongest in battle." Colonel Kearney replied to the messenger in the following words: "The road to Santa Fe is now as free to you as to myself. Say to General Armijo I shall soon meet him and I hope it will be as friends." On the same day the American force reached Vegas, a typical adobe one-story town. Here Colonel Kearney, with the town prefect and some of his officers, climbed a ladder to the top of a building facing the plaza, and through an interpreter, spoke to the populace, numbering several hundred, telling them that he had been sent by authority of the United States to take charge of the country and establish a government; that he and his army came as friends and not to molest anyone or interfere with their religion or mode of living. He assured that all who would take the oath of allegiance to the United States would be continued in their local offices. The people seemed dazed, but agreement to become subjects of the new government was reached and soon afterwards Colonel Kearney proceeded with his force towards Santa Fe, in no way disturbed by the prospects for a battle. As they neared Pecos, they saw a column of Mexicans in full retreat. As the advance column entered the town of Pecos a large, fat fellow, mounted on a mule, came at full speed and extending his hand to the Colonel expressed great satisfaction at his arrival, saying with a roar of laughter, "Armijo and his troops have gone to hell."

Santa Fe was entered on August 18 and the American flag was hoisted without the firing of a gun; Armijo and his army, much superior in size to that of the American force, was far down the Rio Grande in swift retreat. Here a fort was located on the hill back of the town; officials were installed, with Colonel Doniphan in supreme command of both civil

and military authority, until he should be relieved by Col. Price's regiment.

On September 15, general orders were issued at Santa Fe designating the force to march on California. It consisted of three hundred United States First Dragoons, under Major Sumner, who were to be followed by the battalion of Mormons, five hundred in number, commanded by Captain Cooke. On September 25, this force made the start for California. The route was down the Rio Grande to what was known as the Copper mines, located between Deming and Mesilla, where they arrived on October 18. The topographical engineer described these copper mines in the following: "The mines are said to be very rich, both in copper and gold and the specimens obtained sustain this assertion. We learned that those who worked them made their fortunes, but the Apaches did not like their proximity and one day turned out and destroyed the mining town, driving off the inhabitants. There are the remains of some twenty or thirty adobe houses and ten or fifteen shafts sinking into the earth. Many veins of copper were found, but the principal ore is the sulphuret. Mr. McKnight, one of the earliest adventurers in New Mexico, was the principal operator of these mines and is said to have amassed an immense fortune. On his arrival in the country he was suspected to be an agent of the United States and thrown into prison in Sonora, where he was kept in irons for twelve years."

From the copper mines the route of the Kearney force was west to the Gila River and down that stream to where it empties into the Colorado at the present city of Yuma. The topographical engineer thus describes the Gila River, where it was struck above the present Clifton-Morenci district. "Some hundred yards before reaching the Gila the roar of its waters made us understand that we were to see something different from the Rio Grande. Its section where we struck it, 4,347 feet above the sea, was fifty feet wide and an average of two feet deep. Clear and swift it came bounding from the great mountains, which appeared to the north about sixty miles distant. We crossed the river, its large, round pebbles

and swift current causing the mules to tread warily. We heard the fish playing in the water and soon those who were disengaged were after them. At first it was supposed they were the mountain trout, but being comparatively fresh from the hills of Maine I soon saw the difference. The shape, general appearance and the color are the same; at a little distance, you will imagine the fish covered with delicate scales, but on closer examination you find that they are only the impression of scales. The meat is soft, something between the trout and cat fish, but more like the latter. They are in great abundance."

On October 22, camp of the California-bound army was made on a bluff high above the river, in view of a rock which was named from its general appearance, "Steeple Rock."

The next day and on succeeding days, ruins of prehistoric towns or settlements were encountered, evidently those of Pueblo Viejo, where Solomonville was afterwards located on the Gila River, some twenty miles below where the river emerges from the box canyon, between Solomonville and Guthrie. On October 26, the expedition reached the mouth of the San Carlos River.

Writing under date of October 31, Lieutenant Emory says: "Today we were doomed to another sad disappointment. Reaching the San Francisco about noon, we unsaddled to refresh our horses and allow time to look up a trail by which we could pass the formidable range of mountains through which the Gila cuts its way, making a deep canyon impassable for the howitzers. A yell from the mountain announced the presence of three well mounted Indians and persons were sent out to bring them in. Our mules were now fast failing and the road before us was unknown. These Indians, if willing, could supply us with mules and show us the road. Our anxiety to see the result of the interview was, consequently, very great. It was amusing and at the same time very provoking. They would allow but one of our party to approach. Long was the talk by signs and gestures; at length they consented to come into camp and moved forward about one hundred yards, when a new apprehension seemed

to seize them and they stopped. They said, as well as we understood, that the two old men we had met the day before had informed their chief of our presence and of our desire to obtain mules; that he was on his way with some and had sent them ahead to sound a parley. They were better looking and infinitely better conditioned than the Indians we had met the day before, resembling strongly the Apaches of the copper mines, and like them decked in the plundered garb of Mexicans. The day passed but no Indians came; treacherous themselves they expected treachery in others. At everlasting war with the rest of mankind they kill at sight all who fall within their power. The conduct of the Mexicans to them is equally bad, for they decoy and kill the Apache wherever they can.

The former governor of Sonora employed a bold and intrepid Irishman, named Kirker, to hunt the Apaches. He had in his employment whites and Delaware Indians and was allowed, besides a per diem, \$100 per scalp, and \$25 for a prisoner. A story is also told of one Johnson, an Englishman, an Apache trader, who, allured by the reward, induced a number of these people to come to his camp and placed a barrel of flour for them to help themselves; when the crowd was thickest of men, women and children, he fired a six-pounder amongst them from a concealed place and killed great numbers."

On November 7, the expedition was camped where old Camp Grant was afterwards located, three miles above where the San Pedro River empties into the Gila. Here three Indians came to camp. They feasted heartily and promised to bring in mules, but the promise was all. No mules showed up. At the mouth of the San Pedro flights of geese and myriads of blue quail were encountered and numerous turkeys. Much Indian or prehistoric pottery was found here and further up a dry canyon were the supposed remains of a large Indian settlement. On November 10, the "Army of the West" began to encounter the friendly Pima Indians and on that date some of the command came to the Casa Grande Ruins, described by Lieut. Emory in the following:

"About the time of the noon halt, a large pile, which seemed the work of human hands, was seen to the left. It was the remains of a three-story mud house sixty feet square, pierced for doors and windows. The walls were four feet thick and formed by layers of mud, two feet thick. An elaborate sketch was made of every part of this ruin, for it was no doubt built by the same race that had once so thickly peopled this territory. We made a long and careful search for some specimens of household furniture or implement of art, but nothing was found except the cornginder, always met with among the ruins and on the plains. The marine shell, cut into various ornaments was also found here, which showed that these people either came from the sea coast or trafficked there. No traces of hewn timber were discovered; on the contrary, the sleepers of the ground floor were round and unhewn. They were burnt out of their seats in the wall to the depth of six inches. The whole interior of the house had been burnt out and the walls much defaced. What was left bore marks of having been glazed and on the wall of the north room of the second story were traced some hieroglyphics.

Lieutenant Emory gave an interesting report on the friendly Pima Indians encountered at the villages of this tribe near the ruin. He said:

"When we encamped, eight or nine miles from the Pima villages, we met a Maricopa Indian looking for his cattle. The frank, confident manner in which he approached us was in strange contrast with that of the suspicious Apache. Soon six or eight of the Pimas came in at full speed. Their object was to ascertain who we were and what we wanted. They told us the fresh trail we saw up the river was that of their people sent to watch the movements of their enemies, the Apaches. Being young they became much alarmed on seeing us and returned to the town, giving the alarm that a large body of Apaches were approaching.

"Their joy was unaffected at seeing we were Americans and not Apaches. The chief of the guard at once dispatched news to his chief of the result of his reconnoissance. The town was nine miles distant, yet in three hours our camp

was filled with Pimas loaded with corn, beans, honey, and zandias (watermelons). A brisk trade was at once opened.

"The camp of my party was pitched on the side nearest the town and we saw the first of these people and their mode of approach. It was perfectly frank and unsuspecting. Many would leave their packs in our camp and be absent for hours, theft seeming to be unknown to them. With a mounted guard, which first visited us, was a man on foot, and he appeared to keep pace with the fleetest horses. He was a little out of breath when he reached us, but soon recovering, told us that he was the interpreter to Juan Antonio Llunas, chief of the Pimas.

"We were taking some refreshments at the time and invited him to taste of them. The effect was electric; it made his bright, intelligent eyes flash and loosened his tongue. I asked him, among other things, the origin of the ruins of which we had seen so many; he said all he knew was a tradition among them, that in bygone days a woman, of surpassing beauty, resided in a green spot in the mountains near the place where we were encamped. All the men admired and paid court to her. She received the tributes of their devotion, grain, skins, etc., but gave no love or other favor in return. Her virtue and her determination to remain unmarried were equally firm. There came a drought which threatened the world with famine. In their distress people applied to her and she gave corn from her stock and the supply seemed to be endless. Her goodness was unbounded. One day, as she was lying asleep with her body exposed, a drop of rain fell on her stomach, which produced conception. A son was the issue, who was the founder of a new race which was the builder of all these houses." Later I asked this loquacious interpreter if he believed the fable he had told about the old building ruins. "No," he said, "but most of the Pimas do." We know, in truth, nothing of their origin. It is all enveloped in mystery."

Lieutenant Emory, speaking further of the Pima Indians, says; "We were at once impressed with the beauty, order and disposition of the arrangements for irrigating and draining

the land. Corn, wheat and cotton are the crops of this peaceful and intelligent race of people. All the crops have been gathered in and the stubbles show that they have been luxuriant. The cotton has been picked and stacked, for drying, on the tops of sheds. The fields are subdivided, by ridges of earth, into rectangles of about 200 to 100 feet for the convenience of irrigating. The fences are of sticks, wattled with willow and mesquite, and, in this particular, set an example of economy in agriculture worthy to be followed by the Mexicans, who never use fences at all."

General Kearney, before leaving for his continued march west, gave a letter to Governor Llanas, stating he was a good man and directing all U. S. troops that might pass in his rear to respect his excellency, his people and their property.

Fifteen miles west of the Pima villages, the Kearney force entered the territory of the Maricopa Indians. Speaking of the Maricopas, Lieutenant Emory says: "This peaceful and industrious race are in possession of a beautiful and fertile basin. Living remote from the civilized world, they are seldom visited by whites and then only by those in distress, to whom they generously furnish horses and food. Aguardiente (brandy) is known among their chief men only, and the abuse of this, with the vices which it entails, are yet unknown. They are without other religion than a belief in one great and overruling spirit. Their peaceful disposition is not the result of incapacity for war, for they are at all times able to meet and vanquish the Apaches in battle. All that has been said of the Pimas is applicable to them.

An incident which occurred on November 22 when the "Army of the West" was above Yuma in the Gila Valley: As the straggling column was moving slowly down the sandy river bottom it came suddenly on an abandoned camp, estimated to have been occupied by no less than one thousand mounted men, who must have left that morning. General Kearney decided that his force of 105 men was entirely too small to be attacked and must be the aggressors in any engagement that might occur. He believed the camp had been occupied by General Castro, who was enroute to California with

an army recruited in Sonora. The general decided that it was necessary for him to learn the identity of the force who had occupied the abandoned camp. He ordered Lieutenant Emory to take a party of fifteen dragoons for the purpose of reconnoitering. When the reconnoitering party overtook the supposed enemy it was found not to be Mexican soldiers but a party of Mexicans with 500 horses from California, on their way to Sonora. Lieutenant Emory took four of the party, in charge of the horses, to the General. The men being examined separately and each gave a different account of the ownership and destination of the horses. The Chief of the party represented himself to be a poor employe of several rich men engaged in supplying the Sonora market with horses. It was subsequently learned that this man was no less a personage than Jose Maria Leguna, a colonel in the Mexican service.

On December 24 General Kearney made camp one and a half miles from the Junction of the Colorado and Gila Rivers, from whence a scouting party visited the junction of the two rivers and returning to camp they encountered a Mexican, well mounted and muffled in his blanket. He carried a bottle in each of his holsters and on the croup of his saddle was a fresh made sack, with other evidences of preparation for a journey. He was taken to General Kearney who searched him and in his wallet was found the mail for California which was opened. Among the letters was one addressed to General Jose Castro, at Alta, one to Antonio Castro and others to men of note in Sonora. All the letters, suspected of relating to public officers were read, they containing many expressions of exultation over a counter revolution in California which had overthrown "the detestable Anglo Yankee Yoke," and congratulating themselves that the tri-color once more floated over California.

Lieutenant Emory tells of the Colorado river being forded on November 24th where the stream was fifteen hundred feet wide. Here the "Army of the West" is left on California soil. General Kearney was compelled to fight his way through the mountains and lost a considerable number of his men,

killed and wounded, until finally a force of United States Marines came out and met him, escorting him and his tired command into San Diego, California.

Following Kearney but taking a more southern route, that a way might be found for wagons, came Lieutenant-Colonel Cooke with the Mormon Battalion. As we are told by Bancroft's history, Lieutenant Cooke and his force arrived on December 2 at the Rancho of San Bernardino near the southeastern corner of what later became Arizona. Cooke's route from this point to its intersection with Kearney's, at the Pima villages, was an entirely new one to all except an occasional trapper, Indians and Mexicans; was west to the Rio San Pedro, down that river northward some fifty miles, then across to Tucson by the line of the later Southern Pacific railroad, and northwestward, still not far from the railroad route, to the Gila. The march of the Mormons, by reason of their duty of opening a wagon road and their character as infantry, was much more difficult than that of the dragoons, but they were under a special divine protection, presumably not accorded to the less saintly branch of the service. The only active foe encountered by this force was a herd of bulls which they encountered on the San Pedro, with which they had a battle on the eleventh of December, several men being wounded, one of them Lieutenant George Stoneman, who later became Governor of the State of California. Six days later the army camped at Tucson. Captain Comaduran had sent a request to the Americans not to pass through the town, as he had orders to prevent it; and Cooke had in turn proposed the turning over of a few arms as a token of surrender, binding them not to fight during the war. This was declined and the commandant with his garrison abandoned the presidio, as did most of the inhabitants. Accordingly, Cooke left a friendly letter for Governor Gandara, reminding him of Sonora's wrongs at the hands of Mexico and the Indians, suggesting that "the unity of Sonora with the States of the North, now her neighbors, is necessary effectually to subdue these Parthian Apaches;" then he marched on, reaching the Gila on the twenty-first and the Colorado on January 9, 1847.

The wagon road thus opened was not only utilized by the California emigrants in the following years, but as a possible railroad route it was a potent element in promoting the later purchase by the United States of the Arizona territory now south of the Gila River.

During the Mexican War, says Bancroft again, there were no other explorations or marches across Arizona, but in 1848, after the treaty of peace, a battalion of Dragoons, under Major Lawrence P. Graham, marched from Chihuahua to California. Coming from Janos their party reached San Bernardino the fourth of October, but instead of following Cooke's trail, Graham kept on south of the line to Santa Cruz presidio and thence followed the river down to Tucson. The Gila was reached at the end of the month and the Colorado on the twenty-second of November. The Americans were delighted, as had been those under Kearney and Cooke, with the hospitality of the Gila Pimas; the thrift displayed at their villages exceeding anything elsewhere seen in the trans-continental journey. We are told that owing to the drunkenness and consequent incompetence of the leader, this party endured greater hardships than either of the preceding. No narrative of this march has ever been published.

Lieutenant Colonel Cooke in his official report to Brigadier General S. W. Kearney on February 5, 1847, gives in detail his march through Arizona, or rather the country now included within the borders of Arizona of today. From this official report the following, covering the distance from San Bernardino to the Colorado river is extracted, comprising a very interesting story of the incidents and hardships encountered by the Mormon Battalion.

"San Bernardino is a ruined ranch, with buildings enclosed by a wall, with regular bastions. It overlooks a wide, flat and rich valley, watered by a noble spring, which runs into one of the upper branches of the Yaqui river, which is but a few miles distant. Here I succeeded in meeting a few of the Apaches, and obtained a guide, who went about twenty miles, and described the rest of the route to the San Pedro. He was afraid to venture further, and return alone over the

plain; the point where he turned back was within fourteen miles of the presidio of Fronteras. It was in the mountain pass that we first saw the wild bulls, from which the command obtained their exclusive supply of meat for about two weeks. They are the increase from those abandoned, when the two ranches of San Bernardino and San Pedro (on the river of the same name) were broken up, in consequence of incessant Indian attacks. They have spread and increased, so as to cover the country; they were as wild and more dangerous than buffalo.

"I made the next sixty-two miles, to the San Pedro river, with little more difficulty than cutting my way through dense thickets of mesquite and many other varieties of bushes, all excessively thorny. It was but twenty-seven miles without water over the last divide; there was snow one day, and for about two weeks, at that time, we suffered with cold. I descended the San Pedro fifty-five miles, to a point whence a trail goes to Tucson. The guides represented that it was eighty-five miles of very difficult, if practicable, ground to the mouth of the San Pedro, and one hundred from there to the Pimas; also, very bad, and little or no grass; and, on the other hand, that it was only about ninety miles of a good road, with grass, by Tucson to the same point. I reflected that I was in no condition to go an unnecessary hundred miles, good or bad; and that, if their statements were true, the future road must go by the town. I had previously sent Leroux, Foster and others to examine if there was water on the thirty miles, which was the estimated distance to Tucson. Leroux had just returned; he had found water at a "still-house," twenty miles from the river; and had encountered there a sergeant's party of dragoons. He had made up a story to get off; but, to give it color, Dr. Foster fancied it necessary to go on to the town. Leroux was told, by Indians, that two hundred soldiers, with artillery, had been there concentrated. I reached the water next day, and probably surprised the sergeant's party. I found them cutting grass; but the sergeant, as if the bearer of a flag, delivered me a singular message from the commander, which amounted to a request that I

should not pass his post. Next morning, I made prisoners of four others, who had come, probably, with provisions, and as Dr. Foster's long stay had made me uneasy for him, I dismissed one of them with a note, stating that I should hold the others as hostages for his safety; and promised to release the prisoners if he was sent to me that evening. Deceived as to the distance, but expecting to encamp without water, I marched late and, having made twelve miles on a road very difficult in places, I encamped at sundown, on the high prairie. At midnight, Foster reached me; with him came two officers; one as a "Commissioner," with written instructions to offer a kind of truce, by the terms of which I was to pass the town by a certain point, and to hold no communication with the people. I rejected them and demanded a capitulation, which the commissioner, with great form, wrote, after his own fashion, in Spanish, and I signed it. The terms bound the garrison not to serve against the United States during the present war and, as the only further tokens of surrender, to deliver to me two carbines and three lances; my men to enter freely and trade with the inhabitants of the town. After a tedious conference of two hours, in which we had been very friendly, but very cold, the officers departed, assuring me my terms could not be accepted. Believing I was eight or nine miles from town, I took measures to march at daylight, but unfortunately, the mules being herded in mesquite bushes, and without water, the half of them, in the darkness of night, escaped the guard, and I could not possibly march, with any prudence, before 8 o'clock.

"The distance proved to be sixteen miles. About five miles from town I was met by a dragoon, or lancer, who delivered me a letter, simply refusing my terms. I told him there was no answer, and he rode off. I then ordered the arms to be loaded. Immediately afterward, two citizens rode up and reported that the place had been evacuated. I arrived at 1 o'clock, and having passed through the fort, encamped on the edge of the town. Two small field pieces had been taken off, and all public property of value, except a large store of wheat.

"The garrisons of Tubac, Santa Cruz and Fronteras had been concentrated, and, I understood from Dr. Foster, there were altogether about 230 men; but I have lately learned that he only estimated them at 130. I remained in camp the next day, December 16. There was very little grass, and I fed my mules, cattle and sheep, on the wheat, (and brought off enough for two more days, in the adjoining desert.) That day, to cover some small parties of mule hunters, I made a reconnaissance, with about sixty men, marching half way to an Indian village, ten miles off, where the enemy were stationed. (I intended attacking him under favorable circumstances, but the path led me through a dense mesquite forest, very favorable to an ambush. I learned, however, that this demonstration caused him to continue his retreat.)

"The garrison attempted to force all the inhabitants to leave the town with them. Some of them returned whilst I lay there, and I took pains that all should be treated with kindness. The day I arrived there; a detachment of twenty-five men, who had been posted at the Pimas, to observe or harass my march, having been sent for by express, passed unobserved round a mountain, near town, and joined the main body. (I afterward learned that they had made a threatening demand for the mules and goods left for me with the Indian chief. He refused, and expressed his determination to resist, by force, any attempt to take them.) On leaving T., I sent to its late commander, Captain Commaduran, by a citizen messenger, a letter for the governor of Sonora, (and I afterward received an answer that it would be transmitted.) It is appended. All things considered, I thought it a proper course to take toward a reputed popular governor of a State, believed to be disgusted and disaffected to the imbecile central government. It was intimated to me, whilst in Tucson, that if I would march toward the capital of the department, I would be joined by sufficient numbers to effect a revolution.

"On the 17th, I marched late, as I did not expect to find water. At 8 o'clock, p. m., I encamped 24 miles from Tucson, with no water or grass. Ten or fifteen miles farther there is

a little water in a mountain, close to the road, but it could not be found; and I marched, the second day, thirty miles, and, at 9, p. m., again encamped, without water, but the men, about sundown, had a drink from a small puddle, too shallow for the water to be dipped with a cup. On the third day, I marched, early, eight or nine miles, and encamped at rain water pools. The next day, I found it ten miles to the Gila, at a small grass bottom, above the Pima villages. The mules were forty-eight hours without water; the men marched twenty-six of thirty-six consecutive hours, and sixty-two miles in rather more than two days, (in one of which no meat ration was issued.)

"Thus the ninety miles of the guides turned out to be 128 to the village; 57 miles nearer than the reputed distance by the San Pedro. Excepting four or five miles, the road was excellent; but over a true desert. There is, however, a better watered road from Tucson, which strikes the Gila higher up. I believe this route can be well taken for six months in the year; and, that like much of the road of this side, it is impassable in summer, unless for travelers. It is a great gold district; rich mines have been discovered in many of the mountains in view; but it is so barren and destitute of water that even a mining population can scarcely occupy it.

"I halted one day near the villages of this friendly, guileless and singularly innocent and cheerful people, the Pimas. There Francisco met me with your letter from Warner's ranch; he brought with him seven mules found on the Gila; and, altogether, I obtained, at the villages, twenty, which had belonged to the dragoons. They were not sufficiently recruited to be of much service. I traded the Indian goods, and every spare article, for corn. After feeding it several days, I brought away twelve quarts for each public animal, which was fed in very small quantities.

"With the aid of a compass, and closely estimating the distances, I have made a rude sketch of my route from the point on the Rio Grande, where our roads diverged, to their junction, near the villages. It is herewith submitted. I have good reason to believe that, even with pack mules, better time

can be made on my route than yours, and the mules kept in good order, for mine improved on the greater part of it. On the 27th of December, (after making the forced march, without water, across the bend of the Gila) in consequence of the information received in your letter, I determined to send my useless guides express, to give you information of my approach, &c; hoping thus, as I said, to meet orders at Warner's ranch on the 21st of January, and to be of service to your active operations. I also sent for assistance in mules, understanding that you had placed a number of them in that vicinity.

"Sixty or seventy miles above the mouth of the Gila, having more wagons than necessary, and scarcely able to get them on, I tried the experiment, with very flattering assurances of success, of boating with two pontoon wagon beds, and a raft for the running gear. I embarked a portion of the rations, some road tools, and corn. The experiment signally failed, owing to the shallowness of the water on the bars; the river was very low. In consequence of the difficulty of approaching the river, orders mistaken, &c., the flour only was saved from the loading, and the pontoons were floated empty to the crossing of the Rio Colorado, where they were used as a ferry boat. I passed that river on the tenth and eleventh of January. On the first day and night, the loading of the wagons, and many men, were boated over. On the morning of the 11th, the mules were driven two miles, from grass; then drew the wagons through the long ford of a mile, nearly swimming. The wagons were then loaded in the willow thicket, and I marched fifteen miles over the sandy road, to the first well, the same day; a great effort and labor."

ARIZONA BEGINS LAW-MAKING

(By HON. EDW. D. TUTTLE)

The writer was elected a member of the First Arizona Territorial legislature from the second district at the election held July 18, 1864, under the proclamation of Governor John N. Goodwin issued by virtue of the Act of Congress approved February 24, 1863. The second district included the entire western part of Arizona. At that time the only settlements in that district were along the Colorado river at Yuma, La Paz, Mohave, Hardyville and a few isolated mining camps and a few roving prospectors. The first information we had, at Mohave, of an election was brought by Charles D. Poston, who was Indian agent at that time for the territory. He came on horseback from Prescott over a trail, there being no wagon road at that time. We were quite surprised to learn that the Governor's party had selected Prescott as the territorial capital. Colonel Poston announced his candidacy for the office of Delegate to Congress and gave us a copy of the Governor's proclamation. We at once got into communication with the people of La Paz and Yuma and without any political party organization, by mutual consent, apportioned the number of members to which the district was entitled. Between the different portions of the district. Mohave was to have two members of the lower legislative branch (The House). La Paz, Yuma and lower river points were assigned two members of the upper branch (The Council) and three members of the House. When the people had selected their nominees a general notice was given so that tickets could be prepared and polling places fixed.

Soon after Colonel Poston visited us, one Augustus P. Hall came from Prescott and announced the candidacy of Dr. Lieb, of Prescott, for delegate for Congress. Also David Bradshaw visited us enroute from Prescott to La Paz. He talked to the voters, announcing himself as a candidate for Delegate to Congress, saying he had served as lieutenant in



HON. EDW. D. TUTTLE

Company D of Colonel Doniphan's regiment of Missouri Volunteers in the Mexican War.

Colonel Poston wanted me to go to El Dorado Canyon, a mining camp sixty miles above Mohave, on the west side of the river, to see that the polls were opened on election day and also to promote his candidacy. I, accordingly, in company with Mr. Shoemaker, went to that place, arriving in time for the election. The people there seemed to have no interest and it required a good bit of urging to have the polls organized. Quite a vote was polled and I carried the returns to Mohave and saw to their transmittal to the Secretary of the territory at Prescott.

The address of Secretary Richard C. McCormick at the opening of the first legislative session was a notable one. He especially cautioned us to drop all sectional animosities and local or political prejudices. He emphasized the importance of unity and necessity for economy and enlarged upon the mineral resources, offering to capital opportunity for investment when life and property were made safe.

Secretary McCormick was of Irish blood and brim full of Celtic fire, of medium height and slim build, well formed and with dark complexion, nervous temperament, and of quick decisive action. He had represented a New York district in Congress and been librarian of the Congressional library in Washington. His interest in Arizona had been aroused by reading the work of Prescott, the historian, and that suggested the name adopted for the capital.

The Governor, John N. Goodwin, was a large man, of a florid complexion, fine physique, and was easily the handsomest man around at that time. He made no speeches that I recall now and seldom appeared at our sessions, but met with committees at his residence. Almon Gage, attorney general, was on hand at all times.

The Legislative candidates from Mohave were John Moss, discoverer of the Moss Gold Mine; William Walter, recorder of the San Francisco mining district, and myself. Walter and I were elected. As there was some danger from roaming bands of Navajos, Apache, Mohave and Wallapai Indians

on the trail, Mr. Walter and myself accompanied Lieutenant Baldwin's mounted troop of the First California Cavalry, who were going to their post at Fort Whipple from Mohave. Mr. John Rountree was with Lieutenant Baldwin, of the firm of Rountree & Alsap, Prescott, both prominent in Arizona development. Jake Miller and his brother had a ranch fenced just out of Prescott, where we left our horses during the time of our legislative service. They had a fine location; it included the only large body of pine timber there, scattering trees being the rule.

As the time for the legislative session to open on September 26th, approached, the delegations from other sections of the territory came in from the south and west. We soon got together and selected appointees to fill the various legislative official positions, so, when the day for organization arrived, Ex-Governor Bashford of Tucson, had no opposition for President of the Council and William Claude Jones, also of Tucson, was the unanimous choice for Speaker of the House. No time was lost in organization.

Territorial Secretary McCormick had been quite busy for several days with the contractors getting the Capitol building ready for housing the members. It was a log structure of three rooms, the interstices between the logs chinked with clay. It was comfortable and such as most of us were used to and quite in keeping with the new town. There were no saw mills near to cut lumber. The Lount Brothers just then were bringing in a steam-power saw mill, but had not yet got it in operation. The tables, benches and desks in the legislative halls were of the crudest description. In fact, the whole "ensemble," as well as the town, resembled a California mining camp in 1849. But the people all were full of energy and alive to the great development just ahead and proud to be taking a part in it.

The families of Mr. John Osborn, Mr. Ehle, Mr. Boblett, Mr. Jackson, Dr. Leib and others added to the social advantages. The Reverend Harry Reed gave the citizens religious instruction and was also postmaster. Goldwater Brothers and Wormser had merchandise for sale. N. P. Appel,

a member of the house from Tucson, of the firm of Tully & Ochoa, combined business with his official duties and brought a load of flour, showing very commendable discretion in providing against a famine.

Most of the members seemed to be bachelors, or were to become so, as two of them, if my memory is correct, were divorced as a result of some of the first acts passed. The town population appeared to be composed of mostly unmarried men.

Hezekiah Brooks was Probate Judge and John Howard was an attorney; Bill Bradshaw, after whom was named the Bradshaw range of mountains, a miner, relieved the tedium of the hours after adjournment with stories of happenings in his old home town in North Carolina. We had a marriage celebration—John Dixon and a bonnie daughter of Mr. Ehle, who ran the hotel.

Judge Allyn convened the United States District court and the grand and petit jury brought in from the surrounding mountains and valleys of his jurisdiction, stalwart men to support law and order and give protection to those pushing civilization into the last stronghold of savagery in the great southwest.

With the Governor's entourage came the printing press and type for a newspaper, brought by Secretary McCormick, who stood sponsor for the Arizona Miner, when that paper made its bow to the public. The Miner has survived all these years as a valuable help to progress. The late John Marion, afterwards owner and editor of the Prescott Courier, was the principal editor of the Miner during the first days of its existence, and the late A. F. Banta was the printer responsible for the typographical appearance of the first copy of the Miner. In the Miner was printed the Journal of the legislative proceedings. I remember the Miner office did not have a lower case z, so they turned an N. half way around as a substitute; anyone having a copy of that Journal will confirm my statement. One typo on the Miner was named Bentley, later killed by the Indians.

Just below the capitol on Granite Creek, was Fort Whipple. It was garrisoned by a troop of the First California Cavalry,

Lieutenant E. C. Baldwin in command; a company of the Fifth United States infantry, Captain A. L. Anderson, Lieutenants Barr and Curtis. The assistant surgeon was Lieutenant Elliott Cones. Surgeon Cones was divorced by us from a wife who was in Washington at the time; probably no notice of the action was ever served on her. Lieutenant Cones was the author of a standard work on Ornithology, now a text book in our schools. Captain Anderson, who was a nephew of Major Anderson, of Fort Sumpter, S. C., when the first shot of the Civil War was fired, was also a cousin of Nicholas Longworth, of Ohio, member of Congress and Speaker. Anderson became Colonel of the Eighth California Cavalry on March 7, 1865, and died a few years ago at the soldier's home at Sawtelle, California.

The legislature, when it passed an act authorizing a territorial seal, called on Captain Anderson to suggest and make a copy for the engravers, which he did and it was adopted, but I think it was never used as a succeeding legislature adopted the present one. Lieutenant Curtis had a bad limp from a wound received at Antietam. Lieutenant Baldwin's troop had just returned from Texas, where it took the prisoners captured at the battle with Colonel Sibley's command (Texans) on the Rio Grande.

There was a Union League in Prescott.

Major E. B. Willis, First California Cavalry, selected the site of Fort Whipple, which was established as a protection to the capital and surrounding country. Several of the legislative members had their sleeping quarters at Wormser's Store on the counters and other soft places, myself among the number.

I must relate an incident told me by Captain A. S. Grant, Fourth California Infantry, in which Mr. Wormser played a dangerous and important part: Sergeant Bell of Grant's Company, in command of a soldier escort to Wormser's freight train from Ehrenburg to Prescott, was attacked by Indians in a canyon out a way from the river. In the rush Wormser, mounted on a mule, received an arrow through the fleshy part of his anatomy nearest the saddle. Wormser hit

the road for Prescott and did not stop until he got there and raised a posse to save his train. The soldiers got into the rocks, drove off the Indians and finally saved the train. They were commended by General Mason in General Orders.

Such occurrences were not uncommon in those days. The descendents of these same redskins are now doing the hard work on the various dam projects constructed on Arizona streams, and tourists drive over the same country in safety without a thought of the pioneer who marked the trail with his blood.

The townsite of Prescott was located and entered under the United States Townsite Law. Robert Groom, Civil Engineer, surveyed and platted it. Mr. Groom was a member of the Council. R. C. McCormick, Van Smith and Brooks, I think, were the Commissioners. The lots were sold at public auction by the Commissioners while that first legislature was in session. I was a buyer of about a dozen of what I thought the best located ones. As the patent had not been yet issued to the Probate Judge, trustee, the purchasers were only required to pay down 10% of the price and received from the Commissioners a certificate of purchase; the balance to be paid when patent was received and the Probate Judge could give a deed. Soon after my return home to Mohave, some reprobate stole my valise containing the certificates and other personal effects, which I never recovered. I never made any effort to perfect my title. A few years ago I passed through Prescott on the Santa Fe train. I stepped down and employed the few minutes of the stop in a glance at the city of Prescott, now a bustling hive of business and fine blocks of modern buildings. I could locate what was once my lots, now right in the center of traffic and covered by fine buildings.

I tried to find the old Capitol log structure but, like the title to my lots, it had passed away, and joined the blasted hopes of those who constructed it and thought it was to be the seat of government for all time. After a vacillating and unstable life for a few years, it finally found a congenial home in the beautiful valley of the Rio Solado—Salt River—just where the honorable Speaker of the House in 1864—Hon.

Claude Jones—wanted to place it as a compromise when the Tucson delegation failed to move the Capital to the old Spanish town. The northern and western members beat the move by a tie vote. Jones' amendment tacked the name "Aztlán" on to his proposition—a very good name—but I like the present name better. I saw Phoenix for the first time in February, 1869. I, on that occasion, followed some of the old abandoned canals (prehistoric), mute evidence of the dense population that once filled the land. I then felt the thrill that Speaker Jones had felt as he passed through the valley on his way to that legislature in 1864. William Claude Jones, the Speaker, was a lawyer of ability, a native of Ohio who went to Missouri and contested with the Honorable Thomas H. Benton for a seat in Congress, being defeated. I met Jones in 1865 on the Steamer Senator bound from San Diego to San Francisco. He told me he was enroute to Honolulu, Hawaii.

I will now attempt to take up such knowledge as I have of the personal life of a few of the members of that first legislature, in order that their memory may pass on to the future. I must first say that although the country was engaged in a fratricidal and bloody war, with doubtless conflicting ideas as to the merits of the causes and issues at stake, I never heard a single word spoken in debate or at any time by the members that could be construed as offensive by any one or in criticism of the opposing elements in the contest. We were just a happy family, only anxious to give Arizona the very best start in its new life and at the least expense of time and money. I believe we did more work in less time than any deliberative body in the history of the formation of this republic. There was no graft; if anyone had an axe to grind, he soon found a seat way back in the corner.

The Governor, John N. Goodwin, who had been in Congress from Maine previous to his appointment, as well as Senator Richard C. McCormick, were ever ready to co-operate and assist in every possible way at every stage of the session. The Governor, when the judiciary committee was considering the Howell Code, section by section, as presented by

Judge Howell, who had been commissioned to prepare the draft, in readiness for the consideration of the legislature, met regularly with the committee (I was a member) and gave us the benefit of his knowledge and experience as a lawyer and law maker. It was his foresight that provided us, through Judge Howell, the means by which a complete code of laws was enacted for the territory, both civil and criminal, to take the place of the crude common law of New Mexico, of which we had formerly been a part; in fact, military law was in force previously. Jesus M. Elias, of the house, and Francisco S. Leon, of the council, spoke only Spanish. Speaker Jones for the House, acted as interpreter, being competent. No other was employed. The journal clerk of the house, James Anderson, a lawyer and a veteran of the war with Mexico; a native of Erie, Pennsylvania; a resident of California since 1849; once a member of the California legislature from Placer County, came to Arizona with William H. Hardy, when he built Hardyville in 1864, gave us in the journal of that session an example worthy to be followed in concise and complete journalism.

All other employees performed their duties with zeal and efficiency. I must speak especially of our watchman, whose name I now cannot recall. It is sufficient to say he was a genuine, good feeling, musical Irishman; when off duty he would regale us with a concert of those Irish ballads, rendered in a voice so rich in melody that it would put a mocking bird out of tune. His rendering of "The Wake of Poor Old Teddy Moore" would bring the tears to us hardened sinners.

When bills were to be engrossed for final approval, every member who could write a good legible hand would take a hand and thus save clerk hire and time. I even gave my poor services along that line. Nobody thought of soaking the territorial treasury for such service. One member had enough sand in his craw to introduce or propose a "Stay Law," to prevent creditors who lived outside the territory from bringing an action against debtors residing in the territory for a year after the enactment of the law. It never got

to its first reading. We were poor, but would never have it published to the world we were dishonest.

The running branding iron had not been adopted in Arizona at that date. The 13th legislature hadn't arrived.

As the interest of the reader may be bored somewhat, I'll take a side trail for diversion and relate a story told me by Harte, one of the House members; I will not vouch for its truth. All interested parties, I believe, are now beyond any evil effect by the telling: Dr. Leib, an old and respected citizen of Prescott, was a former influential citizen of Illinois; a friend of President Lincoln; loyal and anxious to help the Government in its effort to save the Union. He was commissioned as a Captain-Quartermaster in the United States Volunteers and went on duty with the Army operating in West Virginia. He equipped and supplied the new companies of Ohio Volunteers that were to confront and rout the Confederates in the Shenandoah Valley. He was entirely without experience in the methods of accounting for the public property invoiced and charged to his account as disbursing officer; his clerks were equally inexperienced; his depot was filled with everything required for the arriving companies and regiments and no delay was tolerated in supplying them; sometimes receipts were taken and other times that formality was impossible. Monthly returns had to be made to Washington; there was scant time to do it; finally a demand came from Washington for his returns with the information his pay was stopped. In his quandary, the Captain filled a barrel with his receipts and such vouchers as he had; headed up the barrel and marked it, "Respectfully Referred to the Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.". The following mail brought an order of dismissal; Mr. Harte was his clerk. Comment! Almost anybody after such an experience, would want to go west and grow up with the country!

The Doctor gave us a lecture which was a torrent of criticism of the Goodwin-McCormick governmental party from its start at Cincinnati to its arrival at Prescott. Mrs. Leib, a very lovely and polished woman, after the Doctor's demise, became Mrs. Judge Brooks.

The Doctor's experience was that of many volunteer officers in that war, who were honest and deserved better treatment. Somebody has said governments have no conscience or gratitude. At the close of the war an omnibus bill had to be enacted to balance the books to relieve such cases—a just and proper relief.

During my sojourn at Prescott, I heard of no disorder or breach of the peace, except in one case, and that involved a member of the Council, Bob Groom. I was not present at the commencement of the controversy. J. H. Lount and Groom were in the post-office. Just as I entered it, Lount picked up a loaded carbine from a corner and from a distance of less than six feet aimed at Groom. Mr. Holaday, a member from La Paz, struck up the gun as it was fired, the bullet passing just over Groom's head. Bystanders prevented any further demonstrations and Holaday's prompt act saved Groom's life and a murder.

Jack Swilling sometimes came in and made lively talks, airing his opinions as to the War in a loud and noisy harangue. He had been a lieutenant in Captain Baylor's company of Sibly's command of Confederates, which had been defeated on the Rio Grande by Chivington's Colorado Volunteers. No one took any exception to Jack's raving. He had his good qualities and was enterprising. He settled in the Salt River Valley at Phoenix and built the first irrigating canal there.

I saw no drunkenness even. It was the most orderly town in my experience.

William H. Kirkland, of Kirkland Valley, was a member of that first grand jury in Judge Allyn's court, and can be truly called a "pioneer of the pioneers". He was a native of Virginia, raised in Missouri; a Forty-niner in California and drove Butterfield's stages and was among the first in every new settlement in Arizona. I knew him as a neighbor in Safford, Graham County. He relinquished his claim to the quarter section entered as Safford Town Site and received an interest in some town lots. Mrs. Lizzie Steel, prominent at Pioneer meetings as the oldest native daughter, is Kirkland's daughter.



Pauline Weaver, one of the old trappers of the southwest, came in one day on his mule. He brought the Governor a can of sorghum syrup, produced on his ranch on the Hassayampa. Weaver Hill gold diggings, bears his name; once the richest placer in the world, now exhausted.

J. M. Redondo, elected at Yuma as a member of the House, did not attend. Mr. Leihy, a member of the Council from La Paz, was late in coming, also Louis G. Bouchet—all others were in their seats at the opening of the session.

At least two who were members met their death at the hands of the Apaches; Gilbert W. Hopkins, House Member, a civil engineer, an educated man and one of the most capable members, and George W. Leihy, Councilman, who was appointed Indian Agent at the Colorado Indian Reservation and was killed by reservation Indians; also his clerk, whose name I do not recall. This same clerk (a Scotchman) in 1865 saved me from injury by extricating me from under my riding mule, which stumbled and fell on me. I was escorting Mr. Maltby, Indian Agent for California, and a committee of Congressmen inspecting the Indian reservations of Hoopa Valley and No-Me-Lack-ee (Round Valley) in northern California. He was then Maltby's clerk; afterwards became Leihy's clerk. Mr. Leihy was warned but trusted them too much.

Daniel H. Stickney, house member, enlivened proceedings by occasionally referring to the time "He Commanded Fort Yuma." When General James Carleton was in command in Arizona in 1861-62; he arrested some of the citizens of southern California whom he thought too free in their criticisms of the government in its prosecution of the war and placed them in arrest at Fort Yuma. Stickney was one. Sylvester Mowry, who was Lieutenant in the United States Army and resigned just before the war, while stationed at Fort Yuma, was another. Mowry wrote a history of Arizona and Sonora. He owned the Cerro Colorado mine once called the Heintzleman Mine, when owned by General Samuel Heintzleman of the United States Army, of the Civil War days. Stickney

was from Alabama and a native of Massachusetts. Mowry was from Pennsylvania. Probably Carleton was over zealous. Their incarceration at the fort was nothing more than a pleasant outing. I was at the fort just after they were released and heard all about it.

When I got there, one Colonel Lally was enjoying the hospitalities of the officer's mess as guest. He had been superintendent of the Cerro Colorado Mine and was on his way to New York. He was always commending Bourbon as a sovereign remedy for the malaria so prevalent in Southern Arizona and seemed to be giving the remedy a thorough trial. Like the summer cloud and the morning dew, he disappeared into the west.

John G. Capron operated the stage line from Tucson to San Diego at one time and had some exciting experiences with the Apaches. He was a native of Ohio. Thomas J. Bidwell served as collector of income tax in 1866.

Richard Gird, a civil engineer, was commissioned to make an official map of the territory. He was part owner in the mines at Tombstone in 1878, and became a millionaire. He went to Southern California and purchased the Chino Ranch, in San Bernardino County, of thirty square leagues, made great improvements and established a beet sugar plant at great cost. It finally passed to an English company and Gird died poor. Tom Bidwell and Gird were partners at that early date, but Bidwell did not share in the Tombstone good luck later.

I must mention the fact that the First Legislature had to worry along on three dollars a day—"Lincoln's skins," as some people derisively termed them, better known as greenbacks. Their value in gold fluctuated according to the war clouds. They sometimes were black as seven midnights. Holiday and I arranged with Mr. and Mrs. Boblett to feed us for the salary and mileage.

Mrs. Boblett was a Kansas girl and handy with a rifle and sometimes helped out the menu with venison steaks of her own killing.

Salaries took a rise as soon as the territory began to levy

taxes and sell bonds, and things looked better when the Treasury began to operate.

It is an unsolved problem whether the service for quality can be judged by the salaries paid. I am satisfied that the First Legislature would not suffer in such a test. The Governor and his Secretary, gave us all, in turn, a diplomatic dinner at their Bachelor Log Casa over across Granite Creek, a lovely site. Secretary McCormick presented me with an autographed copy of his book, entitled, "From St. Paul to Saint Sophia". It went with my town lot certificates, so I have now no souvenirs of that interesting period, but time has not erased from my retina the panoramic view; to the south, dominated by "Thumb Butte" and to the north, Mount San Francisco, with its snow cap. And we who had been sweltering in the more than torrid heats of the Colorado River Valley, gloried in the change to the pure water and cool bracing climate of the central highlands, and stood by Prescott for the Capital.

It has been a source of intense satisfaction that I have had, under a Divine Providence, my life extended to see the territory advance to its present high place as a State in the Union, with a future greater advancement when the rivers have been fully harnessed and their energy applied to the various industries, and have helped to banish or ameliorate many of the handicaps which her citizens have had to endure in their struggle for a place in the sun. And it is an added pleasure to know that I have been on the firing line for nearly forty years of its most interesting history.

LABORS FOR A TERRITORIAL GOVERNMENT

(Taken from JOSEPH FISH's Manuscript)

With all the troubles and turmoils of Civil War, the Apaches, outlaws, and Mexican marauders, there was one class that had not been driven out from Tucson. The irrepressible politician remained but there was little government. Arizona was a part of New Mexico, and that Territory was divided into five or six counties. That is, the boundaries of the counties of New Mexico extended west to California, but as Arizona, which was all north of the Gila prior to 1854, had not a single settlement, there was scarcely the shadow of a county jurisdiction, but after the Gadsden Purchase slight and varying attempts were made at Tucson. By act of Congress August 4, 1854, the Gadsden Purchase was added to New Mexico, and by act of the Legislature, January 18, 1855 it was attached to Dona Ana County and remained as part of it until 1863. There was no semblance whatever of county rule, except the occasional sending of a criminal to Mesilla for trial, and yet there was a justice of the peace at Tucson, most of the time. Complaints were made that the country could not be properly governed from Santa Fe. The Mesilla district made common cause with Arizona upon this matter, it being also widely detached from the seat of government. On the last day of December, 1854, a member from Dona Ana County introduced a memorial to Congress, in the Legislature of New Mexico, praying for the organization of the Territory into a separate political division. Arizona was made a part of Dona Ana County a few days after this. The first name chosen for the New Territory was "Primeria" then "Gadsonia" was suggested but finally Arizona was selected. These first attempts to secure territorial government failed, and it was nearly ten years later before the object was attained.

A convention was held at Tucson, August 29, 1856, Major M. Aldrich presiding; James Douglass and Jose M. Martinez

Vice-Presidents. The committee on resolutions and memorials were N. P. Cook, G. H. Oury, H. Ehrenberg, Ign. Ortiz and I. D. I. Pack. This convention resolved to send a memorial to Congress urging the organization of a territory, and to send a delegate to Congress. The memorial was signed by two hundred and sixty persons. Oury was elected to the New Mexican Legislature, and in September Nathan P. Cook was elected Delegate. He arrived at San Diego on the 22nd, whence he sailed for Washington. He was not admitted to a seat, but his mission was brought before the House in January, 1857, and a Bill to organize the territory was introduced but failed to pass. The report of the Committee on Territories was against a Territorial organization, in consequence of the limited number of people. Realizing that something ought to be done, it recommended a bill to organize a judicial district south of the Gila, to provide a surveyor-general and secure representation at Santa Fe, as well as for the regulation of land claims and mining titles. Such a bill was passed by the Senate in February, but was not acted upon by the House. It was a lengthy bill, dealing with the many complications of Mexican land titles, etc., which was doubtless the cause of its delay. Senator Gwin of California in December, 1857, introduced a bill to organize such a government for the Gadsden Purchase, under the name of Arizona, and the Legislature of New Mexico February, 1858, passed resolutions in favor of the measure, with a north and south boundary line on the meridian of 109, also the removal of all the New Mexico Indians to Western Arizona. An election was held in September, 1857, at Tucson at which Sylvester Mowry was elected delegate to Congress. He was not admitted and Gwin's bill was not passed. Mowry continued his efforts the following year with much zeal, but met with poor success. Mowry was re-elected delegate and other bills were introduced, but defeated. The people of Tucson continued holding meetings and sending memorials, to which there was but little attention paid. One cause, doubtless, was the slavery question, but as there was no debates on these bills, the grounds are not clearly set forth. The purchase had been a southern



measure. The country was in southern hands, and it was felt that the Territorial bill must be a southern scheme for aggrandizement. The whole population could not have numbered more than 8,000 or 10,000 exclusive of Indians. Two-thirds of this number was on the Rio Grande at Mesilla and vicinity. The American population could not have been over two thousand, and it might be added that there was no law or protection by the government; every man redressed his wrongs with the pistol or knife, or submitted in silence. Yet, still, it was thought that the needs of a territorial government were greatly exaggerated, by a few office seekers and speculators in mines and lands. The measure could not gain a full support of the democrats, and the other party were not strong enough. President Buchanan in his Messages of December, 1857-8-9 set forth in strong terms the necessities for a territorial government, calling the attention of Congress to the state of lawlessness that existed along the border, and mineral and agricultural resources of the proposed territory. He spoke of the importance of having a chain of inhabitants extend along the border of Arizona, and the protection of the mail line against Indians and Mexicans. In support of this measure he said, "I can imagine no possible remedy for these evils, and no mode of restoring law and order on the remote and unsettled frontier but for the government of the U. S. to assume a temporary protectorate over the northern portion of Chihuahua and Sonora and to establish military posts in the same." This earnest desire to create a territorial government for Arizona and taking possession of the northern part of Chihuahua and Sonora was doubtless, as many afterwards claimed, for the purpose of making, more slave states, and establishing a line of military posts to the Pacific coast as was afterwards attempted during the time of the Rebellion.

Mr. Green of Missouri, in 1860, introduced a bill to provide a "Temporary Government for the Territory of Arizona" which also failed. In 1860 Sylvester Mowry was selected to go to Washington and urge the passage of the bill, but the breaking out of the Civil War and political jealousies postponed the matter. Mowry spent considerable

time while in the east lecturing upon the resources of Arizona. The effect of these lectures awakened an interest in this section which doubtless helped to secure the passage of the act of organization and separation from New Mexico.

It was openly asserted that the country's misfortunes were due to the neglect of the Government, which arose from Arizona's well known devotion to the Southern cause, which was probably true to a certain extent. This neglect continued for several years at least in the minds of the people and might be illustrated by the astonishment which prevailed in the crowd in Tucson on the reading of President Lincoln's Message. When that portion was finished which referred to the Indian atrocities in Dakota and Minnesota, "What!", said every one, "not one word about Arizona or the Apaches? Why, we have lost ten lives where they have lost one—thousands of dollars where they have lost hundreds." The Government of New Mexico somehow or other never did pay the slightest attention to the wishes of the people of the district of Arizona and this was probably the cause of their erecting or attempting to erect the provisional government noted above.

The people had received political teachings from such men as Philemon T. Herbert, Judge Edward McGowan, Samuel J. Jones, Lieutenant Sylvester Mowry, Judge Lucas, Governor Owings, Granville H. Oury, Captain Ewell and others who were strong Southern sympathizers and it is not strange that with such tutors the sentiments of the people should be almost universally with the Southern cause. The New Mexican legislature about this time passed new resolutions in favor of division. They also passed an act, February 1st, 1860, to create a new county, called Arizona, from the western part of Dona Ana County, with Tucson as county seat, but no attention was paid to this act, and it was repealed two years later. In Congress the matter came up again in December. Jefferson Davis presented a bill to organize the territory. There was some debate upon this but mainly on the slavery question. In March, 1862, the Arizona bill was again introduced and discussed in Congress. The Southern element

having withdrawn, the measure was entirely Republican and contained a clause against slavery. It adopted the suggestion of New Mexico on a north and south boundary line on the meridian of 109. Watts, of Ohio, was its chief advocate in the House. While Wheeler, of New York, led the opposition. On one side it was argued that Arizona with a population of 6,500, and four thousand civilized Indians was entitled to protection and a civil Government as citizens of the United States. And the vast mineral wealth amply justified the necessary expenditure. On the other side it was claimed that the population had never been sufficient for a territory, that the 6,500 of the census included Mexicans and half breeds, unfit for citizenship, that the American population had been driven out, and the territory was in the possession of rebels and hostile Indians. There was some truth in these statements for it is claimed that the white population at this period was only 581. It was further claimed that under such circumstances a civil government would be no real protection, that as the country was in the midst of a great war, and with an overburdened treasury, Congress had no right to appropriate the money for the benefit of territorial office seekers. The bill however, passed the House on May 8th, by a small majority. The debate on the bill in the Senate was similar, and it was laid over from June to December, in February, 1863, the bill again came up under the championship of Senator Ben Wade; the clause fixing Tucson as the capital being removed. It was passed by a vote of 25 to 12 on the 20th, and became a law on the 24th.

As to the wire pulling in regard to the bill, I quote from Charles D. Poston, who gave the following account of how the bill passed. "At the meeting of Congress, in December, I returned to Washington, made friends with Lincoln, and proposed the organization of the Territory of Arizona. Oury was in Richmond, cooling his heels in the Ante-Chamber of the Confederate Congress, without gaining admission as a delegate from Arizona. Mowry was a prisoner in Yuma, cooling his head from political fever which had effected it, and meditating on the decline and fall of a West Point

graduate. There was no other person in Washington, save General Heintzelman, who took an interest in Arizona affairs. They had something else to occupy their attention and did not even know where Arizona was. Old Ben Wade, chairman of the senate committee on territories, took a lively interest in the organization of the territory, and Ashley, chairman of the committee in the house told me how to accomplish the object. He said there were a number of members of the expiring Congress, who had been defeated in their own districts for the next term, who wanted to go west and offered their political services to the 'Galoots,' and if they could be grouped and a satisfactory slate made, they would have influence enough to carry the bill through Congress. Consequently, an "oyster supper" was organized, to which the "lame ducks" were invited, and then and there the slate was made, and the territory was virtually organized. So the slate was made and the bargain concluded, but toward the last it occurred to my obfuscated brain that my name did not appear on the slate, and in the language of Daniel Webster I exclaimed, "Gentlemen, what is to become of me?" Gurley poetically replied, "O, we will make you Indian Agent." So the bill passed, and Lincoln signed all the commissions, and the oyster supper was paid for, and we were all happy, and Arizona was launched upon the political sea."

FATHER EUSEBIO FRANCISCO KINO

(By FRANK C. LOCKWOOD)

In his remarkable volumes, *Kino's Historical Memoirs of Pimeria Alta*, Professor Herbert E. Bolton has disclosed in firm, clear outline one of the great characters in American history. The figure of Father Kino had loomed there in indistinct outline for two centuries; but it required the skill and devotion of a great modern scholar to reveal his truly monumental character. Father Kino now stands before us in solid reality as a religious genius, a saintly missionary, a mighty spiritual captain—the most potent individual and the most worthy in the civilization of the Southwest.

Father Kino was born near Trent, in the Austrian Tyrol, August 10th, 1644. He was well educated as a boy, and as a youth he attended the universities of Ingolstadt and Freiburg. He distinguished himself in mathematics, early attracted the attention of great scholars and nobles and was offered a professorship in the University of Ingolstadt. While a very young man he suffered an illness so serious that the doctors despaired of his life. But he was saved by what seemed an almost miraculous recovery; and so devout was his thanksgiving that he entered the Jesuit order and decided to become a foreign missionary. The opportunity came in 1678, when there was a call for missionaries in Mexico. After repeated delays, and a tedious and perilous voyage, he at last reached Vera Cruz, May 3rd, 1681.

Attempts had long been made to found permanent missions in California, but without success. In January, 1683, an expedition sailed with renewed determination to effect a settlement in California, and Father Kino accompanied this expedition, not only as Superior of the California mission, but, also, as royal astronomer, surveyor, and map-maker. As usual in these early Spanish attempts at colonization, the object was two-fold; to find and gather gems and precious metals, and to convert the Indians. A landing was made

at La Paz. A log church and log huts were erected. Father Kino devoted himself with loving and ardent heart to missionary work. He was optimistic and full of courage in the midst of many dangers and hardships. But the Indians grew hostile toward the Spaniards, and, to the great grief of the Fathers, the project was abandoned.

If the reader will consult an early map of Pimeria Alta, he will find marked on the upper waters of the San Miguel, Altar, Santa Cruz, and San Pedro rivers points that indicate a chain of settlements along these streams. Dolores, Remedios, St. Ignace, Imuris, Cocospera, Guevavi, Tumacacori, San Xavier, and Quiburi. At these places Father Kino established mission stations; and then, at each point where the natives had expressed a desire to have a father settled among them, he set them to building and roofing an adobe house, as soon as possible, for the permanent home of the priest. He also early taught them to plant and tend crops of wheat, maize, beans, and melons for the missions. As yet there were no domestic animals in this region; but, as soon as the natives at one of these mission stations were fully enlisted, Father Kino would supply the rancheria with flocks and herds—horses, cattle, and sheep produced on his ranch at Dolores from the animals that had been given him when he first settled there. He was a remarkable ranchman; and it was he who first introduced domestic animals and stock raising into Arizona. A dozen of these mission ranches soon came, thus, to be well stocked with horses and cattle, sheep and goats. The Indians at each station were taught how to cultivate their fields and care for the stock left with them; and they did this gladly against the time when a resident priest should come to occupy the mission.

Father Kino's economic policy was wise in the extreme. By stocking these ranches, and instructing the Indians in the art of agriculture, the converts were sure of a regular food supply, the missionaries as they came were sure of a good living, from the first, and, in addition to all this, these prosperous ranches served as bases of supply and safe gateways to nations and peoples still more remote. Some idea of the

success and extent of Father Kino's stock-raising enterprises may be gained from the fact that when the mission of San Xavier was fully established in 1700, he sent a herd of seven hundred head of cattle to the ranch there, where he had previously instructed the Indians to prepare corrals to receive them. He writes in his diary, April 24th, 1700: "Here at Guevavi there were also eighty-four head of sheep and goats, a good field of wheat, maize, and beans ready for harvest, and an earth-roofed adobe house for the father whom they hoped to receive." Two days later he is at San Xavier, and he writes, "We killed six beeves of the three hundred they were tending for me here, with forty head of sheep and goats, and a small drove of mares. They had also a good field of wheat which was beginning to head; and during the following days they planted for the church a large field of maize which they had previously cleared."

Having made ample provisions in flocks and herds, and in house, garden, and field for the material support of a missionary establishment, Father Kino's next thought was for the erection of a church. Since of all the mission churches of the Southwest none has been more beautiful and enduring than San Xavier del Bac, I cannot do better, to give an idea of Father Kino as a builder, than to let him tell in his own words how the original foundations of this church at Bac were laid.

April 28th, 1700, he writes: "On the twenty-eighth we began the foundations of a very large and capacious church and house of San Xavier del Bac, all the many people working with much pleasure and zeal, some in digging for the foundations, others in hauling many and very good tezontle from a little hill which was about a quarter of a league away. For the mortar for these foundations it was not necessary to haul water, because by means of the irrigation ditches we very easily conducted the water where we wished, and that house, with its great court and garden nearby, will be able to have throughout the year all the water it may need, running to any place or workroom one may please, and one of the greatest and best fields in all Nueva Biscaya."

Father Kino was a tireless traveler. For the most part, he made his journeys over these arid and savage deserts on horse-back or mule-back, and usually he was attended by a pack-train of forty or fifty, or even a larger number of horses and mules from his own well-stocked ranches. Sometimes he was given a small military escort—a captain or a lieutenant and a few soldiers; sometimes one or two of his fellow priests would go along with him; but frequently he had no other companions than his Indian servants. Often he took entirely untrodden routes, and they sometimes led into very wild and dangerous places. The secret of successful travel on the parched deserts of southwestern Arizona is to know where the water holes are, and to be within striking distance of a new one before the old one is allowed to slip beyond reach. However urgent the journey may be, a good siesta for the servants in some spot where there is pasturage for the animals and water for both man and beast is a thing much to be desired.

For example, Kino writes on a certain day—October 11th—that he despatched the servants with the relay “that they might go on to take their siesta and wait for me wherever they should come across good pasturage for the pack animals. We arrived before sunset at the Tank of La Luna and because this watering-place is among some rocks so high that the pack animals cannot ascend to drink water, we determined to eat a morsel of supper there, and then travel, and we did travel, three hours more by night, in order to reach the watering-place of Carrizal with more ease the following day. On the 12th, arising more than two hours before dawn, and setting out from the stopping place at the rising of the morning star, after thirteen leagues of very good roads, we arrived at ten o'clock at the good watering place of El Carrizal. I said mass; we breakfasted, and after eating dinner we took a very good siesta; and after eight leagues journey farther we arrived at eight o'clock at night at the rancheria and ranch of San Marzelo.”

It is Kino's celerity, and endurance that amaze me. On various expeditions, for a month or more at a time he would average from twenty-five to thirty-five miles a day over

rough, and often unknown desert country, When fifty-one years of age, in fifty-three days, he rode at least fifteen hundred miles. Two years later, he made a trip into Arizona as far as the Gila River between September 24th and October 29th. On this journey he traveled one thousand miles, covering stages of thirteen, fourteen, fifteen and sixteen leagues in steady succession, day after day. One of the most remarkable single day rides that he records was made May 3rd, 1700; when, between sunrise and midnight he traveled more than seventy-five miles, in response to a call from a brother priest, to save the life of a poor delinquent whom the soldiers had captured and who, on the morning of May 4th, they were determined to beat to death.

We must credit Father Kino with the discovery that California is not an island but a peninsula, and that it could be reached from Mexico by land. He had been taught that this was true, in his university days; but in America the contrary was held, and he long believed with everyone else that California was a great island. When he visited the Gila in 1699, the Yuma Indians presented him with certain lovely blue shells that must have come from the South Sea. He had seen these shells on the western shore of California—the South Sea of that age. His curiosity was aroused; these blue shells gave him the clue to the land passage to California. While on his memorable visit to San Xavier del Bac, in the spring of 1700, his thought again turned with intense interest to the possibility of reaching California overland. He had recently received from a distant chief of the Cocamaricopa the gift of "A Holy Cross, with a string of twenty blue shells." North, East, and West, to the farthest boundaries of Pimeria Alta, he sent messengers to invite the chief men of the tribes he had visited to meet him at Bac, that he might inquire with the utmost exactness whether these blue shells could have been brought in any other way than overland from the South Sea. Within a week, the chiefs began to arrive from various directions. They all assured him that the shells must have been brought from lands more distant than they knew. There is a strange and solemn charm in Kino's account of the long

night talks there in the remote silence of the starlit Arizona desert with these ruling men of the Pima, gathered from far and wide; for his discourse had quite as much to do with the heavenly highways as it did with a land route to the Pacific. "Also at night we had long talks, in the first place in regard to our holy faith, and in regard to the peace, and quietude, and love, and happiness of Christians, and they promised, as we requested of them, to carry these good news and teachings to other rancherias and nations much farther on." He now made frequent and extended exploring tours to the Colorado and around the head of the Gulf, until he finally established beyond question that California was a peninsula that could be reached from the east by land.

Kino was a great Christian statesman. His supreme interest was the welfare of the Pima Indians. His heart and soul continually burned with zeal for their conversion and protection. A chief curse that followed the reduction of the Indian tribes under the Spanish was forced employment in the mines. Before Kino entered upon his work in Pimeria Alta, he went to the Capital and obtained from the Royal Audiencia the provision that during five years no native should be taken out and compelled to work, from places where he should go for their conversion. The Indians in all the chief villages that he visited were eager to have settled missionaries; and the way had been prepared everywhere for all material necessities, yet Kino's attempts to secure the desired missionaries repeatedly came to naught. These failures and rebuffs were the chief sorrow and anxiety of this life. Those in authority were suspicious of the loyalty and goodness of his Pima converts; and there was constant hostility to his plans for them. The charge was persistent that the Pimas were guilty of the depredations and murders that the evil Apaches were forever committing. Patiently, repeatedly, Father Kino was able to show that the Pimas were innocent and that the Apaches were the malefactors; but the powers of darkness seemed to prevail against the good priest and his Pima children, for never was he able to supply the needed workers for this field so ripe for the harvest. But he

was made happy at last; there came a dramatic vindication of the loyalty and worth of his beloved converts. Their devotion and valor was the means of saving the civilized settlements from wide-spread devastation and slaughter. It happened this way:

In February, 1697, the Apaches had made a raid on Cocospera, in which they killed two Indian women, sacked and burned the village, the church, and the house of the father, and carried off all the stock to the hills. When Kino heard that the Spanish garrison intended to march inland to punish the marauders, he was able to get word to his friendly Pimas on the San Pedro to arm themselves and be prepared to go with the soldiers against the common enemy. A month later, the Apaches descended at dawn on the rancheria of Santa Cruz, on the San Pedro River. They sacked and burned the rancheria, and killed three cattle and three mares that Kino had on the ranch there. But now Kino's friend El Core, the great chief of the Sobaipuris, to whom Kino had sent his message a month before, fell upon the Apaches and administered a crushing and memorable defeat, killing or wounding three hundred, and compelling as many more to make terms with the Spanish soldiers. Kino was prompt to use this convincing evidence of the trustworthiness of the Pimas as a lever to secure more missionaries for his people. While in this instance it was necessary for Kino, in order to help preserve any semblance of civilization, to encourage his Indian allies to make war, he habitually took every means possible to bring about peace between warring nations. He acted as mediator between the Yumas and the Maricopas; and when he reached the outskirts of some new or unknown tribe, he never failed to send them little gifts and friendly messages.

After all, Father Kino was first and foremost a missionary priest. However noble and distinguished his various activities, they were all directed toward a single end—the winning of these benighted Indians to the luminous Cross of Christ. He devoted himself lovingly and ardently to the work of his mission. He delighted to win and teach and defend and care

for these children of his heart. Wise in the things of this world, he went on the theory that the straightest road to the souls of these destitute heathen was through their stomachs; so he took gifts of maize and *pinole* to strange Indians when he went among them. He invariably gave presents to Indians who came from a distance to visit him and to inquire about Christianity. In his earliest mission work, he would have the natives leave their boys with him over night. By thus having the boys under his own roof, he was easily able to get them to take the first steps in civilized and church life. They were taught to speak Spanish, to wear clothes, to perform very simple household duties, to sing, and to recite the prayers of the church. Troops of Indian boys would follow him about, and he would let them ride behind him on his horse. Sometimes they would even cry to stay with him. In his diary, of October, 1700, Kino gives us this attractive picture of the manner in which he was received by the Cocomaricopa and Yuma Indians:

"All were very affable, docile and friendly people, the Cocomaricopa as well as those of the Rio Colorado; for although they are of a different language, there are always among them many Pimas and others who speak the Pima language very well. They brought us many of their eatables, and we spoke the Word of God both to the Pimas and, through an interpreter, to the Cocomaricopas of this place and from the Rio Colorado, all of whom were rejoiced to hear it". "During today's march the boys kept throwing great quantities of grass to the mules and horses, delighted that they ate it and did not eat boys, as they had been made to believe was the case the year before, when we entered in February, being then very much afraid of us and fleeing from us, but now having lost that fear entirely. In the afternoon, after going seven leagues more, we reached the rancheria of San Mateo del Balki, where they received us with divers of their dishes and with fish."

A few days later, Father Kino makes this very human note concerning the reception of his party by the Yuma Indians of another village. "They received us very affectionately, even

giving the dog which was with us water and *pinole* in a little basket, with all kindness, as if he were a person, wondering that he was so tame and faithful, a thing never before seen by them."

Father Kino was much pleased with everything that showed intelligent interest in the Catholic faith, and progress in its forms of worship—such as the repeating of the prayers, the reciting of the litanies, and the decorating of the crude little churches for the feast days. His heart was particularly touched by the story of a little Indian girl who knelt before a picture of the Virgin, and begged that she might hold the Christ child. The very first and simplest acts of church instruction and Christian ministration that the early padres sought to impress upon the natives were the symbolism of the Cross and the rite of baptism. Wherever the Fathers went, they were zealous to baptize young infants and the sick or aged who were about to die. Father Kino relates how in one place he taught the natives the method of baptism for dying persons when there was no priest within reach. He baptized four thousand five hundred converts during his twenty-four years of missionary work in America; and he states that he could have baptized three times as many if the church could have provided suitable care and instruction for the converts afterwards. The first step in the christianizing of a settlement was to gather the Indians into a pueblo. Next crops were planted for the mission; and stock was brought in. Then followed "talks and instruction in Christian doctrine and in life somewhat civilized." Finally an adobe house was built for the priest, and a church was begun. Thus christianity and civilization came hand in hand to make the desert blossom as the rose.

The very earliest introduction of formal Christian worship on Arizona soil that we have record of was after this manner. On December 24th, 1690, Father Salvatierra came to Father Kino at Dolores as visitor to the Pima Missions. While he was visiting a station south of the present Arizona line with Kino, some of the chief men from the lower valley of the Santa Cruz—about Bac, and Tubac—came carrying crosses,

and at the same time earnestly requested them to visit their rancherias. So urgent and sincere was the invitation that the father visitor did not find it in his heart to decline. They accordingly turned northward, crossed the Arizona line, and descending the river, came to Tumacacori, where they found a large company of Sobaipuris gathered from far and wide—some of them having come from fifty or sixty miles inland. They had prepared a shelter of green boughs for the crowd to gather under for the saying of mass. There was a bower for the priests to sleep under, also; and another one to serve as a kitchen. "These tabernacles became the first Christian places of worship in honor of the true God in Southern Arizona." The people were instructed in some of the simplest forms and doctrines of the church, some infants were baptized, and some adults, who it was feared, might not survive until another visit could be made, and the Indians were given assurance that fathers would come to settle among them as soon as possible.

Commenting on Kino's belief that California could be entered by land, a distinguished officer of the Catholic Church wrote to him as follows: "If you accomplish this we must erect to you a rich and famous statue". I have longed to find some picture or statue of Kino, but I have been unable to find trace of any likeness of him. What could be a finer tribute to this greatest of all Arizona pioneers than the erection, even at this late day, of an idealized statue of him at San Xavier, which he founded, or in Tucson.

He was almost seventy years old at the time of his death. His conversation was constantly of the sweet names of Jesus and Mary. In season and out of season, he made earnest intercession for the heathen; and he was incessant in watchings and fastings, insomuch that he was cruel to himself, though to all others he was kind and compassionate. Says Father Velarde: "After supper, when he saw us already in bed, he would enter the church; and even though I sat up the whole night reading, I never heard him come out to get the sleep of which he was very sparing. The discovery of lands and the conversion of souls had purified him." He was austere in all

his habits; he drank no wine; he used tobacco in no form; he had for a couch only the saddle-blankets from his horse, and, for cover, only two rough Indian blankets. He wore coarse linen, and at his death possessed almost no wardrobe, for he gave everything he could as alms to needy Indians.

"He died as he had lived, with extreme humility and poverty. In token of this, during his last illness, he did not undress. His deathbed, as his bed had always been, consisted of two calf-skins as a mattress, two blankets such as the Indians use for covers, and a pack-saddle for a pillow. Nor did the entreaties of Father Augustin move him to anything else. He died in the house of the father, where he had gone to dedicate a finely made chapel in his pueblo of Santa Magdalena, consecrated to San Francisco Xavier. When he was singing the mass of the dedication he felt indisposed, and it seems that the Holy Apostle, to whom he was ever devoted, was calling him, in order that, being buried in the chapel, he might accompany him, as we believe, in Glory."

THE CALIFORNIA COLUMN

(Selected)

At the beginning of the Civil War there were United States troops stationed at Fort Buchanan, but when it became known that rebel forces intended to come into what is now Arizona and attach this country to the Southern Confederacy the force at Buchanan was not sufficient to hold that section of the country for the Union and the commander of the fort was ordered to destroy the fort and everything pertaining to it and proceed to New Mexico and join the federal forces there. The departure of the federal troops from Fort Buchanan was soon followed by the arrival of a confederate force under Captain Hunter, an advance guard of Colonel Sibley, who soon afterwards arrived at Mesilla, where he issued a proclamation creating Arizona as a territory of the Southern Confederacy and naming some subordinate officers, and himself as governor.

Captain Hunter reached Tucson where he established headquarters and soon headed a force west, going as far as the Pima Villages. At the Pima Villages he arrested a man named White, an Indian trader, and captured Captain McCleve with a small force, being an advance of the California Column, which came into Arizona to chase out the rebels and reinstate Union control in the Arizona country, which was done.

With the California Column came a number of men who, after being mustered out of the service, remained here to become prominent and they had much to do with the early development of Arizona after it became a territory, by Act of Congress in 1863.

The following article telling of the creation and composition of the California Column was written by Brevet Captain George H. Pettis, first lieutenant California Volunteer Infantry, who served from 1861 to February 15, 1865.

This article was published in pamphlet form by the Historical Society of New Mexico in 1918:

"Immediately after the first battle of Bull Run, July 24, 1861, Governor John G. Downey, of California, received from the Secretary of War, Simon Cameron, a communication which said: "The War Department accepts, for three years, one regiment of infantry and five companies of cavalry, to guard the Overland Mail Route, from Carson Valley to Salt Lake City and Fort Laramie." This was the first official action towards organizing troops in California and it required but a short time to raise the required number of men and as fast as the companies were mustered in, at the Presidio, near San Francisco, they were transported across the bay, to Camp Downey, near where are now located the railroad shops, eastward of the Mole.

In the meantime the government at Washington had an insane idea of preparing an army, on the Pacific, to be composed principally of regulars, then stationed on the coast, and under the command of General E. V. Sumner, who was in command of the Department of California, then ship them down the coast to Mazatlan, where they were to disembark and proceed overland "to western Texas and regain the public property in that state and draw off insurgent troops from Arkansas, Missouri, etc." This movement was not to General Sumner's taste, although the governor had been directed to organize four more regiments of infantry and one of cavalry, to take the place of the regular troops that were to go on the Texas raid."

"The First Infantry, with the battalion—five companies of the First Cavalry—were being well drilled and disciplined at Camp Downey, when news was received at Department Headquarters that the Secessionists in the south part of the state were becoming turbulent and more outspoken and on September 17 General Sumner ordered Colonel Carleton's command to Southern California. The Texas raid was countermanded by the Washington authorities and an order was issued for all the regulars to be sent by steamer to New York as soon as they could be relieved by the volunteers,

which movement was immediately undertaken. The First California Infantry, under Colonel James H. Carleton, and the First California Cavalry, under Lieutenant Colonel Benjamin F. Davis, had arrived at San Pedro, the seaport of Los Angeles and had marched some eighteen miles north of that village and laid out a camp for fifteen companies, near a small creek, about three miles east of where Santa Monica now is and called it "Camp Latham," in honor of one of the senators from the state. When the order came for the relief of the regular troops, Major Edwin A. Riggs, of the First California Infantry, was sent with several companies to Fort Yuma. Some of the regulars were at Los Angeles, (at which point Captain Winfield Scott Hancock, afterwards Major General, was on duty as captain and assistant quartermaster), some of the regulars were at San Bernardino and others were at San Diego. They were, however, all soon relieved and rendezvoused at San Pedro for shipment to New York.

The secession element in Southern California, upon the arrival of the volunteers, became less violent and the effect of their arrival was salutary. On the 20th of October, General E. V. Sumner was relieved of the command of the Department of California by Colonel George Wright, of the Twelfth U. S. Infantry. Colonel Sumner was lost on the steamer Brother Jonathan, en route to Oregon. Some weeks later Colonel Wright was anxious for authority to throw troops into the State of Sonora and indited several letters to the War Department for this purpose. November 20th, Colonel Carleton was called to San Francisco for the purpose of proceeding to and taking command of the troops on the overland route via Salt Lake City. While there, news was received of the invasion of New Mexico and Arizona, by General S. H. Sibley, with Texas troops. Wright and Carleton consulted on a plan to proceed with a command through Arizona and attack Sibley on his flank and rear. General Wright made this matter a subject of a communication to the War Department, under date of December 9th, 1861, in which he urged the importance of the movement

and its feasibility and at the same time he reiterated the necessity of putting troops into Sonora. The latter proposition never received any support from the authorities at Washington, but the movement through Arizona was immediately approved and authorized by General McClellan, as soon as it was submitted to him. About this time, a number of prominent secessionists, who were anxious to go east, and show their devotion to the cause of the rebellion, organized a party in Southern California, and with one "Dan. Showalter" at their head attempted to get out of the state but were captured by a detachment of the First Infantry and were taken, bag and baggage, and landed in Fort Yuma. Although this made a great deal of talk and noise at the time, the persons in sympathy with the rebellion throughout the state announcing that it was an infringement on the constitutional rights of the citizens to molest them when they were quietly proceeding along the highways, but these fellows were caught in the "chapparell," a long way from the road or trail, where they were trying to avoid the troops. Their incarceration was approved by the war department.

The movement against the rebels, under Sibley, having been approved, Fort Yuma was made the starting point of the expedition and troops were forwarded to that place with all promptitude, an intermediate camp having been made at Warner's Ranch, (a point about half way between Los Angeles and Fort Yuma), which was named "Camp Wright," in honor of the general commanding the department. Supplies were being rapidly pushed forward, both by teams across the Colorado Desert, as well as by water up the Gulf of California and the Colorado River."

The "California Column" originally consisted of the First California Infantry, ten companies, under the command of Colonel James H. Carleton; First California Cavalry, five companies, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel E. E. Eyre; Lieutenant-Colonel Davis having resigned and gone east, and who was killed at Beverly Ford, Virginia, June 9, 1863; Light Battery A, Third U. S. Artillery, under the command of Lieutenant John B. Shinn, and Company B,

Second California Cavalry, under the command of Captain John C. Cremony. This command contained fifteen hundred men, well drilled, well disciplined, and all eager to show what stuff they were made of. Later on the Fifth California Infantry, under command of Colonel George W. Bowie, was added, which brought the command up to about 2,350 men, rank and file. The advance guard, or detachment, left "Camp Latham" last, and consisted of Company C, Captain McMullin, and K, Captain Nicholas S. Davis, First Infantry and Company B, Captain Charles A. Smith, and Company G, Captain Hugh L. Hinds, Fifth Infantry, and followed the route of those in the advance to "Camp Wright."

While these movements of the California troops were being made, General H. S. Sibley had arrived in New Mexico with about 3,000 men and had relieved Colonel Baylor from command. Colonel John R. Baylor had arrived in the territory about the 1st of July, 1861, with several hundred men of his regiment, the "Second Texas Mounted Rifles, Confederate States Army," and had announced himself as the Provisional Governor of New Mexico and Arizona.

On July 25, Major Isaac Lynde, 7th U. S. Infantry, who was in command of Fort Fillmore, which was about three miles east of La Mesilla, and all the Union forces south of the "Jornado del Meurto," proceeded to attack Baylor's forces at La Mesilla and after a desultory assault upon the village he, (Lynde), in the most cowardly manner, returned to the adobe walls of Fort Fillmore, having had three men killed and two officers and four men wounded. On the morning of the 27th, Lynde vacated the fort and commenced a retreat for Fort Stanton, having over five hundred men well equipped, armed and officered.

As soon as Baylor learned of Lynde's flight, he pursued him, with less than three hundred poorly armed men and overtaking him near San Agustin Springs, captured the whole party, which consisted of seven companies of the 7th U. S. Infantry, and three companies of the U. S. Mounted Rifles, without firing a shot. About this time, an independent company of rebels was formed under the command of a

Captain Hunter, who was ordered to proceed to Tucson and operate down the Gila River as far as Fort Yuma. Sibley had, soon after his arrival in the territory, gone up the Rio Grande to find General Canby, as the latter would not go down the river, and finding Fort Craig too strong to attack, had avoided it, and crossed the river to the easterly side within two miles and in plain sight of Craig. His attempting to reach the river again to get water for his men and stock at Valverde, just above the "Mesa de la Contedera," brought on the sanguinary struggle at Valverde, which took place on the 21st of February, 1862, and which was precipitated by that gallant soldier and estimable gentleman, Colonel Benjamin S. Roberts, United States Army.

Early in April, the scouts brought in news to Fort Yuma that the rebels had left Tucson and were on their way down the Gila River, having captured Captain William McCleave and nine of his Company A, 1st Cavalry, who were scouting at White's Mills, near the Pima Villages, and sent them as prisoners to the Rio Grande. McCleave was soon paroled and returned to the column. A command, under Captain William Calloway, consisting of his own Company I, 1st Infantry, a detachment of Company A, 1st Cavalry, commanded by Lieutenant James Barrett, with Lieutenant E. C. Baldwin, Company D, 1st Cavalry, and a detachment of Company K, 1st Infantry, under Lieutenant Jeremiah Phelan, with two mountain howitzers, were sent out from Fort Yuma to proceed along the Overland Mail route, with Tucson as the objective point. This command reached the Pima Villages with no other signs of the rebels than a number of burned hay stacks along the way, and in due time started from that point for Tucson. When they were approaching the "Picacho Peak," the Indian scouts brought in information that a detachment of the rebels was in the immediate front. The detachment was ordered to make a wide detour, so as to strike them in the flank, while Calloway, with the main party, were to attack in front. The enemy were not found in the immediate front, but after traveling several miles, on April 15, 1862, rapid firing was heard in advance and arriving upon the spot

it was found that Lieutenant Barrett had located the rebels picket and the first intimation they had of results was that Lieutenant Barrett and two men were killed and three were wounded. The rebel loss was two men wounded and three taken prisoner. The graves of the killed, the Union Lieutenant and the men, may now be seen within twenty feet of the California Southern Pacific Railroad, as it goes through "Picacho Pass." The Union force camped on the ground that night and the next day Calloway, having lost his head, ordered a return to be made, against the protests of all his officers. This party was met near Stanwix Station by Colonel West and the "advance detachment," and all proceeded forward to the Pima Villages.

A permanent camp was established at the Pima Villages and an earth work was thrown up about the flour mill of Ammi White, who had been carried away, a prisoner, by the rebels a few weeks before. This earth work was named Fort Barrett, in honor of the lieutenant who had been killed in the skirmish at the Picacho Pass. It required several weeks for the "Column" to get to this point, as only detachments of not over four companies could move over the route through Southern California and through the entire length of Arizona, within twenty-four hours of each other, on account of the scarcity of water. On the 15th of May, Colonel West and his advance detachment moved out of the Pima Villages for Tucson. They left the overland route at the Sacaton Station, going via White's Ranch, through the "Casas Grandes," Rattlesnake Springs, and arrived at old Fort Breckenridge, near the confluence of the Gila and San Pedro rivers, where the American flag was run up again, on the flag staff of the fort, amid the hurrahs of the men and the field music playing the "Star Spangled Banner."

At this point the Pima Indian herders, who had been employed to drive along the live stock of the command and some others, who had been employed as scouts, refused to go any further and demanded their pay of the quartermaster. They asserted that the command was too small to take Tucson; that they were greatly outnumbered by the rebels,

and besides there were rifle pits fully manned, more than a mile in length, to be overcome. They were allowed to return home. The command encamped that night in the "Canon de Oro." The next day, May 19, a short march of fifteen miles was made and the party encamped within ten miles of Tucson. An early reveille on the morning of the 20th, and the command moved forward with a light step. When it had arrived within two miles of the town, Captain Emil Fritz, Company B, 1st Cavalry, was sent forward; the first platoon to make a detour and come in on the east side of the town; the second platoon, under Lieutenant Juan Francisco Guirado, afterwards aide-de-camp on the staff of Brigadier-General Joseph R. West, in New Mexico, and later in Arkansas and Missouri, since deceased, was to charge in on the north side, while the four companies of infantry were to move directly on the road and come in at the west side of the town. The programme was completely carried out, as the three parties came on the plaza of Tucson at the same moment, the cavalry at a charge and the infantry on the double quick, but found no enemy. In fact, there was no enemy, nor were there any people, the only living things found within the limits of the town were an unsuspected number of dogs and cats. The rebels, before they had hurriedly left, had publicly announced that the "Abs" would soon take the fair city, which would then be given over to the ravages of a brutal soldiery. The rebels retreated to the Rio Grande accompanied by a number of desperadoes, amongst whom was the notorious Judge (?) Ed. McGowan, of San Francisco, of "Vigilante Days" fame, who were also rebels at heart, while the Mexican population, men, women and children, started southward for the Sonora line. Good quarters were found here for the troops, and it required two months time, or until July 20th to get the "Column" assembled here, with food and forage enough to make another start. Everything, except a small amount of wheat, which was purchased of the Pima Indians, was brought by teams from Southern California, via Fort Yuma, a distance of several hundred miles. No forage or food could be had in or about Tucson, and the men could eat



nearly as much as the few trains could bring up. No news had been received from the Rio Grande since the column had commenced its march from California. Several express parties had been sent forward to open communications with General Canby, but none had ever returned.

On June 15th, a party of three persons, consisting of Sergeant William Wheeling, Company F, 1st Infantry, expressman John Jones, and a Mexican guide named Chaves, left Tucson with dispatches for General Canby, written on tissue paper. It was afterwards learned that this party was attacked by Apache Indians as they were emerging out of the Apache Pass, on the 18th; Chaves was killed at the first fire and Sergeant Wheeling was seriously wounded, he soon fell from his horse, and was immediately dispatched. Their bodies were afterwards found horribly mutilated, disemboweled and "spread-eagled"—fires having been built over them, and were filled with arrows, after the manner of "John Apache." Years afterwards the same fate fell to Jones. Jones escaped almost by a miracle, and getting through the Indians, who followed him for a long distance, he succeeded after a ride of over two hundred miles, in reaching the Rio Grande, at Picacho, a small village about five miles above Mesilla. Here he was taken prisoner by the rebels, who brought him before Colonel William Steele, who examined him, took his dispatches, and threw him into jail. He managed, however, to get word to General Canby that he was there, and that the "California Column" was really coming, an achievement that was considered absolutely impracticable.

On the 21st of June, a strong reconnoitering party of cavalry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Eyre, left Tucson for the Rio Grande. After a hard march they arrived at old Fort Thorn on July 4th, which they found abandoned by the rebels. Here he was reinforced by a squadron of the 3rd U. S. Cavalry, under Captain Howland, and would have proceeded to attack the rebels at Mesilla, but was obliged to forego that pleasure, by peremptory orders from Colonel Chivington, 1st Colorado Volunteers at Fort Craig, who was in command of the southern military district of New Mexico, and who

was acting under General Canby's orders, as Colonel Steele greatly feared he would be overtaken by the California troops, and in his hurried retreat burned a number of his wagons, and destroyed a large amount of ammunition. The rebel forces were so disheartened and so thoroughly disorganized, that, had they been attacked by even a small force, they would have at once surrendered.

On July 9th Thomas L. Roberts, with his Company E., 1st Infantry, and Captain Cremony's Company B, 2nd Cavalry, and two mountain howitzers, under command of Lieutenant William A. Thompson, 1st Infantry, left Tucson for Rio De Sauze, where they were to establish a camp, having with them rations and forage for Colonel Eyre's command, in case they were forced back by the Texans.

When this command reached Apache Pass, (now Fort Bowie), they were attacked by a large force of Apache warriors, under the leadership of "Cochise," the Indians having possession of the water at that point. After a stubborn contest, in which both trails of the mountain howitzers were broken, in elevating the pieces to reach the Indians upon the hill where the spring was, the Indians were forced to retire with a loss of nine killed, while the troops suffered a loss of two killed and two wounded.

On the 20th of July Colonel West, with Companies B, Captain Valetine Dresher, C, Captain William McMullin, and K, Lieutenant George H. Pettis, 1st Infantry, and Company G, Captain Hugh L. Hinds, 5th Infantry left Tucson for the Rio Grande.

On the 21st, a second command, consisting of Lieutenant John B. Shinn's Light Battery A, 3rd U. S. Artillery, and Company A, Captain Edward B. Willis, 1st Infantry and Company B, Captain Charles A. Smith, 5th Infantry, left Tucson for the same destination, under command of Captain Willis. On the 23rd, Lieutenant Colonel Edwin A. Rigg, with a third command, consisting of Companies I, Captain William Calloway, F, Captain Washington L. Parvin, D, Captain Francis S. Mitchell, and H, Captain Lafayette Hammond all of the 1st Infantry, followed. Each of these detachments had

subsistence for thirty days, with a full supply of entrenching tools. Up to the time of the arrival of the troops at Tucson, the infantry had packed their knapsacks the entire march, a notable achievement, considering the nature of the country—and its lack of resources—through which they had so far marched, and the fearful heat and thirst which they had encountered.

General Orders, No. 10. "Headquarters of the Column from California, dated Tucson, July 17th, 1862," contained the following paragraphs:

"10. That every soldier may move forward with a light, free step, now that we approach the enemy, he will no longer be required to carry his knapsack.

"11. This is the time when every soldier in this column looks forward with a confident hope that, he, too, will have the distinguished honor of striking a blow for the old Stars and Stripes; when he, too, feels in his heart that he is the champion of the holiest cause that has ever yet nerved the arm of a patriot. The general commanding the 'Column' desires that such a time shall be remembered by all, but more particularly by those who, from their guilt, have been so unfortunate on such an occasion. He therefore orders that all soldiers under his command, who may be held in confinement, shall be at once relieved."

The troops had been in Tucson for two months, from May 20th, to July 20th. After the first alarm, upon the arrival of the Union troops, scouts were sent forward towards the Sonora line, and the Mexican residents returned to their homes. A number of American desperadoes also put in an appearance. A number of these were arrested by General Carleton, who, in a letter to General Wright at San Francisco, said, under date of Tucson, June 10th, 1862: "I shall send to Fort Yuma, for confinement, starting them today, nine of the cut-throats, gamblers, and loafers, who have infested this town to the great bodily fear of all good citizens. Nearly every one, I believe had either killed his man or been engaged in helping to kill him."

I have always believed that General Carleton wanted me killed, for he put this detachment under my command to escort them to the Pima Villages, a distance of nearly two hundred miles, and gave me a cavalry detachment of ten men, the worst disciplined ones I ever met. The first night out, when I was encamped at the "Point of Rocks," an express arrived from Colonel West, then in command at Tucson, in which I was informed that my prisoners had stated before we left that point, that they would never be taken through alive, and cautioning me to be ever on the alert or I would not get through. Carleton did not send me for the honor. He was much surprised when I returned safe, but not as much as I was.

G. H. P."

Sylvester J. Mowry, of Rhode Island, who had been an officer in the U. S. Army, was living near Tucson, at the Patagonia Mine, and being an uncompromising rebel, was arrested, examined by a military commission, was sent down to Fort Yuma at this time. Tucson soon became a cleanly and model town, and the long rest here repaid the command for the many days of previous marching.

General Carleton, with headquarters of the "California Column" arrived at Fort Thorn, on August 7th, and immediately communicated with General Canby. The balance of the "Column" arrived on the Rio Grande in detachments, as they had left Tucson, one day apart, and by the 15th, Mesilla was made the headquarters of the district of Arizona, and had as a garrison companies B, C, D, and K, 1st Infantry, and Company A, 5th Infantry. Shinn's Light Battery A, 3rd U. S. Artillery, Companies A and E, 1st Infantry, B, 5th Infantry, Band D, 1st Cavalry, and B, 2nd Cavalry, were sent as a garrison to Fort Fillmore, opposite to and about three miles from Mesilla. Shinn's battery being shortly afterwards sent to the "Cottonwoods" about 25 miles south of Fort Fillmore, to recruit their horses. Company A, 1st Infantry, was sent to Franklin, Texas, (now El Paso), to take care of Simeon Hart's flour mill and look out for the "mail carrier" of the rebels—the notorious "Captain Skillman," afterwards killed by Captain Albert H. French, at Spencer's

Ranch, near Presidio del Norte, April 15th, 1864, on the Rio Grande, in an attempt to carry the rebel mail into Texas. All the regular troops were soon relieved and sent up to Fort Craig, and the Californians proceeded to Forts Quitman, Bliss, and Davis, in Texas, and hauled up the Union Flag.

The Southern Overland Mail Route had been opened and the United States military posts in Arizona, Southern New Mexico, and Northwestern Texas, had been reoccupied by troops composing the "California Column." General Carleton in his report to Assistant Adjutant General Drum, of the Department of California, under date of September 20th, 1862, said: "It was no fault of the troops from California that the Confederate forces fled before them. It is but just to say that their having thus fled is mainly attributed to the gallantry of the troops under General Canby's command. That they were hurried in their flight, by the timely arrival of the advance guard of the "California Column" under Lieutenant Colonel Eyre there cannot be a doubt. The march from the Pacific to the Rio Grande by the "California Column" was not accomplished without immense toil and great hardships, or without many privations and much suffering from heat and want of water."

* * * * *

"The march of the 'Column from California' in the summer months, across the great desert in the driest season that has been known for thirty years, is a military achievement creditable to the soldiers of the American army; but it would not be just to attribute the success of this march to any ability on my part. That success was gained only by the high physical and moral energies of that peculiar class of officers and men who composed the 'California Column'. With any other troops I am sure I should have failed.

"I send you a set of colors which have been borne by this column. They were hoisted by Colonel West over Forts Breckenridge and Buchanan, and over Tucson by Colonel Eyre over Forts Thorn and Fillmore, and over Mesilla, New Mexico; and over Fort Quitman, and by Captain Shirland

over Fort Davis, in Texas, and thus again have those places been consecrated to our beloved country."

On the 18th of September, 1862, General Carleton assumed command of the Department of New Mexico, General Canby having been ordered east by the War Department, the "Column" was soon distributed throughout the Department, and active operations commenced against the hostile Indians—the Apaches and the Navajos. Treason was at a discount in New Mexico, and no treasonable utterances were allowed; when anything of this kind was attempted, it resulted in the person being immediately arrested, confined in the guard house, and tried by a military commission. The most incorrigible of this class of persons, was Samuel J. Jones, the well known pro-slavery sheriff at Leecompton, Kansas, in 1857 and '58. Upon the advent of Colonel Baylor's forces in 1861, he was the post-sutler at Fort Fillmore, owning a fine estate at Mesilla, and during the rebel occupation of the territory he was constantly in hot water with the rebels, but not on account of political matters, however, as he was an unadulterated fire-eater. After the "Column" arrived in the District of New Mexico, Jones was brought up in the guard-house about once a month an average.

When General Carleton assumed command of the Department of New Mexico he relinquished the immediate command of the "California Column" and published the following order:

Headquarters of the Department of New Mexico
Santa Fe, N. M., Sept. 21st, 1862.

General Orders

No. 85.

In entering upon the duties that remove him from immediate association with the troops constituting the "Column from California," the Commanding General desires to express his grateful acknowledgment of the conduct and services of the officers and men of that command. Traversing a desert country, that has heretofore been regarded as impracticable for the operations of large bodies of troops, they have reached their destination and accomplished the object assigned them,

not only without loss of any kind, but improved in discipline, in morale, and in every other element of efficiency. That patient and cheerful endurance of hardships, the zeal and alacrity with which they have grappled with, and overcome obstacles that would have been insurmountable to any but troops of the highest physical and moral energy, the complete abnegation of self, and subordination of every personal consideration, to the great object of our hopes and efforts, give the most absolute assurance of success in any field or against any enemy.

California has reason to be proud of the sons she has sent across the continent to assist in the great struggle in which our country is now engaged. The commanding general is requested by the officer who preceded him in the command of this department, to express for him the gratification felt by every officer and soldier of his command at the fact that troops from the Atlantic and Pacific slope, from the mountains of California and Colorado, acting in the same cause, inspired by the same duties, and animated by the same hopes, have met and shaken hands in the center of this great continent.

(Signed) JAMES H. CARLETON.

Brigadier General U. S. Volunteers,
Commanding Department.

During the years of '63 and '64 there were continual reports that the rebels in Texas were organizing expeditions to retake New Mexico and Arizona, which required a large force to be kept in the southern part of the territory. They were, however, kept busy against the Apaches and skirmishes were numerous, and the duty very hard on account of long distances between water. Among the memorable events in 1863, was the taking of the celebrated Apache chief "Mangus Colorado," (The Red Sleeve) and his being killed by Captain E. D. Shirland's Company C, 1st Cavalry. The old chief had been taken prisoner in a skirmish, and was confined in a Sibley tent at old Fort McLean, near the Mimbres river, in January, 1863. The guard had strict orders that if he attempted to escape, to shoot him. In the early morning the

soldier on guard in rear of the tent, saw "Mangus" rise up from the tent and started to run. He raised his carbine, fired, and the scoundrel fell dead in his tracks. He had committed so many murders and outrages that the question of whether or not he really attempted to escape, was never satisfactorily settled—probably on the score that "the only good Indian is a dead one." The other event was the expedition against the Navajos, under the command of Colonel Kit Carson, and of which Captain Asa B. Carey, 13th U. S. Infantry, who was since Paymaster General of the U. S. Army but now retired, was chief commissary of subsistence, was general aid and military adviser, in which Companies B and D, 1st California Cavalry, and Companies H and K, 1st California Infantry, took part. Company G, 1st Infantry, Captain Henry A. Greene, established on July 3rd, 1863, Fort McRea, at the "Ojo del Muerto," about two miles west of the "Mornado del Muerto," and there the captain gained much credit for his constant and repeated conflicts with the Indians. The Navajo Expedition, by July, 1864, had been successful in capturing over 9,000 of the Indians, and they were taken to Fort Sumner, ("Bosque Redondo") on the Pecos river, about five hundred miles from their own home. These Indians were completely whipped into subjugation, all of their crops and plantings were destroyed, and all of their stock captured. They were taken back to their old homes in 1868, and they have never been on the war path since. A large number of the "Column" were stationed at Fort Sumner guarding these prisoners.

During the year 1863, there were three commissioned officers killed and four wounded; fourteen enlisted men were killed and twenty-one wounded. Three hundred and one Indians were killed, eighty-seven wounded and seven hundred and three taken prisoners. During 1864 there were the usual number of skirmishes, and the Navajo war was completed.

Some of the "Column" was in the celebrated "Sand Creek Fight," which took place north of the Canadian river near "Bent's Old Fort," Company K, 1st Infantry and

Companies D and B, 1st Cavalry, were as far east as Fort Dodge, Kansas, escorting trains. In Carson's fight with the Comanche and Kiowa Indians, November 25th, on the Canadian river, at the Adobe Walls, the "Column" was represented by detachments from Company B, Captain Emil Fritz, 1st Cavalry, and Company K, 1st Infantry, Lieutenant George H. Pettis. Major William McCleave, 1st Cavalry, was second in command.

During this year there was one commissioned officer killed and two wounded, six enlisted men killed, and twenty-three wounded. Three hundred and sixty-three Indians were killed, one hundred and forty wounded. Eight thousand and ninety-three were taken prisoners in the Department of New Mexico.

Nine companies of the 1st California Infantry, and the five original companies of the 1st California Cavalry, were discharged in August and September, 1864, their term of service having expired. On January 20th, 1865, John Wilson, the last enlisted man of Company K, the tenth company of the 1st California Infantry, was discharged. On February 15th, Lieutenant George H. Pettis, of said Company K, was mustered out at Santa Fe, New Mexico, by Captain Asa B. Carey, Thirteenth United States Infantry, Chief Mustering Officer, when the record of the "California Column" ceased."

KINO MEMORIAL COMMITTEE

(DEAN FRANK C. LOCKWOOD)

Some weeks ago, in the course of a lecture delivered in the University Auditorium on *The Early Spanish Missionaries in Arizona* the lecturer made the following statement and suggestion:

"On May 28, 1700, Emanuel Gonzales, commenting on Kino's belief that California could be entered by land, wrote: 'If you accomplish this we must erect to you a rich and famous statue.' I have longed to find some picture or statue of Kino; but I have been unable to find trace of any likeness of him. What would be a finer tribute to this greatest of all Arizona pioneers than the erection even at this late date of an idealized statue of him at San Xavier, which he founded, or in Tucson?"

Almost immediately the suggestion met with a hearty response from the newspapers, from prominent pioneers, and from men and women in all ranks of life, without respect to sect or nationality. Almost spontaneously a local committee came together to consider suitable steps for promoting the project. The members of the original group are Mrs. Sam Hughes, Mr. Mose Drachman, Mrs. George Kitt, Mr. Albert Steinfeld, Mr. Fred Ronstadt, Father Victor Stoner, Dean Frank C. Lockwood, and Mr. Ed. Vail. The local committee thought it wise to enlarge the committee so that it might include representative men and women from different parts of the state, and, indeed, from the whole southwest.

Accordingly letters were sent to about a score of leading citizens who were likely to be interested in such an undertaking, inviting them to become members of a Kino Memorial Committee. Up to this time the following people have res-

ponded favorably and enthusiastically: Mr. M. J. Riordan, of Flagstaff, Professor Herbert E. Bolton of Berkeley, California, Judge E. W. Wells, of Prescott, Mrs. Wm. H. Brophy, Major George Kelly and Colonel J. H. McClintock of Phoenix, Judge Frank Duffy of Nogales, Mrs. L. J. Tuttle of Douglas, Mr. Charles M. Reneaud of Pearce, Captain L. W. Mix of Nogales, President R. B. von KleinSmid of Los Angeles, Mr. F. C. Struckmeyer of Phoenix, Mrs. Katherine MacRae of Coolidge, and Mr. Frank Pinckley of Casa Grande. Several other acceptances will no doubt be received in the near future. The promptness and cordiality of the responses so far received, and the eminent fitness of the men and women on the committee to carry out the work in a suitable manner insure the realization of this worthy civic ideal.

The fact that such citizens, scholars, and religious leaders as Mr. M. J. Riordan, Professor Herbert E. Bolton, and Father Victor Stoner have shown an active interest in the plan is significant. Mr. M. J. Riordan in a letter to a member of the committee made the following suggestion:

"This work to be well done should come from the hearts and not merely from the pockets. To that end it should be an educative process, extending over a period of years and gathering momentum as it goes. I would much prefer having ten thousand contributions of fifty cents apiece, than ten contributions of five hundred dollars each, since the former would indicate love and the latter money, and if there is one thing that Kino did not have because he despised it, it was money. I hope that the movement you have begun will expand as all true works of art and love should expand with the maturity of time.

Just one thought more, "Kino's delight was," like his Master's, "to be among the

children of men," and, conversely, the delight of the children of men should be to have Kino right in the whirl of them. With this in mind his bronze figure, standing stark on an Arizona boulder set in the intersection of the busiest street in Tucson, should be the place. Put him where all men can be under his benediction and they will learn to reverence him and even to swerve traffic a twelve-inch or so out of reverence for him."

Professor H. E. Bolton of the University of California, an eminent specialist on the Spanish Southwest, and author of *Kino's Memoirs of Pimeria Alta*, writes as follows:

"I am very much interested in what you say in your letter of November 28. I think that it is highly appropriate that Arizona citizens should erect a statue to their great pioneer, Father Kino. If I can be of any real service to you I shall be quite willing to accept membership on the committee which you propose to appoint. Unfortunately, I have not been able to find a portrait of Father Kino, but I have not yet exhausted all possibilities and I am still on the hunt."

Other suggestions of like nature have already come into the hands of the committee.

At a well attended meeting of the committee, held at the rooms of the Arizona Pioneer's Historical Society in Tucson, December 13, it was unanimously voted that steps be taken to raise ten thousand dollars for a suitable monument; that the project be carried forward for some time as an educational process in order to acquaint young and old with the beauty, dignity, and greatness of Father Kino's character and with his service to mankind in Arizona; that the statue be erected

CHAPTER I

The first part of the history of the United States is the history of the discovery and settlement of the continent. The discovery of the continent was made by Christopher Columbus in 1492. The settlement of the continent was made by the first European settlers in 1607. The first European settlers were the Jamestown settlers. The Jamestown settlers were the first European settlers to establish a permanent settlement in the United States. The Jamestown settlers were the first European settlers to establish a permanent settlement in the United States.

The second part of the history of the United States is the history of the growth and development of the country. The growth and development of the country was the result of the westward expansion of the United States. The westward expansion of the United States was the result of the discovery of gold in California in 1848. The westward expansion of the United States was the result of the discovery of gold in California in 1848.

The third part of the history of the United States is the history of the civil war. The civil war was fought between the Union and the Confederacy from 1861 to 1865. The civil war was fought between the Union and the Confederacy from 1861 to 1865.

The fourth part of the history of the United States is the history of the Reconstruction era. The Reconstruction era was the period from 1865 to 1877. The Reconstruction era was the period from 1865 to 1877.

at some suitable central, historical spot in Tucson, and that the committee organize as the Kino Memorial Committee. Dean Frank C. Lockwood was elected chairman, Mrs. George Kitt, secretary, and Mr. Mose Drachman, treasurer. It was voted that this general statement be given to the press of the state, to be followed by other information from time to time; and it was further voted that Father Victor Stoner take steps to secure suitable publicity for the project throughout the southwest.

It is the plan during the spring to promote public meetings at various points in the state in order to arouse interest in the memorial, and convey information about Father Kino through interesting addresses by speakers qualified to speak about Father Kino and his service to Arizona and the southwest.

NOTARY PUBLIC FOR FIFTY-SIX YEARS

Geo. W. Hance, of Camp Verde, Arizona, has again been commissioned as a notary public, after a notarial service of fifty-six years. His letter to Governor Hunt, asking for a renewal of his notary commission for the fifteenth time, contains numerous historical reminders and is here given in full with the reply of the governor:

Camp Verde, Arizona
February 21, 1928

Hon. Geo. W. P. Hunt
Governor of Arizona
My dear Governor:

This is the fifteenth time I have asked the Chief Executive of Arizona, as a territory and state, to appoint me a notary public; the first was Governor Safford and you twice or three times. My present commission expires on the 28th instant, which completes fifty-six years as a notary public, and I really think I am the dean of the faculty. In all that time I have never had a paper rejected by any court.

I have spent almost sixty years of my life in Arizona, putting in sixty Christmases and New Years and eighty Christmases and New Years on the journey of life. But I will not arrive at the eightieth mile post until October 7. Bible history tells us that Noah and his family outlived all who lived before the flood, but excepting Hon. Ed. W. Wells and Hon. J. W. Sullivan, I have outlived all voters who were here when I came. Jerry Sullivan came with me.

Indians were considered very bad when I came to Arizona. There were nineteen men and one boy in our party and I was the boy. The Indians killed eight men and wounded four others of our crowd or party the first year. Included among the wounded was Hon. Jerry W. Sullivan. That white spot on Jerry's neck was the mark of an Indian arrow.

I have the name of having a good memory but going back

in memory from the time of my arrival in Arizona until the advent of General Crook, the Indians were really angels of peace compared to the bootleg-drunken automobile drivers, in so far as respecters of life at that time and now are concerned. If there is any doubt of it time will bring people to that way of thinking the same as time brought the people to your way of thinking in the Colorado River Boulder Canyon proposition. I am one who has changed. When I came to Verde Valley there were two ranches and two ditches and about 200 acres of land in cultivation and not more than a dozen citizens. Now there are sixty-seven ditches and about 10,000 acres of land in cultivation, about 1,000 acres of which are in fruit of various kinds. There were no settlements near Cottonwood, Clarkdale, Clemenceau or Jerome, and not a habitation of any kind east of here in all Arizona.

I was territorial census marshal in 1880. That gave Yavapai County four members of the council and eight members of the house. There were about as many people building the Santa Fe Railroad as there were in the balance of Yavapai County.

I am also the first secretary of any body of men calling themselves republicans that ever met in Arizona, which was in August, 1880. Clark Churchill was president; ex-Governor John J. Cosper was vice-president; W. C. Bashford was treasurer and Geo. W. Hance the secretary. I turned over to Frank Murphy the book after carrying it over a week with one hundred and seventy-two names in it and in that book there were the names of some mighty good men. I think it is with some of his papers, perhaps in possession of his widow.

Governor, I wish you would make my commission expire February 28, 1932. I will file a bond to cover that date, and if the \$2.50 does not cover the expense in the secretary's office, I will make it good. Now this is sort of a business letter as well as an historical reminder. Begging your pardon for the valuable time I am taking up with you, and with my highest sentiment of regard for you, I am very truly

Your friend,

(Signed) GEO. W. HANCE

OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR
PHOENIX, ARIZONA

February 25, 1928

Dear Mr. Hance:

I am taking great pleasure in issuing the necessary order for you to be commissioned for the fifteenth time as an Arizona Notary Public.

I wish there were some way that the state could issue you an honorary commission for life as a small recognition of your splendid service to Arizona.

I have a feeling of deep appreciation of the debt which our state owes to the early white pioneers such as yourself.

Your letter contains so much valuable historical information and other interesting comment that I am taking the liberty of giving copies of it to the press of the state.

If you have not already done so, I think your recollections of early Arizona history should be gotten into shape for the files of the office of the state historian, Major Geo. H. Kelly.

With very kindest wishes and the sincere hope that you will be spared for many more years of happiness and usefulness, I am

Very sincerely yours,
(Signed) GEO. W. P. HUNT
Governor

Mr. Geo. W. Hance
Camp Verde, Arizona

DEATH OF HON. FRANK H. HEREFORD

Recently the announcement of the death of Hon. Frank H. Hereford, the well known attorney of Tucson, was carried by the Arizona press. He was a son of the late Ben Hereford, who was among the first white settlers to arrive in Tucson after that town had been brought to an orderly state, as a result of the coming of the California Column.

Frank H. Hereford was born in California, at Sacramento, in 1861. His mother died when he was six years old and he lived with relatives during his school days until 1877, when he accompanied his father to Tucson where he resided until his death. He received his college education at Oakland, Santa Clara and San Jose, California. He studied law with his father in Tucson and was admitted to practice in 1885. Mr. Hereford was not only a successful attorney but he was also a successful business man being prominent in the management of several important business enterprises, among them the Consolidated National Bank and the La Osa Cattle Company. He was private secretary to F. A. Tritle, Governor of Arizona during the eighties. Mr. Hereford made a specialty of mining law and at times numbered some of the important mining companies of Arizona as his clients.

No man stood higher as a citizen or as an attorney in Arizona and his passing away brought sorrow to the hearts of all who knew him throughout the state. In recent years he lived rather a retired life, but business in the courts and state departments brought him, occasionally, to Phoenix where he always received a warm welcome.

Hon. Chas. M. Shannon—Arizona Pioneer—Passes Away

Hon. Chas. M. Shannon, for many years a resident of Arizona, died at his home in Los Angeles, California, on March 1. The newspapers of Arizona carried announcements of the death of Mr. Shannon which saddened the hearts of many old time friends of "Charlie" Shannon in this state.

C. M. Shannon first visited Arizona in 1872, when with his uncle, Robert Metcalf, Ike Stevens and others, he came from Silver City to Clifton to look over what had been reported valuable mineral deposits. As a result of this visit a number of mineral locations were made by Robert Metcalf and young Shannon, then twenty years old, also located several claims. Metcalf did considerable development work and finally sold out his holdings to the Leszynsky Brothers, deeding a remnant of claims to his nephew. Shannon held these copper claims until 1899, when he sold them to W. B. Thompson, now of the Magma Copper Company, at Superior, and they became the basis on which was promoted the Shannon Copper Company.

During the time from 1872 to 1899 Shannon clung to his copper claims, never doubting their value, but never able to attract the necessary capital for their development. He did assessment work regularly until patents were finally obtained from the government. He lived for a number of years at Silver City, New Mexico, where he engaged in the newspaper business, but the desire for Arizona abided with him and at one time in the early eighties he established a newspaper at Globe, but did not remain there long. About the year 1890 Shannon returned to Clifton where he resided until after the sale of his mining property. In 1892 he was elected as a member of the territorial council from Graham County and in the same year was chosen as the Arizona member of the National Democratic Committee. In 1893 he was appointed to the office of collector of internal revenue in what was then the District of New Mexico and Arizona, serving for four

years with his headquarters at Santa Fe, New Mexico. During the nineties the people of Arizona were hopeful that the territory would be admitted as a state and Mr. Shannon, in that event, no doubt would have been a strong contender for the governorship of the new state. Many of his admirers among democratic leaders had so decided.

After disposing of his mines in the Clifton district, Mr. Shannon located in Tucson where he built the original Santa Rita Hotel. This he sold, soon after its completion, when he went to Los Angeles where he resided until called by death, making occasional trips back to his beloved Arizona.

Charlie Shannon was one of the most likable men in Arizona during his long residence here; he was a man of jovial disposition and without any bad habits to detract from his manhood.

Hon. Edw. D. Tuttle Passes Away.

Hon. Edw. D. Tuttle, who wrote the article in this issue of the ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW entitled "Arizona Begins Law Making," giving incidents and accomplishments of the First Arizona Territorial Legislature, which was convened at Prescott in 1864, died at his home in Los Angeles on March 16, 1928. He was always a patriotic citizen of this country. His grandfathers, Tuttle and Taylor, were heroes of the Revolutionary War; his father was a soldier in the War of 1812, while he, himself, served in the Civil War, and his son, Arthur L., was a soldier in the Spanish-American War, participating in the entire Cuban campaign as one of the famous Rough Riders Regiment.

Edw. D. Tuttle, when a lieutenant in the Federal army, was stationed at Fort Mohave, on the Colorado River, in 1864, when he was elected as a member of the First Arizona Territorial Legislature. He returned to the army after this legislative session and was a quartermaster's clerk at Yuma when supplies were being forwarded from that point to various military posts in Arizona.

Some years later he went to Safford, Arizona, and held the office of justice of the peace, when that part of the Gila Valley belonged to Pima County. When Graham County was created by the legislature, in 1881, he was appointed clerk of the district court, and later filled other important offices in that county. He was always prominent in the early industrial development of Graham County. He was born in New York in the year 1834. In 1905 he sold his ranch and other property in Graham County and went to Los Angeles, California, where he has since resided.

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Phosphate)

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Volume 1

JULY, 1928

Number 2



STATE CAPITOL BUILDING

Arizona Historical Data

The territory now included within the limits of Arizona was acquired by virtue of treaties concluded with Mexico in 1848 and in 1854. Previous to that time this country belonged to Mexico as a part of Sonora.

The act cutting Arizona away from the territory of New Mexico was passed by the United States congress and signed by President Abraham Lincoln on February 24, 1863.

Governor John N. Goodwin and other territorial officials reached Navajo Springs, now in Navajo County, on December 29, 1863, where, on that date, the governor issued a proclamation inaugurating the territorial government.

The first Arizona territorial legislature was convened in Prescott, the temporary capital, September 26, 1864. Territorial capital located in Tucson, November 1, 1867, under an act of the legislature. The territorial capital was relocated at Prescott the first Monday in May, 1877. On February 4, 1889, the territorial capital was permanently located at Phoenix, where it has remained since.

Arizona became a state on February 14, 1912, by virtue of a congressional act passed in 1911.

The officers appointed by President Lincoln, who were responsible for the first Arizona territorial government were: John N. Goodwin, of Maine, Governor; Richard C. McCormick, of New York, Secretary of the Territory; William F. Turner, of Iowa, Chief Justice; William T. Howell, of Michigan and Joseph P. Allyn, of Connecticut, associate justices; Almon Gage, of New York, attorney general; Levi Bashford, of Wisconsin, Surveyor General; Milton B. Duffield, of New York, U. S. Marshal; Charles D. Poston, of Kentucky, Superintendent Indian affairs.

The first Arizona State officials, elected in 1911, included the following: George W. P. Hunt, Governor; Sidney P. Osborn, Secretary of State; J. C. Callaghan, State auditor; D. F. Johnson, State treasurer; C. O. Case, Superintendent of Public instruction; W. P. Geary, F. A. Jones and A. W. Cole, Corporation Commissioners; Alfred Franklin, Chief Justice; D. L. Cunningham and H. D. Ross, Associate Justices of the Supreme Court.

EDITORIAL

ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW IS WELL RECEIVED

The office of the State Historian is much pleased at the manner of the reception of the first number of the ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW, which was mailed on April 1.

The press of the state was liberal in space given for announcements of the first appearance of the publication and generous in commending its excellence. Individuals, both by letter and orally, have given words of praise of the ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW.

A few of the highly appreciated press comments are here given:

(From the Arizona Daily Star)

"For a long time Major Geo. H. Kelly, State Historian of Arizona, has been threatening to turn magazine editor, and now he has just turned out the first number of the 'Arizona Historical Review,' a quarterly published in Phoenix. The April issue is a credit to the state where it is published, and to the fearless democrat who edits the magazine. It is illustrated with a number of photographs. What is desired are stories telling of the establishment and progress of all the enterprises and creditable features of the state, according to Major Kelly. Arizona has long needed a periodical publication devoted exclusively to historical subjects. Major Kelly's new magazine fills the need admirably. All of us wish the new Review and its genial editor a long and happy life."

(From the Arizona Gazette)

"The first copies of the new ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW, to be issued quarterly by the Arizona State Historian's office, were being mailed out today (March 27). Nearly 200 copies have been mailed to paid-in-advance subscribers, and State Historian Geo. H. Kelly stated that arrangements were being made to have the new publication placed on sale at leading news-stands and book-tsores throughout the state. The first issue contains 110 pages replete with vivid and interesting glimpses into the historical past of early Arizona, along

with a number of illustrations. The Review is bound in magazine form; is prefaced by an article by its editor and publisher, Major Kelly, explaining the purpose of the publication, its aims and objectives.

(From the Phoenix Messenger)

"The first number of the ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW, a quarterly historical magazine, has been received by the Messenger. The first issue contains 107 pages, filled with interesting stories telling of the earliest days of this country, including the various expeditions of the Spanish Conquistadores four hundred years ago, the coming of the Kearney Military Command, which established United States authority in New Mexico and California. Another article tells of the efforts which finally resulted in cutting Arizona away from New Mexico and converting it into a territory. The late Hon. Edward D. Tuttle writes an interesting story about conditions and incidents which featured the First Arizona Territorial Legislature, which was held at Prescott, the first territorial capital, in 1864. Several other interesting stories are in this first issue."

(From the Douglas Dispatch)

"There has come to hand Volume 1, Number 1, of the ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW, a quarterly publication which has just been launched by Maj. George H. Kelly, Arizona State Historian.

"From both a literary and typographical standpoint, the publication shows evidence of a new venture well worth while.

"As a text book on the romantic history of the state, which entertains as well as instructs, Major Kelly is to be congratulated on the success that has attended his initial effort.

"The HISTORICAL REVIEW is opened by a clear-cut and concise recital of the high spots in the state's history, prepared by Major Kelly.

"It seems that the Historical Review has a place in every public school in the state, as supplemental reading to text book studies of the history of the state.

"Major Kelly has set himself a high standard to maintain in subsequent numbers of the Review, but judging

from the first number, the historical fount of Arizona is capable of pouring out a rich stream of interesting and instructive facts with no danger of a drouth intervening.

"The high character of the articles contributed show that Major Kelly, in conceiving the quarterly Review, fills a long felt want of the patriotic citizens of the state, who may say with the poet:

"'Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land'."

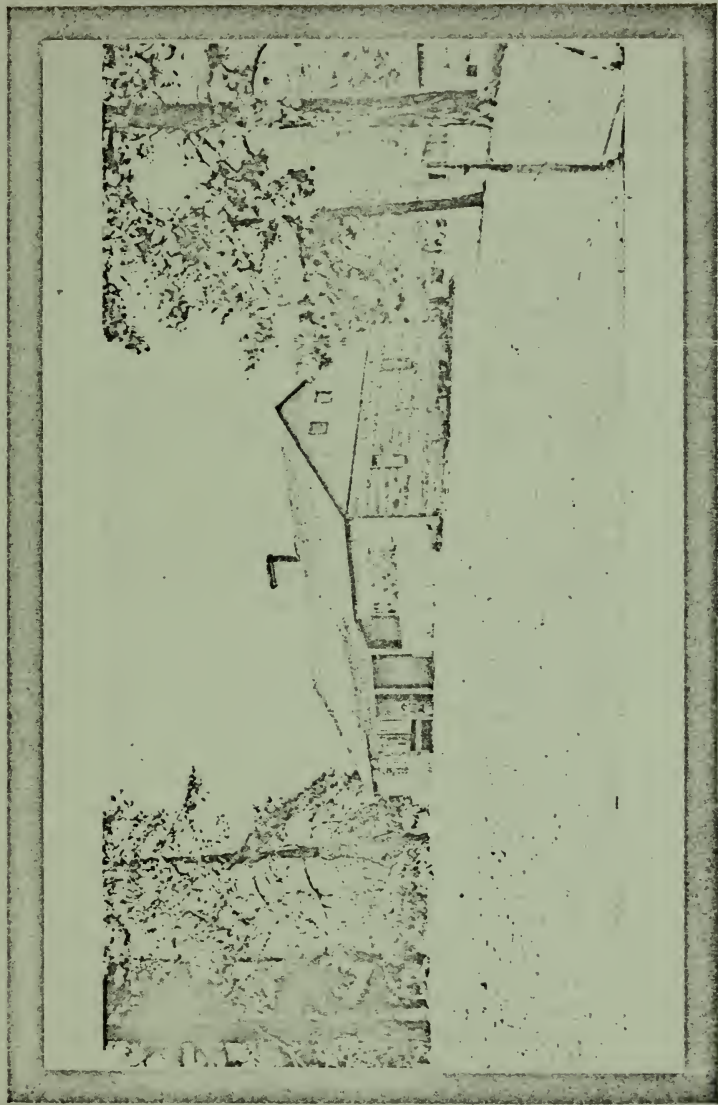
(From the Coconino Sun)

"The first edition of the ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW, published by Major Geo. H. Kelly, state historian, has been sent out from his office. The HISTORICAL REVIEW will be published quarterly. The first edition is good and we believe it will grow in value as a historical record very rapidly as it is brought to the attention of the pioneers of the state."

The article in this issue, entitled "Geronimo," was written by John P. Clum and appeared in the New Mexico Historical Review on January 1, this year. It is reproduced in this publication by consent of Mr. Clum, a man who is quite capable to recount Indian history in Arizona and who has made a study of the character of Geronimo, for years leader of a desperate band of renegade Apaches. Another and continuing story of "Geronimo" by Mr. Clum will appear in the October number of the Arizona Historical Review.

Hon. W. H. Stillwell, 79 years old, died in the St. Joseph hospital, Phoenix, on Tuesday, May 8th. Judge Stillwell was an honored pioneer of Arizona, having resided in the territory and state 47 years. He was born in St. Lawrence County, New York, in 1849. He arrived in Arizona in 1881, as an appointee of President Hayes, to the position of associate Justice of the Supreme Court. In that year he organized the district courts in Graham and Cochise counties, they both having been created by the territorial legislature that year. After his term on the bench, Judge Stillwell, 35 years ago, removed to Phoenix and began the practice of law, which he continued to the end of his life. Both as judge and lawyer

he was successful. At all times he devoted his energies to the growth, development and welfare of Arizona, and his death brought regret from a large acquaintance throughout Arizona. During the Spanish-American war he offered his service to his country and was commissioned a major in one of the Arizona regiments.



OLD GOVERNORS' MANSION, PRESCOTT

THE OLD GOVERNOR'S MANSION

The "Old Governor's Mansion," at Prescott, is being brought into service again, by no less a personage than Miss Sharlot M. Hall, well known historian and writer of poetry, descriptive of Arizona habits and scenery.

Miss Hall, having recently come into possession of this historic building, is now engaged in clearing away the accumulation of dirt, lodged there during many years of desertion. Writing to the State Historian, recently, Miss Hall, during a breathing space from her scrubbing activities, said: "I am working on this old house to make it habitable again—and that is a job which makes me glad that I can use a broom, shovel, hoe, wheelbarrow and mop; the dirt here undoubtedly dates back to 1864 and I doubt if it has ever been cleaned out in all the years since the first governor moved in."

Isn't that splendid! This old mansion was built to house Governor John N. Goodwin, the first executive of the Territory of Arizona, after the territorial capital had been located there at Prescott, with the beginning of that frontier town. In this mansion Governor Goodwin entertained the members of the first territorial legislature and met with committees having under consideration more important matters of legislation.

Miss Hall is filled with enthusiasm over the possession of her new home and we understand it to be her intention to feature it with everything possible which will be typical of Arizona, her beloved state. Here she will have her already important Arizona historical library and within and on its walls will be displayed articles to remind those who view them of all ages in this country—pre-historic, ancient and modern; sands of the Painted Desert, specimens from the Petrified Forest; relics from the Hopi and Moqui pueblo Indian villages; specimens of desert growth, animal and vegetation.

No one is more capable of selecting adornments typical of Arizona than Miss Hall, and when she has the Old Governor's Mansion furnished to her liking it will be something worth while as a keepsake of this state.

Readers of the HISTORICAL REVIEW will be interested to know that Miss Hall has promised a manuscript, dealing with the "Old Mansion," for future use in its pages, also a manuscript telling of some of the pioneer women of Arizona.



PIONEER REUNION

The 1928 reunion was held in Phoenix on April 17-18, and scored a record attendance of Arizona Pioneers. This annual reunion of those who have resided in Arizona for thirty-five years, is sponsored by the Arizona Republican, that paper paying all the expenses for badges, barbecue, etc. Two bands donated their services in providing music, and several hundred automobile owners in Phoenix this year turned out to carry the pioneers from the Republican office to Riverside Park, where there was a program including singing, music and speaking.

The speakers included Governor Geo. W. P. Hunt; President Chas. M. Clark, of the reunion association; Uncle John M. Orme, ex-president of the association; Miss Sharlot M. Hall, Arizona historian and poet, and Mrs. George Kitt, secretary of the Arizona Pioneers Historical Society, of Tucson. All the speakers were introduced by Dwight B. Heard, head of the Republican organization, who presided.

Governor Hunt spoke of the pioneer spirit, which he commended in the highest terms; "A spirit," he declared, "that made it possible for later-comers to enjoy homes and prosperity in Arizona," and a spirit, which could be depended on to fight for the rights of Arizona now, in what he declared as the greatest crisis that ever confronted Arizona, meaning the present controversy over the development of the Colorado river. He extended a cordial welcome of the pioneers in Phoenix, as governor of the state, and expressed the hope that they might all be spared for a long time to continue to enjoy life in the state where they had done much to plant civilization, industry and prosperity.

Miss Hall spoke of the pioneer women of the state, and painted a vivid picture of the hardships which were encountered and overcome by early-comers, who assisted their fathers, brothers and husbands in protecting the home and winning a livelihood in the new country. Miss Hall is a pleasing speaker, with the faculty of reciting facts and firing them with graceful eloquence. She told about having acquired the old governor's mansion, in Prescott, and of her intention and efforts to

make of it a comfortable home, where she will preserve the historical feature and add as many more as possible by collecting Arizona relics.

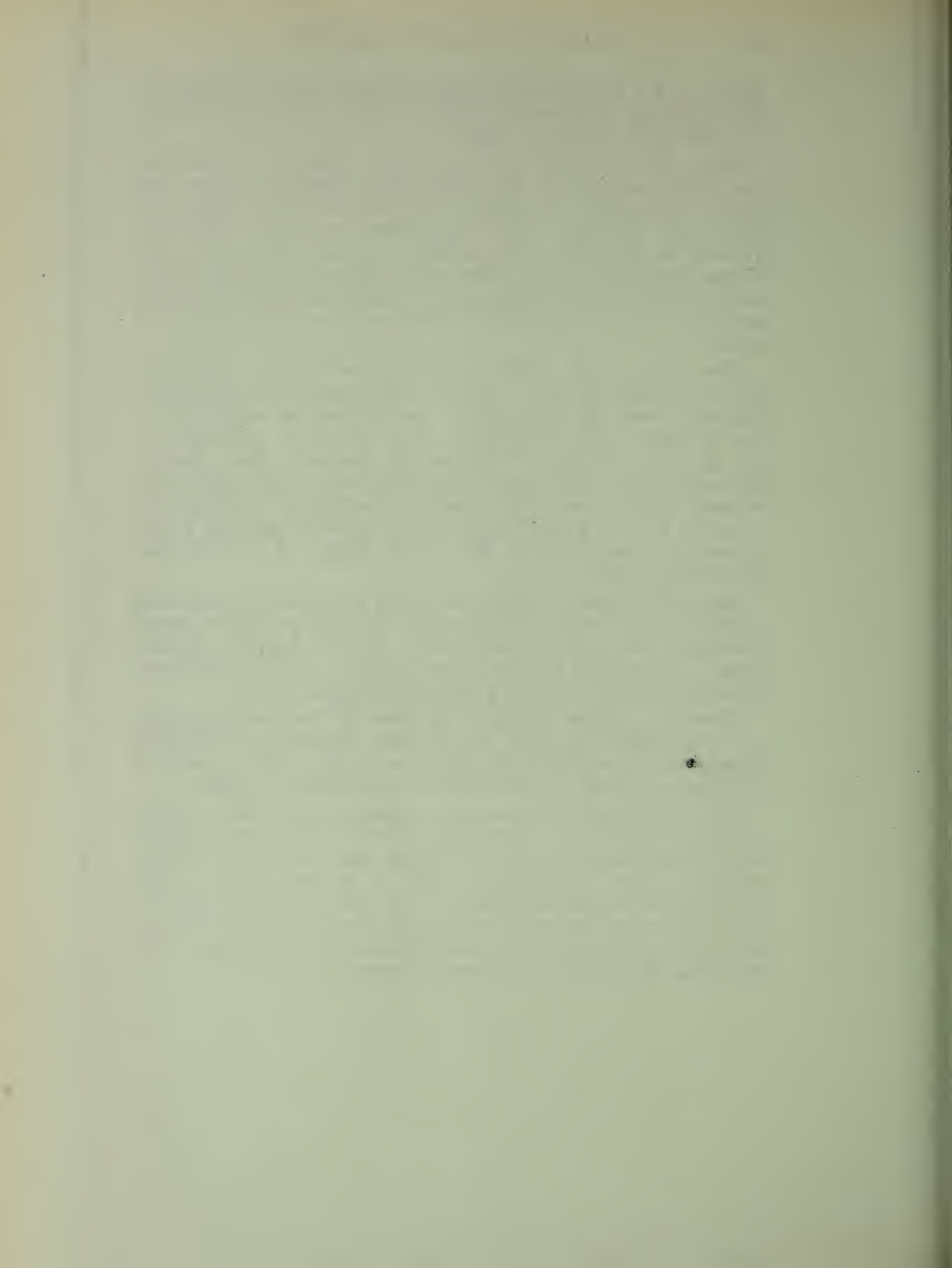
Chas. M. Clark, president of the reunion association, was most earnest in his welcoming words for the pioneer. He spoke in behalf of the Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society, with headquarters and origin in Tucson, saying that this society was entitled to a more liberal support by the state, and urging each pioneer to make it his duty to impress this righteous need on every member of the legislature which will be convened next winter.

Mrs. Kitt spoke words of welcome for the pioneers, and acquitted herself well in relating many historical incidents and in recounting the hardships endured by the Arizona pioneer women. Mrs. Kitt, as secretary of the Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society, has, during the past two years, done much to revive and stimulate interest in that society. She is continually urging pioneers to write an account of their experiences and about interesting incidents in the early days, of which they have knowledge.

After the speaking program, the hundreds of pioneers present were led to the barbecue tables where great quantities of well cooked beef, frijole beans, pickles, bread and coffee awaited the assault, which was vigorous and hearty, bringing most satisfying results.

Then the crowd began to gather at the park dancing pavilion, where several hours were devoted to old-time square dances—Virginia Reels—to the music, too, of old times, being by an expert "hoe-down" fiddler.

On Thursday the business session was held, in the Columbia Theater, Chas. M. Clark and other officers being re-elected. In the evening the festivities of the reunion were concluded with a grand ball at the Armory, on Jefferson Street. On this occasion some of the old-timers proved that besides being good at "heel-and-toe" dancing, they were graceful in gliding over the floor in the more modern dances.



BIOGRAPHIES WANTED

The Arizona State Historian is very anxious to have biographical sketches of members of the State Constitutional Convention, held in 1910, along with similar sketches of other prominent men and women of the state and the territory prior to statehood. The State Historian is giving considerable attention to this matter in order to preserve for future years the history of the state. It is suggested that you send to the Arizona State Historian, at Phoenix, the necessary data concerning these characters indicated above, living or dead, so this matter can be properly attended to before it is lost. The state owes this much to the men who have done so much to make this country what it is; we also owe this much to the state and the future generations of Arizona. These men are fast passing away and if we are to preserve stories of their activity in Arizona, no time should be lost in securing the necessary data. The State Historian has several biographical volumes of citizens of Arizona, but there are a great many worthy men and women whose names do not appear in either "Biographical," published in 1900; "Who's Who In Arizona," published in 1913; or in the McClintock History, published in 1916.

GERONIMO

*(By John P. Clum)

Apache Pass will ever be intimately associated with Apache Indian history, and especially with the life stories of Cochise and Geronimo. There, for two or three decades, the former was a dominant figure as chief of the Chiricahuas, and there, a little later, the latter made his debut as a notorious renegade.

Many of our readers may not at once recall the exact location of Apache Pass, but if a little more than half a century ago they had been travelers along the old Southern Overland Stage Road, between El Paso and San Diego, they would distinctly remember this pass as the most dangerous section of that route because of frequent and savage attacks by bands of marauding Apaches.

The pass is a picturesque depression or divide in Southeastern Arizona, separating the Chiricahua Mountains on the south from the Dos Cabezas range on the north, and affording reasonably easy grades for the famous overland highway, which for so many years threaded a sinuous course through its scenic defiles.

Away back yonder in those "early days"—about 1860—a small detachment of United States troops arrived in Apache Pass from New Mexico and established a military post in the midst of the canyon recesses, which later became well known as Fort Bowie, and in 1872, by special order of General O. O. Howard, the Chiricahua Indian Agency was located about a mile west of the fort. And there I found these two important government outposts when I first visited that historic section in June, 1876.

Glancing backward about three-quarters of a century, we find that the Apaches who then roamed in American territory contiguous to the international line, were under the leadership of two capable and daring chiefs—Mangus Colorado and Cochise. The former held sway in southwestern New Mexico and the latter in southeastern Arizona, and General O. O. Howard states that these two chiefs were brothers. It is alleged that few,

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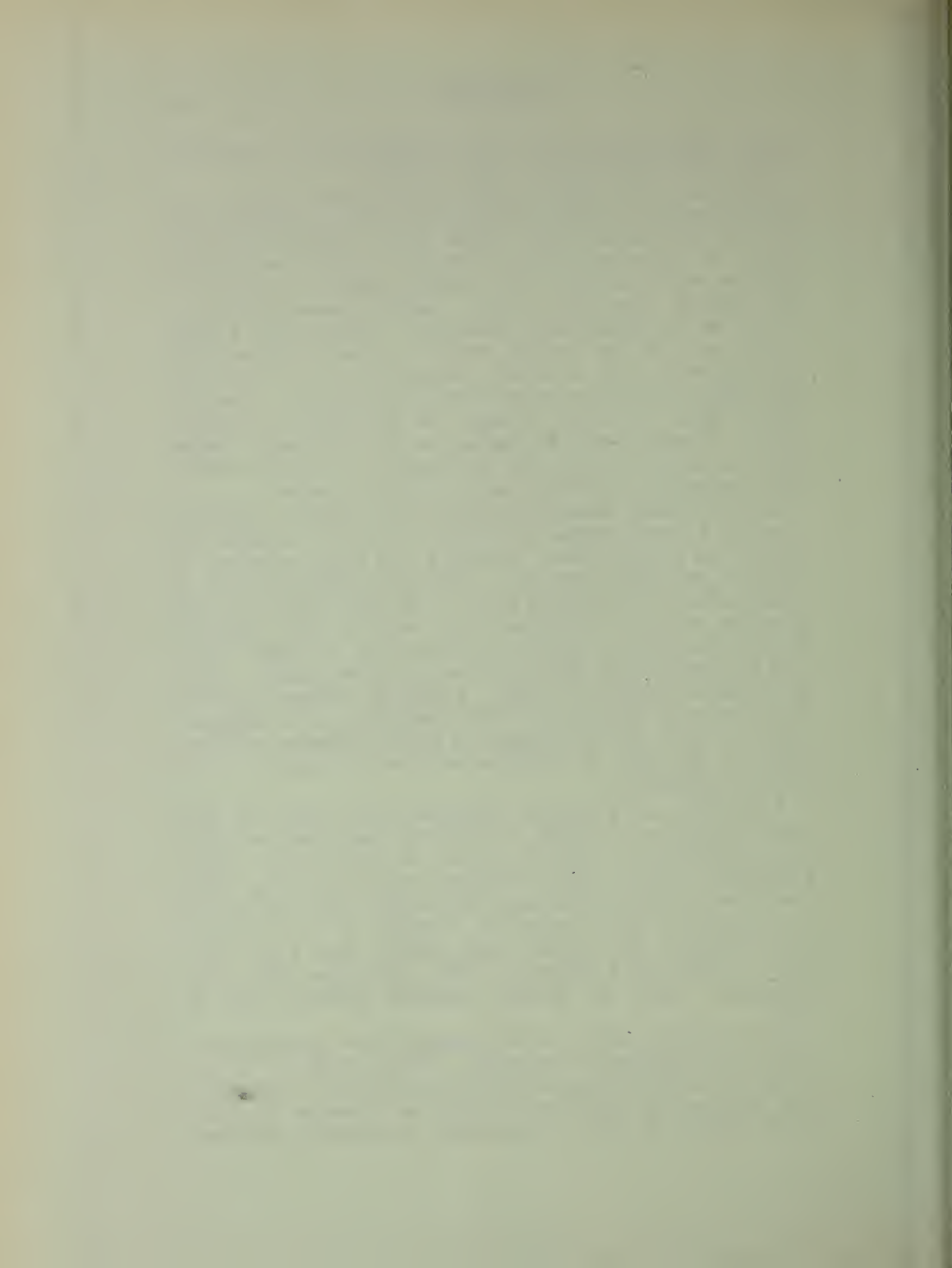
if any, depredations were then committed in American territory by the Indians under Cochise.

But a new and bloody chapter in Apache history was entered upon with the establishment of the military post in Apache Pass in 1860. Lieut. G. W. Bascom was the officer in command. Soon after his arrival he induced Cochise, with a brother and another relative, to come to the military camp for a talk. Having these Indians in his power he made them prisoners. Cochise cut a hole in the back of the tent in which he was confined, and escaped with only a slight gunshot wound in one leg. The other two Indians were hanged by Bascom. Cochise vowed that he would avenge the treachery practiced toward himself and the killing of his relatives. Thus began a bloody strife with this band of Apaches which was destined to continue nearly thirteen years.

Early in 1863, Mangus Colorado was made a prisoner through a treacherous plot similar to that adopted by Bascom at Apache Pass. Mangus was being guarded at night in an adobe structure within the little hamlet of Apache Tejo, near Silver City, N. M., and while he was sleeping a guard prodded him with a hot bayonet. Mangus leaped up with a yell and was promptly shot. The guards alleged that he was trying to escape. This occurred in February, 1863. I passed through Apache Tejo early in May, 1877, with Geronimo as a prisoner, and the story of the killing of Chief Mangus was related to me then by Indians who were familiar with the circumstances.

Although the powerful Mangus was dead, he left many daring and willing friends who were neither slow nor ineffective in bloody deeds of retaliation. Most prominent among these avengers was the young chief Ponce, who, nine years later—in 1872—was one of the two Apaches who conducted General O. O. Howard into Cochise's Stronghold, and whom five years still later, I held as a prisoner with Geronimo and other renegades when we passed through Apache Tejo in 1877.

It was about 1870 that President Grant promulgated what was popularly termed his "Peace Policy" in connection with the management of the Indians. Ever since the hanging of the two Indians at Apache Pass by Lieut. Bascom in 1860, Cochise had persistently indulged



his bloody thirst for savage revenge, which seemed insatiable, and the heavy toll of lives of Americans and Mexicans taken by this desperate and exceedingly dangerous Apache chief was appalling.

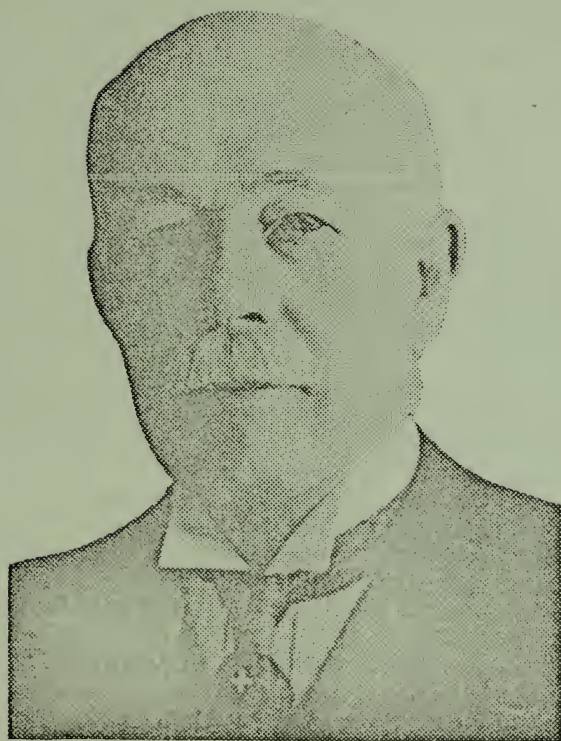
Mr. Vincent Colyer, of New York, was a member of the board of Indian commissioners appointed by President Grant to assist in the administration of the Peace Policy. Mr. Colyer at once (1871) made an extended tour of the west and talked with as many of the various tribes of Indians as practicable. The president had urged Mr. Colyer to make the utmost endeavor to secure an interview with the notorious Chiricahua Indian chief, but his efforts to meet Cochise resulted in utter failure.

But President Grant persisted—as was his habit—and in February of the following year he assigned to General O. O. Howard the difficult and hazardous task of meeting and treating with Cochise. General Howard left Washington for Arizona, March 7, 1872, going by way of California. While his special mission was to interview Cochise, he was instructed to visit all the Indian tribes of the territory.

Although General Howard had the decided advantage of being able to command whatever military cooperation he might deem advisable, he met with no better success on his first trip in his efforts to interview Cochise than had Mr. Colyer. Thereupon he selected a party of ten Arizona Indians, mostly the older chiefs, to accompany him to Washington. These Indians represented the Papagos, Pimas, Mojaves and Arivaipa Apaches. This party left Camp Apache, Arizona, June 1, going by way of Santa Fe, New Mexico (where I was then stationed), and arriving at Pueblo, Colorado, June 17, from which point they took train for Washington.

Undaunted by the ill success of his first trip, General Howard left Washington on July 10, 1872, for a second and more determined effort to meet Cochise, returning to Arizona by way of Santa Fe, New Mexico, where I again met him.

In his book, "My Life Among Our Hostile Indians," published in 1907, General Howard has given the details of his meeting with Cochise in an exceedingly interesting manner. A few of the most important features



JOHN P. CLUM

of his narrative—reduced to their lowest terms—will suffice for the purposes of this story.

Some perplexing delays were experienced in arranging for the visit to the Chiricahua country, but a definite plan was finally decided upon and General Howard left Canada Alamosa, New Mexico, on September 20, accompanied by Capt. Sladen, his aide, Tom Jeffords, Jake May, a young Apache chief named "Chie," and two packers. He soon picked up another young Apache chief named "Ponce."

Regarding the "social status" of these two Indians, General Howard says: "With those Tulerosa Indians was a young chief called Chie, the son of Mangus Colorado—Cochise's brother, a notorious Indian killed in 1863. . . . Ponce, another young chief who, with a roving band, had recently fled from Fort Stanton (N. M.), was somewhere near Canada Alamosa depredating on the country, and our soldiers from different posts were out scouting and hunting for this very band of renegades."

It is not probable that, under ordinary circumstances, General Howard would have selected these two young Apache renegades for his traveling companions, but his was a desperate mission which justified desperate methods and, if necessary, desperate associates.

General Howard does not qualify his statement that Mangus Colorado and Cochise were brothers. Chie was the son of Mangus, and Ponce and his father were sub-chiefs under Mangus—and both were stanch friends of Cochise.

At first Chie objected to going because he had no horse, but General Howard overcame this objection by presenting him with two horses—one for himself and one for his wife. Ponce also objected for two reasons—he had no horse and there would be no one to care for his people. General Howard says he gave Ponce a horse and "furnished their gypsy band with 30-days' supplies (at a Mexican hamlet) on conditions that they remain there and did not depredate."

When General Howard left this bunch of renegades and resumed his journey toward Arizona, he was astonished to see Ponce following on foot, and upon inquiry learned that the young chief had gallantly given the horse to his wife. And so it happened that some-

times Ponce rode behind with the general, and sometimes the general walked while Ponce rode his horse. General Howard says this arrangement greatly pleased the young chief. Tom Jeffords was selected to accompany the general because he had traded with the Cochise band and held their confidence; and also had a fair knowledge of their language.

General Howard's rank in the regular army, together with the special authority vested in him by the President, placed the military and civil authorities of New Mexico and Arizona subject to his command in matters pertaining to the very important mission he had undertaken, but this plenary power did not in the least assuage the bitter enmity of the settlers toward the Apaches—two of whom were now members of the general's official party.

Because of this extreme hostility on the part of citizens, General Howard found himself in imminent danger on at least two occasions before he arrived in the camp of the notorious Chiricahua chieftain. At Silver City, N. M., the citizens were most determined and the situation was desperate, but, the general tells us, "fortunately there were present several sensible men who helped us to remain through the night without suffering violence." And it may be added, the next morning these same "sensible men" helped the general to get safely on his way with the first glow of the dawn.

However, they had not proceeded more than ten miles when they met a small party of prospectors, one of whom had lost a brother at the hands of the Apaches. At sight of Chie and Ponce this avenging brother leveled his rifle at the Indians, but General Howard deliberately threw himself in front of the ready weapon and told the infuriated prospector he would have to kill him first. The prospector was finally persuaded to postpone the killing, but his remarks were not complimentary either to the Indians or to the general.

Entering Arizona, the trail led through the San Simon Valley to Apache Pass and thence across the Sulphur Springs Valley to the Dragoon Mountains, where early in October General Howard found the camp of the renegade chief concealed in the rocky fastness which is still known as "Cochise's Stronghold." The party had

been reduced to five: General Howard, Capt. Sladen, Tom Jeffords, Chie and Ponce.

There were days of "peace talks" and palavers. Cochise declared that the trouble really began with the hanging of the two Indians at Apache Pass in 1860. General Howard further quotes him as saying: "You Americans began the fight and now Americans and Mexicans kill an Apache on sight. I have retaliated with all my might. I have killed ten white men for every Indian slain."

Nevertheless, Cochise was now ready to make peace, and it is not unlikely that the wily old chief boasted to General Howard of his prowess, and at the same time boosted his achievements to the limit, with the hope of obtaining the best terms possible in the proposed treaty. Finally, on October 13, 1872, the terms of the treaty were agreed upon; the boundaries of a reservation were fixed; Tom Jeffords was designated as agent, and sixty days' rations arranged for.

Thus General Howard had the extreme satisfaction of seeing his important and hazardous mission terminate in complete success. With a sense of deep gratitude for what had been accomplished in behalf of peace and prosperity, the general shook hands with Cochise for the last time and started on his return trip to Washington.

The reservation did not include "Cochise's Stronghold." It was situated east of the Sulphur Springs Valley and embraced the greater part of the Dos Cabezas, Chiricahua and Swisshelm ranges. **The Mexican line was the southern boundary** and the agency was established in Apache Pass, near Fort Bowie. Tom Jeffords continued to serve as agent for the Chiricahua Apaches until relieved by me nearly four years later—in June, 1876.

This brief historical review has been entered here in order to impress the fact that as late as 1872 South-eastern Arizona was a remote and isolated frontier; that definite information relative to the Indians of that region was difficult to obtain, as well as to suggest the general conditions prevailing in and about Apache Pass for a decade or two prior to the appearance of Geronimo as a conspicuous figure in Apache history.

In February, 1874, President Grant commissioned me agent for the Apaches at the San Carlos Agency, which is located on the Gila River, at its confluence with the Rio San Carlos, and about 150 miles northwest from Apache Pass. Nearly all of the Indians then at the San Carlos Agency were known as Arivaipa Apaches. In that same year, and prior to my arrival in Arizona, Cochise died, so that I never had the opportunity of meeting the noted chief—a fact I deeply regretted.

On my arrival in San Carlos in August, 1874, I found about 800 Indians assembled on that reservation. Soon after several small bands were brought in from the adjacent mountains, which increased the number under my direction to about 1,000.

In March, 1875, the Indians from the Rio Verde Reservation, situated near Prescott, were removed to San Carlos and placed in my charge. There were about 1,400 of these Indians, comprising nearly equal numbers of Tontos and Mojaves—with a few Yumas.

In July, 1875, under orders from the Interior Department, I removed 1,800 Coyotero Apaches from the Camp Apache Agency, locating about half of these adjacent to the main agency at San Carlos and the remainder at a sub-agency on the Gila about twenty miles east of San Carlos. Thus it will appear that within a year the number of Apaches under my charge and direction increased from 800 to approximately 4,200.

And now the scene of our narrative returns again to Apache Pass. Cochise left two sons, Tah-zay and Nah-chee. After his death a bitter rivalry developed between Tah-zay, the elder son, and Skin-yea, who had served as head war-chief under Cochise, as to who should succeed to the leadership of the tribe. The government officials recognized Tah-zay, but this action, instead of settling the controversy, only widened the breach between these stalwart aspirants and established an enmity which was destined to culminate in mortal combat.

Peace was maintained for about two years after the death of Cochise, but on April 6, 1876, a raiding party led by Pi-on-se-nay, a brother of Skin-yea, attacked the Overland Stage Station at Sulphur Springs, twenty-six miles west of Fort Bowie; killed two men named Rogers

and Spence, and committed other depredations in the San Pedro Valley.

Lieut. Henley, with a troop of cavalry from Fort Bowie, followed the trail of these renegades for some days and finally overtook them near the Mexican border, but did not succeed in inflicting any punishment upon them.

Nearly a month after this outbreak I received the following telegraphic orders from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs:

Washington, D. C.
May 3, 1876.

Agent Clum,
San Carlos, Arizona.

Appropriation made by Congress. Will arrange for additional supplies. Proceed to Chiricahua; take charge of Indians and agency property there, suspending Agent Jeffords, for which this dispatch shall be your full authority. If practicable, remove Chiricahua Indians to San Carlos. For that purpose use not exceeding three thousand dollars. Governor Safford has been advised.

(Signed)

J. Q. Smith,
Commissioner.

Before entering actively upon the execution of these orders I insisted that a sufficient military force should be ordered into the field to afford ample protection to settlers in any emergency. General August V. Kautz, commanding the Department of Arizona, hesitated, but upon receipt of orders from the War Department he sent the entire Sixth Cavalry into Southern Arizona. This unwarranted hesitation on the part of the local military authorities caused a delay of about three weeks in the active prosecution of my orders.

I chanced to be in Tucson when the above telegram from Washington was received there. Having made my request to General Kautz for military support in the field, I proceeded at once over the trail (125 miles) to San Carlos for the purpose of organizing a special police force to accompany me to Apache Pass. About a week later I was back in Tucson with an escort of fifty-four Arivaipa and Coyotero braves, who constituted my personal body-guard and free-lance army.

While waiting for the cavalry to arrive in the field, the citizens of Tucson had an excellent opportunity to observe the character and conduct of my Apache police at close quarters. Since the organization of this police force at San Carlos in August, 1874, its members had rendered most valuable service on the reservation, and reports of their efficiency and dependability had spread throughout the territory, but the average citizen of Arizona had visualized this force only at long range. Hence, when this company of fifty-four stalwart Apache police—fully armed and equipped for action—marched into the ancient and honorable pueblo of Tucson, they presented a unique and impressive spectacle, and the onlookers were fully persuaded that the reports of their efficiency and prowess had not been exaggerated.

During this period of "watchful waiting" for the Sixth Cavalry to arrive in the field, a committee of Tucson's "leading citizens" came to me with a request for an APACHE WAR DANCE—they were eager to witness a genuine spectacle of this character. Would the visiting police oblige them? I consulted the police and found them not only willing but enthusiastic. Accordingly, the date for the "outbreak" was set. On the day appointed a load of wood was hauled to the center of the old Military Plaza, and as soon as it was dark the "camp-fire" was kindled. Forthwith, the spectators began filing into the plaza by scores and hundreds—until we had an expectant audience estimated at fully 3,000. The stage was set—ON WITH THE DANCE!

And now appeared the grotesque actors—thirty-five robust Apache braves stripped to the waist; their bodies and faces hideous with streaks and smears of "war-paint"; some wearing fantastic head-gear, and each bearing a lance and shield, a bow and arrow, or a rifle—according to the act assigned. Accompanying these were the "chanters and musicians" with their tom-toms. The instruments all being "in tune" the "first act" was precipitated without hesitation or delay. This was the "instigation scene," in which a lithe dancer performed gracefully with lance and shield. Gradually the number of active participants increased until the camp-fire was circled by a score or more of wildly gesticulating figures of ferocious aspect, and the night air was vibrant

with a discordant chorus of blood-curdling "war-whoops."

The committee had expressed their eager desire for a "genuine spectacle," and when I observed the audience gradually retreating from the circle of lunging and howling performers I suspected that the play was becoming a bit too realistic to suit the fancy of the average "pale-face." Presently, Chief Justice French edged his way to my side and with an expression of unfeigned alarm and the tone of a veteran pleader, he said: "Clum, hadn't you better stop this before the Indians get beyond your control?" I replied (with apologies to John Paul Jones), "Why, Judge, we have just begun to dance."

And now the climax was approaching—for which our "infatuated" audience was wholly unprepared. None knew that I had supplied a half-dozen blank cartridges for each rifle in the custody of this apparently frantic bunch of athletic savages. Suddenly the sharp crack of a rifle echoed keen and clear above the din of the frenzied dance. This was the signal for a chorus of super-yells and then—BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! came the nerve-racking explosions from some twenty additional rifles, fired in volleys or in rapid succession. Meanwhile, the vocal exercises and athletic contortions of our unrestrained entertainers approached the peak of noise and confusion. To the average spectator it looked as if these unleashed representatives of the famed San Carlos Apache police were running amuck.

Fortunately, the old Military Plaza afforded ample "exist" for our (now) near terror-stricken audience. That was "no place for a minister's son." No benediction or recessional was necessary, and although the retreat was orderly, we very soon realized that our "enthusiastic" audience had quite spontaneously and almost unanimously deserted the "auditorium," without according to our "perfect performance" the usual complimentary "prolonged applause."

The following excerpts are from the ARIZONA CITIZEN of May 27, 1876:

"The war-dance last night by the detachment of San Carlos Apaches, at present in Tucson, was a sight long to be remembered. The lateness of the hour and the

pressure of matter compel us to pass it at present with a mere reference. Previous announcement that the dance would take place drew several thousand spectators to the Military Plaza early in the evening. * * * * The Indians seemed particularly delighted with the occasion * * * * and danced their Devil's Quick Steps and Virginia Reels around the great fire blazing in the center with as much gusto and fierce delight as was ever delineated in the wildest Indian fiction. The dance continued for several hours and consisted of sorties by small squads of Indians at a time; then larger parties; then all hands around together, the whole interspersed by the frequent discharge of blank cartridges from the arms in their hands.

"If the interest manifested by the people in these orgies of the Indians pleased the latter and showed them that we are satisfied and feel friendly to them so long as they behave themselves, the main object of the dance was accomplished.

"Marijildo Grijalba (the interpreter) was the master of ceremonies and seemed to be in perfect and friendly accord with the Indians."

The citizens of Tucson were so well pleased with the general deportment of the police during their entire visit there that a purse was raised by popular subscription and the company presented with uniforms—white pants, red shirts and an obsolete style of army hat. Not an expensive outfit, but highly valued as expressing friendliness and good will.

It is apropos to recall here that only five years previously some of the leading citizens of Tucson had secretly organized and stealthily led a party of Americans, Mexicans and Papagos to the Arivaipa Canyon—sixty miles north of Tucson—and there at dawn on April 30, 1871, attacked a camp of sleeping Apaches and brutally shot and clubbed to death 118 Indians—women, children and old men. Now (1876) the Apaches were, practically, the guests and entertainers of the residents of this same remote frontier community. Strange things happen in strange ways. Neither the Apache Indians nor the citizens of Tucson had materially changed in character during the five years that had intervened, but fortunately they had come to a better understanding of, and with, each other.

As soon as General Kautz arrived in Tucson he sent his aide, Colonel Martin, to me with a request that I indicate how the troops should be assigned in the field. When I demurred, Colonel Martin insisted that the commanding general was very desirous that I should express my judgment in the matter. This I finally did, and within an hour Colonel Martin returned to my quarters with a copy of an order just issued by General Kautz assigning the troops exactly as I had suggested. I never have been able to decide whether this action was a bit of fine courtesy on the part of General Kautz, or a clever plan to bridge to me full responsibility for whatever might eventuate. In view of the fact that General Kautz had hesitated until the War Department had ordered him to give me "all military assistance necessary," I suspected that his scheme was to shift the command to me—to the extent of deciding what military aid was "necessary" and how that aid should be employed. Whatever motive may have lurked in the mind of General Kautz, his orders to the troops in the field—based upon my suggestions—operated in complete harmony with the purposes of the campaign.

The capture of the murderers of Rogers and Spence, and the contemplated removal of the Chiricahua Indians to San Carlos, was regarded as an enterprise of more or less formidable proportions, and the campaign was not undertaken without serious misgivings. The very name of the Chiricahua Apaches had been a terror to the citizens of Arizona, New Mexico and Sonora for many, many years. Scores of graves in this Southwestern region marked the final resting place of their victims. It was variously estimated that this tribe could muster from three hundred to five hundred able warriors—all well armed, brave and experienced. For more than a decade under Cochise they had successfully defied the troops—both American and Mexican—and had been victorious in almost every engagement with these troops. Skin-yea, the old war-chief under Cochise, was still living—and still influential. Would he seize upon the present situation as his opportunity to rally his dusky braves under the old standard and lead them back along those free, familiar trails which ever led to scenes of plunder and bloodshed? These and similar considerations had determined me not to go upon their

reservation until I was prepared to dictate terms to THEM—and not they to me; to have the settlers protected in case of open hostilities, and be prepared to quell an outbreak without a protracted Indian war.

That General Kautz and his staff were apprehensive of danger was evidenced by the general's action in tendering me a company of cavalry to serve as my personal escort from Tucson to the Chiricahua Agency, which was located in the heart of Apache Pass. As I felt secure with my body-guard of Apache police, I thanked the general for his consideration and declined the cavalry escort.

It was the afternoon of June 4, 1876, when I arrived with my Indian police at Sulphur Springs, the scene of Pi-on-se-nay's recent murders. At the same time several companies of cavalry were moving down the Sulphur Springs and San Simon valleys to convenient positions where they might be ready for prompt action in case the renegades attempted further depredations. These two valleys were broad and open so that the approach of the invading forces (each separate column trailed by a dense cloud of alkalai dust) could be readily observed by the Chiricahuas, who from adjacent peaks had been watching our movements with the deepest interest.

The crisis for the Chiricahuas had arrived. The next morning the San Carlos police would be at their agency, in the very heart of the pass, with all the supporting troops in position for immediate and effective action. The fighting spirit of Skin-yea, the old war-chief, was thoroughly aroused, and he exerted himself to the utmost in an effort to induce the entire tribe to take the warpath and resist to the bitter end. In this course he was ably supported by his brother, Pi-on-se-nay.

Tah-zay and Nah-chee stoutly opposed the plans of the old war-chief. These two young sons of Cochise declared that they had sworn to their father on his deathbed to keep the treaty he had made, and that they would be faithful to their oath.

That night the Indians gathered for council in a deep canyon illuminated by a great campfire. That bitter enmity, which for two years had been smouldering in the breasts of these two families of savages, was here to seek and find its ultimate and extreme satisfaction in

blood and death. The council began and the hot blood of the Indian was soon beyond control. Suddenly the sharp crack of a rifle rang down the mountain side and the fierce Apache yell proclaimed the deadly strife begun. This fearful test was finally to determine who was fittest to succeed the dead chieftain—his sons or his war chiefs.

The deep and rocky canyon, wrapped in the sable veil of night; peopled with weird shadows flung from the flickering embers of the smouldering council fire; the keen reports of the rifles resounding from cliff to cliff; the demoniacal yells of the savage participants in this mortal combat; each lent a feature to make the picture wild, fierce and terrifying in the extreme. The bullets sped through the air as if impatient to maim or kill the fighting fiends. Presently, a well directed shot from Na-chee's gun struck Skin-yea square in the forehead, piercing his brain. The towering frame of the brave, bad warrior swayed a moment in the darkness and then fell prone upon the mountain side. Skin-yea had fought his last fight.

Scarcely had Pi-on-se-nay realized his brother's death when he was himself completely disabled by a bullet fired by Tah-zay which crashed through his right shoulder. The die was cast. The fortunes of war no longer favored these veteran fighters. Wounded, defeated and disheartened, Pi-on-se-nay fled into the shelter of the darkness, assisted by a few of his followers. Thus did the young sons of Cochise defend with their lives the oath they gave their dying father.

Two companies of the Sixth Cavalry, en route to Fort Bowie, made their camp near mine at Sulphur Springs on the night of June 4. Included among the officers with these troops was Colonel Oakes, commander of the regiment. Sulphur Springs was located on the old Southern Overland Stage Route, and the distance to Fort Bowie (in Apache Pass) was twenty-six miles. For about twelve miles the highway led through the open country to the mountains at the mouth of the pass. Inasmuch as my police were marching on foot and the weather was exceedingly warm, I directed them to leave camp at daybreak, in order that they might escape from the valley before the heat became too oppressive, and to wait for me at the mouth of the pass.

Colonel Oakes was traveling in an ambulance with four mules, while I had a light wagon and was driving four light horses. The colonel and I rolled out of camp just as the buglers sounded "boots and saddles" for the troops. Having the lighter and speedier outfit, I reached the mouth of the pass a mile or two in advance of the colonel. My police had arrived an hour before and were well rested. A great cloud of alkalai dust down the valley indicated that the troops were plodding along some three or four miles behind their colonel. When the military ambulance drew up at the mouth of the pass, I asked Colonel Oakes if he intended to await the arrival of his cavalry escort before entering the pass. His response was, "Do you intend to wait for the troops?" I am sure he knew I had no such intention. Anyhow, Colonel Oakes was a "regular fellow" and we were good friends, so I told him that my escort was only awaiting my orders to resume the march. The colonel smiled and said: "Well, Clum, if these police can escort you through the pass they can escort me also, and I'll go right along with you." I assured Colonel Oakes that I would esteem it both a pleasure and an honor to share my escort with him. Thereupon the order was given to proceed. A dozen alert scouts were detailed as the advance guard and these scattered out along the slopes on either side of the pass to watch for "Indian signs" and to forestall a possible ambush, while the main body of the police were divided into front and rear guards for the two conveyances which were transporting the grizzled colonel and myself. Our progress was cautious but genuinely interesting, tinged with a wierd fascination, which was not marred by any overt act on the part of the Chiricahuas, and we arrived at Fort Bowie safely, an hour in advance of the colonel's cavalry.

Thus it transpired that instead of accepting a company of the Sixth Cavalry to serve as my personal escort on this trip, I escorted the colonel of that regiment over the most dangerous section of the march with my "personal body-guard and free-lance army" of Apache police, and I know that our stealthy advance through Apache Pass registered a page in Colonel Oakes' memory that was unique among his varied military experiences.

The Chiricahua agency was located about a mile west

from Fort Bowie, and when I arrived there at noon on June 5, 1876, I found both Tah-zay and Nah-chee, the young sons of Cochise—heroes now after their successful fight with the old war-chiefs—were there to greet me, and as soon as I had explained to them fully the purpose of my visit they readily consented to the proposed removal of their band to the San Carlos Reservation.

At this time Agent Jeffords informed me that there was another band of Indians on the reservation known as "Southern Chiricahuas"; that these Indians really belonged in Mexico, but when Cochise made the treaty with General Howard the **Southern Chiricahuas elected to include themselves in that treaty** and ever since had been reporting quite regularly at the agency for their rations; that the recognized chiefs of this band were Eronemo (Geronimo), Hoo and Nol-gee, and that these chiefs desired to have an interview with me.

Although I had been actively associated with the affairs of the Arizona Apaches for two years, I had never before heard of Geronimo, and my first meeting with the Indian occurred on the afternoon of June 8, 1876. Accompanied by Hoo and Nol-gee, he related to me how he and his people had joined in the Howard treaty, and now that the young chiefs were going to San Carlos the Southern Chiricahuas desired to go there also. His families, however, were some twenty miles distant down near the Mexican line, and he only desired permission to go and bring them in. Although this permission was finally granted, the general demeanor of the wily savage did not inspire complete confidence, and, accordingly, some of my scouts were dispatched to shadow his movements.

Geronimo hastened to rejoin his followers, who, in fact, were then located only about ten miles distant from Apache Pass. A few brief orders were quickly given and at once the quiet camp was transformed into a scene of active but cautious preparations for a rapid march. Every bit of superfluous equipment was cast aside. The feeble and disabled horses were killed, as well as the dogs—lest their bark should betray the secret camp of the fleeing savages. As soon as these preparations had been completed the Southern Chiricahuas, with Geronimo in command, moved rapidly to the Mexi-

can line and thence to the Sierra Madre Mountains, their former home, and which for years after became the stronghold of the renegades.

As soon as my scouts discovered the abandoned camp of the renegades, with its many evidences of a hasty flight, they lost no time in reporting the same to me. Immediately I conveyed this information to General Kautz, commanding the Department of Arizona, and who was then at Fort Bowie, and requested him to send some troops to bring back or punish the fleeing Indians. Major Morrow, who with three companies of cavalry and a company of Indian scouts, was stationed in the San Simon Valley, just east of Apache Pass, was ordered in pursuit, and although he took up the trail immediately and followed rapidly into Mexico, Geronimo succeeded in making good his escape with all his families and effects.

These events introduced Geronimo to the country as a renegade. Prior to this time he was positively unknown either as "Eronemo," "Heronemo" or "Geronimo" outside the limits of the Chiricahua Reservation and his native haunts in Sonora. He was a full-blooded Apache and Agent Jeffords is authority for the assertion that he was born near Janos, Mexico.

During the evening of June 8, a very dark, mean looking Indian came into the agency and announced that he was a member of Pi-on-se-nay's party; that his chief was badly wounded and desired to know upon what terms he might surrender to me. I told him that Pi-on-se-nay was a murderer and would be treated as such, whereupon the messenger expressed the opinion that his chief would not surrender. At once I summoned Tau-el-cly-ee, my sergeant of police, and instructed him to select twenty of his best men and bring in Pi-on-se-nay—ALIVE IF CONVENIENT. At the same time I cautioned him to march with loaded rifles in order that if there was to be any shooting his men would be able to join in the fray with disconcerting alacrity and deadly effect. Then, pointing to the messenger, I said: "This man has just come from Pi-on-se-nay's camp. He will go with you. If he proves a good guide, bring him back, but if not—well, then I don't care to see him again." The sergeant simply grinned and said: "She bu-ken-see." (I understand). I then took a Winchester rifle and a six-shooter from the messenger and

told him that IF he came back I would return his arms to him. He did and I did.

Late the next afternoon Tau-el-cly-ee returned bringing with him Pi-on-se-nay and thirty-eight other prisoners—mostly women and children. Inasmuch as Pi-on-se-nay had been at large over two months since the killing of Rodgers and Spence, the citizens of the territory were extremely anxious to know what might be transpiring at Apache Pass. Therefore I wired Governor Safford brief details of the murderer's arrest, and also informed him that it was my purpose to bring Pi-on-se-nay to Tucson for confinement and speedy trial in the federal courts. Within a few days I had good reason for regretting that I had advised the governor of my plan to bring the prisoner to Tucson.

Tah-zay's bullet had made an ugly wound in Pi-on-se-nay's right shoulder. This wound was carefully dressed daily by the post surgeon at Fort Bowie, and in the meantime my police mounted a double guard over the dangerous prisoner.

Arrangements for the removal were speedily completed; a freight train of "prairie schooners," operated by the firm of "Barnett & Block," was in readiness for the transportation of "baggage" and invalids, and on June 12 the sons of Cochise, with their followers, families and effects left Apache Pass and started for the San Carlos Reservation without protest. The company totaled 325 men, women and children, escorted by my Indian police.

As soon as I had seen this picturesque caravan well on its way out of Apache Pass, I returned to the agency for the prisoner, who had been left in the sole custody of that most dependable aide—Sergeant Tau-el-cly-ee. For my personal transportation I was using a single seated rig and four horses. Placing Pi-on-se-nay on the seat beside me I directed Tau-el-cly-ee to follow close behind, mounted on his faithful steed. Within a couple of hours we had rejoined the caravan, which had struck camp for the night at Ewell Springs, in the foothills of the Dos Cabezas range.

As a striking type of the genuine Apache war-chief, Pi-on-se-nay towered as if created for the part. He was a trifle over six feet tall, straight as an arrow, lithe as a panther. His form was that of an ideal athlete; a

frame of iron compactly bound with sinews of steel—indicating strength, speed and endurance; clean-cut features as if chiseled by a sculptor; an eye as keen but less friendly than that of Geronimo, and a complexion almost black. Although he was nursing a serious wound during the time he was in my custody, he impressed me as being an Indian who could give a splendid account of himself in any combat, and one whom I would rather not meet alone on the trail if he were in an unfriendly mood.

Because of the apparent painful nature of his wound no shackles had been placed on Pi-on-se-nay. Nevertheless, Tau-el-cly-ee and I were inclined to take every reasonable precaution against the possible escape of our wily and dangerous prisoner during the night. Accordingly we spread a pair of blankets on the ground, and having allowed Pi-on-se-nay to make himself as comfortable as possible in the center of these, we spread a single blanket over the wounded Indian — weighting down the overlapping ends of this blanket with our own precious bodies as we stretched out for the night on the opposite sides of the prisoner. If we slept at all it was with one eye open—as the saying goes.

June 13 proved to be a very hot day as well as an unlucky day, so far as my plans for Pi-on-se-nay were concerned. The main caravan was in motion at day-break, for the next camping grounds with water was at Point-of-Mountain Stage Station—thirty miles distant across the Sulphur Spring Valley, with its long stretches of alkalai shimmering under the blaze of the June sun. Having seen the last of the Chiricahuas on their way, I harnessed up my four-in-hand, adjusted Pi-on-se-nay on the seat beside me and headed westward, with Tau-el-cly-ee and his sturdy charger bringing up the rear.

The duties and responsibilities of the last week had proved a test of endurance, and after a dozen or more miles in the June heat and alkalai dust I became a bit drowsy and, for an instant, my eyes closed. When I opened them my dark-visaged companion was glaring at me. Without appearing to heed his gaze, I purposely allowed my head to nod a couple of times and closed my eyes again. When I suddenly aroused myself an instant later “my friend, the Indian” had straightened up his stately form, turned in his seat until he was fac-

ing me, and his flashing eyes bespoke the intense excitement he strove to control. He had no weapons. Was he hoping for a chance to snatch one from my belt—my knife—my six-shooter? I dunno. Anyhow, these considerations served to keep me wide awake until we drew rein in front of Tom Williams' road-house at Point-of-Mountain.

Among the first to greet me at this station was Deputy-Sheriff Charlie Shibell and his assistant, Ad Linn, armed with a warrant for Pi-on-se-nay. I had planned to convey the prisoner to Tucson personally, with a guard of Indian police, but the deputy sheriffs, with the warrant, held the right-of-way. So I delivered Pi-on-se-nay into their custody about two o'clock, p. m., on that thirteenth day of June, and at nine o'clock that same evening the old war-chief escaped. This, of course, was a great misfortune, as the trial and punishment of this murderer, under the direction of the federal courts, would have had a most beneficial and far-reaching influence among the Apaches of Arizona. And what grieved me more was the firm conviction that if Pi-on-se-nay had remained in my custody, the Indian police would have landed him in the jail at Tucson not later than June 15, 1876. Pi-on-se-nay was killed in Mexico about two years later.

The following is quoted from my annual report for 1876 to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs:

"On June 18 the Chiricahua Indians were located on the San Carlos Reservation without trouble or accident. The terrible shade of that tribe's dreaded name had passed away, and the imaginary army of four or five hundred formidable warriors had dwindled to the modest number of sixty half-armed and less clothed savages."

In the fall of 1876 I took a score of Apaches, including Tah-zay, on a trip to the east. While visiting at Washington, Tah-zay was stricken with pneumonia and died. He is buried in the Congressional Cemetery—where his ashes rest amid the graves of many other distinguished Americans. General O. O. Howard, who made the treaty with Tah-zay's father four years prior, attended the funeral.

With the removal of the Cochise Indians to San Carlos the Chiricahua Reservation was abandoned, hence it

was no longer convenient for Geronimo and his band to step from Mexico upon the reservation and again from the reservation back into Mexico. While this was a decided handicap to the renegades, it did not deter them from making frequent raids through Southeastern Arizona and across into Southwestern New Mexico, where they had friends among the former followers of old Mangus Colorado—one of whom was Ponce, who accompanied General Howard into Cochise's Stronghold. Troops were frequently sent out for the purpose of intercepting and punishing these marauding bands, but Geronimo succeeded in evading pursuit until the San Carlos police were again ordered on his trail.

The dissatisfaction of the people of Arizona with the inadequate protection afforded settlers in the southeastern part of the territory by the military, and the ineffectual efforts of the troops to apprehend and punish the bands of renegade Apaches who were making too frequent raids between Sonora and New Mexico, was expressed in no uncertain terms by the territorial legislature. On February 8, 1877, that body passed an appropriation of \$10,000, and authorized the governor to enroll sixty militia for the protection of citizens against hostile Indians.

Immediately Governor Safford wired me a request for sixty of my San Carlos police to serve as territorial militia against the renegades. I advised the governor that I would be happy to comply with his request, provided Captain Beauford, my chief of police, could be placed in charge of this militia company, as I did not deem it wise to send these Apache police out under the command of a stranger. Governor Safford promptly gave his hearty approval to my suggestion. (This Captain Beauford in late years became prominent in Arizona as Col. W. C. Bridwell, his true name. Running away from home when a boy he had taken the name of Beauford). On February 20 I arrived in Tucson with this company of police and turned them over to the governor. Without delay, Captain Beauford and the Indians were enrolled as territorial militia, equipped and rationed, and on February 23 were dispatched for active scouting in Southeastern Arizona.

My "school days" included a three years' course at a military academy, and during the last two years at that

institution I held the rank of captain. This, of course, made me familiar with the manual of arms and company drill, and as we had four companies we frequently indulged in skirmish and battalion drills. Because of my fondness for military maneuvers I had amused myself sometimes by drilling my Indian police. A pleasing result of this "pastime" is shown in a photograph of my body-guard taken at Tucson in May, 1876, in which the company is formed in "a column of twos."

The transfer of a body of Apache police to the governor of Arizona **for service as territorial militia**, in a campaign against hostile Indians, was a unique event in frontier history. Such a momentous occasion seemed to demand some elaborate and spectacular ceremony, and nothing could be more appropriate than a military gesture, with the firing of a salute by the entire company as a climax. The Apache police were not familiar with "blank cartridges" and therefore it seemed to them entirely proper that ball cartridges should be used in firing the salute, in which opinion I heartily concurred—inasmuch as no "blanks" were obtainable. The trail from San Carlos to Tucson measured about 125 miles, and short drills were held each morning and evening while en route. As the Indians entered heartily into the spirit of the game, we were able to make a very creditable showing when the fateful moment arrived for our grand act.

On reaching Tucson I marched the company in a column of twos to the "Governor's Palace." Here the company was halted and stood at "parade rest," facing the "palace," while I rapped on the door. As soon as the governor appeared the company was brought to "attention." Orders were then given for the following evolutions: "Carry arms"; "Rear open order"; "About face"; "Load"; "Aim"; "Fire"; "Recover arms"; "About face"; "Close order"; "Present arms." These orders were given in English and the evolutions followed the old Upton tactics. Having fired the salute and with the company standing at "present," I made my most graceful personal salutation to the governor — **AND DELIVERED THE GOODS!**

The following local item appeared in the ARIZONA CITIZEN (Tucson), Saturday, February 24, 1877, (on file in the Congressional Library):

"Indian Agent John P. Clum arrived here on Tuesday with sixty stalwart armed Apaches from San Carlos Reservation, with a view to their enlistment under the call of the governor, in pursuance of an act of the late legislature. Mr. Clum marched them in front of the governor's office, where they fired a salute and were inspected by the governor. Afterward they were assigned Tully, Ochoa & Company's large corral as a camping ground where they remained until leaving for the field Friday. Their conduct was orderly and highly creditable in every way. Captain Beauford informed us that he did not even have to speak to any of them in a corrective tone. Agent Clum in this instance has done the public a very valuable service and given another of many proofs of his desire to promote the welfare of the people generally."

Meanwhile, there were reports of frequent raids in which stock was stolen, and traded off at the small towns along the Rio Grande, thus adding much to the prosperity of the renegades. It so happened that Lieut. Henley, who led the troops from Bowie on the trail of Pi-on-se-nay in April, 1876, was passing through the Rio Grande Valley in the latter part of February, 1877. There he saw Geronimo, whither he had come on one of his trading tours. Lieut. Henley at once telegraphed to General Kautz that he had seen Geronimo in the vicinity of Las Palomas, and that the renegade undoubtedly was making his headquarters at the Southern Apache Agency, at Ojo Caliente, New Mexico. General Kautz telegraphed this information to the War Department, and that department transmitted the facts to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. The result was the following telegram to me:

Washington, D. C.,

March 20, 1877.

Agent Clum,
San Carlos:

If practicable, take Indian police and arrest renegade Indians at Southern Apache Agency; seize stolen horses in their possession; restore property to rightful owners; remove renegades to San Carlos and hold them in confinement

for murder and robbery. Call on military for aid if needed.

(Signed) SMITH, Commissioner.

These orders imposed upon me one of the most important and exciting campaigns I have ever undertaken. With the approval of Governor Safford, I sent a courier to Captain Beauford directing him to proceed at once to Silver City, New Mexico, with his company, and having enrolled about forty additional police at San Carlos, I hastened to join Beauford at Silver City. At that point the "Arizona Apache Territorial Militia" were taken over by me and their names once more entered upon the agency pay-roll—Captain Beauford included. Having thus been reinstated as members of the San Carlos Indian Police Force, they were merged with the company I had brought with me from San Carlos, and the entire body proceeded thenceforth under my direction. The distance by trail from San Carlos to Ojo Caliente is something like 350 or 400 miles, and the greater part of my little army of Indians measured the entire distance of the round trip on foot.

General Hatch was in command of the Department of New Mexico, with headquarters at Santa Fe. Just before leaving San Carlos I sent a dispatch to General Hatch advising him of the nature of my orders and requesting him to assign sufficient troops at convenient stations in the field to cooperate in the protection of the citizens of Southwestern New Mexico, should serious trouble occur. At Fort Bayard I received a reply from General Hatch informing me that in compliance with my request he had ordered eight companies of the Ninth Cavalry into the field. Having completed all preliminary details, I left Silver City with my police and started on the long trek over the mountains to Ojo Caliente. All along the route we were warned that the main body of the renegades was gathered in the vicinity of the Southern Apache Agency; that this aggregation totaled from 250 to 400 well armed, desperate Indians, and that these rude and ruthless redskins were impatiently awaiting for an opportunity to greet us in the most enthusiastic fashion. These rumors served to sustain the interest in our march into New Mexico.

At Fort Bayard it had been arranged that Major

Wade, commanding the troops in the field, who was then at Fort Union, should meet me at Ojo Caliente with three companies of cavalry on the morning of April 21, but when I arrived at that point on the evening of April 20 I found there a telegram from Major Wade advising me that he would not be able to reach Ojo Caliente until April 22.

Doubtless this delay was unavoidable, but it placed the full responsibility of a most serious situation squarely up to me. It was obvious that if I remained two days at Ojo Caliente with my San Carlos police there would not be a renegade within fifty miles of that point. But troops were now cooperating **at my request**. If I took any action against the renegades without consulting the officer commanding the troops in the field, I must be **SOLELY** responsible for the results.

I had sent a dependable scout to Ojo Caliente several days in advance of my arrival and he informed me that Geronimo, with between 80 and 100 followers, was then camped about three miles from the agency, and that he had come in to the agency that very day for rations. We had been on the trail nearly a month and had marched all the way from San Carlos for the special purpose of **ARRESTING GERONIMO**. Our only chance for success was through prompt and resolute action. In these circumstances I determined that we would undertake to make the arrest without delay—relying entirely upon the loyalty and efficiency of the Apache police.

As before stated, most of my police were on foot. We had marched cautiously to within twenty miles of the agency, where we had camped at noon on April 20. There I selected twenty-two Apache scouts, who had horses, as a special body-guard to accompany me to the agency, where we arrived shortly before sundown. Captain Beauford was instructed to bring the main body of the police to a spring about ten miles from the agency that evening, and to complete the march to the agency leisurely the following morning.

This proved a most fortunate maneuver. The renegades knew that some Indian police were on the trail from Arizona, but they did not know how many, and their general attitude after my arrival at the agency convinced me that they were of the opinion that the twenty-two police, who escorted me in, constituted my

entire force. Upon this hypothesis I based my plan of action.

The main agency building faced the east, fronting on a large parade ground. About fifty yards to the south stood a large commissary building which, happily, was vacant. From this commissary building a row of employee quarters extended eastward along the south line of the parade ground, while the east and north limits of the parade ground were marked by a deep ravine. Such was the general plan of the field on which I hoped the renegades might speedily be lured to their Waterloo.

As soon as it was dark I dispatched a courier to Captain Beauford with orders to bring his reserves in before daylight—and to observe the utmost caution and quiet in approaching the agency. At about 4 a. m. the reserves, numbering about eighty, arrived and were at once quartered in the convenient commissary building, each man with thirty rounds of fixed ammunition AND HIS GUN LOADED. This bit of stratagem, in which the innocent commissary building was destined to duplicate the trick of the famous TROJAN HORSE, operated so effectively that it has been a matter of self-congratulation ever since.

At daylight I sent a messenger to the renegade camp to inform Geronimo and the other chiefs that I desired to have a "talk" with them. They came quickly—a motley clan, painted and equipped for a fight. Supported by a half-dozen of my police, I took my position on the porch of the main agency building, overlooking the parade ground. The remainder of my special escort of twenty-two were deployed in an irregular skirmish line—half of them northward toward the ravine, and the other half southward to the commissary building. Captain Beauford had his station half-way between me and the commissary, and, let me repeat, every man had thirty rounds of fixed ammunition AND HIS GUN LOADED.

The police were instructed to be constantly on the alert and ready for instant combat, but not to shoot: (1) unless ordered to do so by either Captain Beauford or myself; (2) unless Captain Beauford or I began shooting; (3) unless the renegades began shooting. The reserves were instructed that at a signal from

Captain Beauford their sergeant would swing wide the great commissary doors and then race eastward along the south line of the parade ground, and they were to follow hot on his trail at intervals of about two paces—every man with his thumb on the hammer of his gun.

Because the renegades believed they held a decided advantage in the matter of numbers I did not think they would hesitate to assemble on the parade ground in front of my position—and this proved true. They came trailing in just as the sun rose gloriously above the New Mexican ranges. Was this to be the final sunrise for some, or many of us who were watching it—and each other—so anxiously?

Sullen and defiant, the renegades were finally gathered in a fairly compact group in front of me and, as is their custom on such occasions, their most daring men (and just the men I wanted—such as Geronimo, Gordo, Ponce, Francisco, etc.,) were pressed forward as a menace to my personal safety. They fully appreciated that the immediate presence of such desperate characters, fully armed and smeared with paint, is anything but reassuring to a “pale-face.”

Promptly I addressed my exceedingly picturesque audience, telling them that I had come a long distance on a very important mission, but if they would listen to my words “with good ears” no serious harm would be done to them. With equal promptness Geronimo replied that if I spoke with discretion no serious harm would be done to us—or words to that effect. This defiant attitude convinced me that it would be useless to continue the parley. The crisis had arrived. The hour had struck, which was to determine the success or failure of our expedition. The excitement, though suppressed, was keen. Would they, upon discovering our superior force and arms, submit without a struggle, or would the next moment precipitate a hand-to-hand fight to the death between these desperate renegades and the bravest and best fighters the Apache tribes of Arizona could produce? On either side were the most determined of men. The slightest cause might change the history of the day.

The situation demanded action—**prompt action**, and very promptly the signal was given. Instantly the commissary portals swung open and Sergeant Rip started his sprint along the south line of the parade grounds. As

if by magic the reserves came swarming out from the commissary and, in single file, leaped after their sergeant at top speed, with intervals that left room for the free use of their weapons. We had started the "action"—most impressive and spectacular action, with those lithe Apache police bounding along, each with his thumb on the hammer of his loaded rifle—alert—ready—and thus far in comparative silence.

However, the release of the reserves had not failed to startle the renegades. At the same time there was enacted a little side-play which, in my judgment, was potent in deciding the issues of the day. At the first sight of the reserves emerging from the old commissary building, a half-dozen of the straggling followers of the hostiles started to move away from the parade ground. When these failed to obey our orders to return, Captain Beauford raised his rifle and leveled it at one of the would-be fugitives. There are always a few belligerent squaws who insist upon intruding whenever a "war-talk" is in progress and one of these athletic ladies had stationed herself, doubtless designedly, close by our stalwart chief of police. With a wild yell she sprang upon Beauford and clung to his neck and arms in such a manner as to draw down his rifle—making a superb "tackle" and "interference." I had been keeping my two eyes on Geronimo, but with the echo of that genuine Apache yell I turned just in time to appreciate Beauford's expression of profound disgust when he discovered that he had been captured by a squaw. Then he swung that great right arm, to which the lady was clinging, and she landed ingloriously on the parade ground—and at a respectful distance. Really, a bit of comedy injected into a most serious situation.

This episode consumed less than a minute, but it held the attention of the entire audience and enabled us to get fifteen or twenty additional police in that galloping skirmish line. Also, when Captain Beauford raised his gun the second time the police indicated that they were ready to follow his lead—if shooting was to become general. All of which produced a most wholesome effect on the minds of the renegades. In the meantime, the maneuver of the reserves was such a complete surprise, and had been executed with such dash and daring that before the renegades fully realized what was hap-

pening, they found themselves at the mercy of a threatened cross-fire from our two skirmish lines, which were now deployed on the west and south sides of the parade grounds with the angle at the old commissary building. Geronimo was quick to comprehend the hopelessness of his position. Thereupon he recalled the stragglers and readily agreed to a "conference."

Immediately I directed Geronimo and three or four of his lieutenants to come to the porch where I was standing. Their compliance was stoical. Feeling assured that the crucial moment had passed, I handed my rifle to one of my police and told Geronimo that as we were to have a "peace talk" we would both lay aside our arms. Geronimo frowned his objection, but we had the advantage. I took his gun from his—a bit rudely perhaps—and the same is still in my possession, a much prized trophy of that expedition.

Having taken the guns from half a dozen other "bad men," we settled down for the "peace talk." Geronimo adjusted himself in a squatting position on the porch, immediately in front of me. I began by reminding him that we had met nearly a year before at Apache Pass, when he had agreed to accompany the Chiricahua Indians to San Carlos. To this he replied: "Yes, and you gave me a pass to go out and bring in my people, but I could not get back within the time you allowed, so I did not return—I was afraid." In a most serious manner I told him the story of the killing of his dogs and old horses; his deserted camp; his hasty march into Sonora; the pursuit of the troops, etc., and suggested that if he had really desired to go to San Carlos he would not have hot-footed it in the opposite direction. He gave me a fierce glance, but made no reply. "Well," I continued, "I must be your good friend because I have traveled so far to see you again. Now I want to keep you with me and to know where you are, and so I will provide you with a special escort and then you will not stray away and be afraid to return." Geronimo glared in sullen silence.

Thereupon I ordered him to go with the police to the guardhouse. He did not move. Then I added: "You must go now." Like a flash he leaped to his feet. There was a picture I shall never forget. He stood erect as a mountain pine, while every outline of his symmetrical form indicated strength and endurance. His

abundant ebon locks draped his ample shoulders, his stern features, his keen, piercing eye and his proud and graceful posture, combined to create in him the model of an Apache war-chief. There he stood—GERONIMO, THE RENEGADE—a form commanding admiration, a name and character dreaded by all. His eyes blazed fiercely under the excitement of the moment, and his form quivered with a suppressed rage. From his demeanor it was evident to all that he was hesitating between two purposes, whether to draw his knife, his only remaining weapon, cut right and left and die fighting—or to surrender.

My police were not slow in discerning the thoughts of the renegade. Instantly Sergeant Rip sprang forward and snatched the knife from Geronimo's belt, while the muzzles of a half-dozen needle-guns, in the hands of Beauford and the police, were pressed toward him—their locks clicking almost in unison as the hammers were drawn back. With flashing eyes he permitted himself to indulge in a single swift, defiant glance at his captors. Then his features relaxed and he said calmly: "In-ge-w" (all right)—and thus was accomplished the first and only *bona fide* capture of GERONIMO THE RENEGADE.

The prisoner was forthwith escorted to the blacksmith shop, and thence to the guardhouse. At the blacksmith shop, shackles were riveted on the prisoner's ankles. These were never removed while he remained in my custody, and never should have been removed except to allow him to walk untrammelled to the scaffold.

Immediately following the arrest of Geronimo, six other renegades were taken into custody, disarmed and shackled—one of whom was "Ponce." But, at that time, I had no idea I was arresting an Indian who had been a trusted and useful member of General Howard's official party on his important mission to Cochise Stronghold. While en route over the mountains from Silver City to Ojo Caliente, we had cut the "hot" trail of a raiding band, which my scouts found led back to the Warm Springs Reservation. After my arrival at the agency I learned that this band had preceded us there only a couple of days; that they had brought in some stolen stock; that Ponce was the leader of this band, and that he exerted a great influence among the renegades. This

was all I knew of Ponce, and it was on this record that I caused his arrest.

And thus it transpired that when Major Wade finally arrived at Ojo Caliente with his escort of cavalry, on April 22, Geronimo and the other principal renegades had been arrested and shackled and were under guard by the San Carlos police.

My orders from Washington, under date of March 20, having been successfully executed, it was decided that Captain Beauford, with the main body of police, should start on their return march to Arizona without delay, with the hope of intercepting some small bands of renegades, who were believed to be raiding between Ojo Caliente and the Dos Cabezas Mountains. Accordingly, I selected twenty-five of the police to serve as my personal escort, and guard for the prisoners, and furnished the remainder with thirty days' rations and 3,000 rounds of ammunition. Thus equipped and in high spirits, Captain Beauford and his command took the homeward-bound trail on the morning of April 23.

About this time I received a telegram from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs directing me to take all of the Indians at Warm Springs Agency to San Carlos, "if upon consultation with the military authorities, such action was deemed desirable." General Hatch and his staff heartily favored the proposed removal and arrangements were at once made to that effect.

Victorio, who later became notorious as a desperate renegade, was the recognized chief of the Warm Springs Indians at that time, and neither he nor any of his followers made serious objection to the removal after they had learned from me and my police force the manner in which all Indians were cared for at San Carlos.

As these Indians had very few "household effects," and a majority of them had been living under conditions which made it necessary for them to be "ready to move at a moment's notice," all preparations for the march to San Carlos were quickly concluded.

General Hatch had not only been cordial in his cooperation, but had been most generous in his commendations of the splendid results accomplished by the San Carlos Apache police. In these circumstances I felt it would be courteous to request him to detail a small escort of cavalry to accompany the main body of the

Warm Springs Indians over the trail to San Carlos. I even argued that such an escort was desirable, owing to the fact that Captain Beauford and his command were well on their way to Silver City before the order for this removal was received, therefore, no police were available to serve as an escort. General Hatch was both cheerful and prompt in complying with my request. Lieut. Hugo and a few troopers were detailed for this duty.

May 1, 1877, was the date set for our departure from Ojo Caliente, and all seemed in readiness for the start to Arizona. But on that morning, while hurrying about to assure myself that all were actually on the move, I saw an Indian sitting on a step in front of one of the employee quarters, his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands and his loose hair covering both face and hands. When I spoke to him he simply moaned. Very soon I discovered that this Indian had smallpox. The situation was desperate. We must start on the return trip. This Indian could not travel with the others, and I could not leave him alone to die. Fortunately one of my policemen had had the disease and was immune. He consented to drive the team assigned to convey the sick Indian in a hastily improvised ambulance. In less than an hour after I first saw the sick Indian his transportation had been provided and he had joined our caravan—however, always maintaining a respectful distance to the rear of the wagon conveying the prisoners.

Mr. M. A. Sweeney, chief clerk at the San Carlos Agency, who had preceded me to Ojo Caliente on scout duty, was given full charge of the main body of the Indians on this march over the mountains to Silver City. An actual count showed 453 men, women and children. This company presented a very long and very thin line as they stretched out along the trail—and at the end of this line followed Lieut. Hugo and his guard of honor. I have mentioned this "very long and very thin line" and the "guard of honor" for the purpose of correcting the statement that these Indians were "transported forcibly" from Ojo Caliente to San Carlos.

Lieut. Hugo was a capable officer and a good fellow—and he led willing troopers—but it was obviously impossible for him to patrol effectively that "very long and very thin line" with thirty or forty soldiers, and if

any of those Indians had determined to scatter into the mountains he could not have prevented their going, nor could he have effected their capture with his limited command. The difficulty experienced by troops, in their efforts to apprehend and punish fleeing or marauding bands of Indians has been demonstrated too frequently. Moreover, Mr. Sweeney informed me that during this march a majority of the Indians were from ten to twenty miles in advance of this "guard." Even if Captain Beauford and his San Carlos police had been patrolling the trail, these could hardly have prevented the escape of small parties, had any of the Warm Springs Indians entertained determined opposition to removal to San Carlos.

Having seen the main body of the Indians started on the westward trail, and having arranged for the transportation of the sick Indian by means of the "improvised portable isolation hospital," I could now give my undivided attention to the prisoners. The shackles which the prisoners were wearing were "home-made," and were riveted to the ankles. This made it impracticable to convey them over the trail as they could neither walk nor ride on horseback. Therefore, a large transport wagon was provided for their accommodation, into which they were loaded as comfortably as circumstances would permit. Our provisions and camp outfit were carried in another wagon, and at a safe distance behind these two vehicles trailed our "peripatetic pest-house." The special escort of police, all well mounted, were divided into two squads—advance and rear guards—and with my last duty at Ojo Caliente accomplished, I mounted my horse, waved a signal which meant "let's go"—and the tedious trek to San Carlos was begun.

Although homeward bound, the first stage of our journey led us further away from Arizona. In order to pass a spur of the mountains which extended southeasterly from Ojo Caliente, it was necessary to follow the wagon road back to Las Polomas on the Rio Grande; thence southwesterly to old Fort Cummings; and thence northwesterly to Silver City, where we joined the main body of the Indians who had come over the trail. From Silver City we proceeded westerly over the Burro Mountains and thence to the Gila Valley, which was followed to the San Carlos Reservation.

The smallpox developed a really serious situation, as the disease was then prevalent in both New Mexico and Arizona. After we left Silver City our ambulatory hospital was taxed to the limit and several died on the trail. Even after the Indians had been located at their new home on the Gila the malady continued to manifest itself with more or less fatal results.

Barring the ravages of this disease, the removal of the Warm Springs Indians was accomplished without serious difficulty or mishap. The prisoners gave us no trouble en route, and on May 20 were safely delivered into the agency guard-house at San Carlos.

The efficiency of the San Carlos Indian police force once more had been demonstrated in a conspicuous manner. During the round trip the police had traveled approximately 800 miles. A majority of them had covered the entire distance on foot. Unaided by the troops they had accomplished the arrest of Geronimo and sixteen other outlaw Indians. Twenty-five members of this force were detailed as the sole escort and guard to accompany the renegade prisoners while en route in wagons from Ojo Caliente to San Carlos—a distance by the wagon road of fully 500 miles. The anticipated danger of an organized attack and attempt to rescue the prisoners by some of their renegade friends, who were still at large, had not materialized, but the police had been constantly alert—prepared for any emergency. For twenty days and twenty nights they had kept faithful watch and vigil, and when the journey ended they delivered their prisoners safely and in irons to the agency police on duty at the guard-house at San Carlos. Sure! They finished the job.

In this narrative of the arrest of Geronimo and the removal of the Warm Springs Indians I have endeavored to present conditions as they existed and events as they occurred with the utmost accuracy, but the facts as I have given them are in conflict with an official statement published on page 61 of the annual report of the Secretary of War for 1877. This conflicting statement is contained in the annual report of Brig. Gen. John Pope, dated at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, September 15, 1877, as follows: "The Warm Springs Apaches, whom at the request of the Interior Department I had transported forcibly to the San Carlos Agency in Ari-

zona etc." This brief and concise pronouncement by Gen. Pope would contribute an interesting item to military history if it were not faulty in several important particulars. First, the Interior Department did not request the military authorities to remove the Warm Springs Indians to Arizona. Second, Gen. Hatch and his staff made no pretense of assuming the responsibilities and directing the details involved in the removal of these Indians. Third, the only Indians "transported forcibly" at that time from Ojo Caliente to San Carlos were the prisoners, and these shackled renegades were arrested and transported by the San Carlos Apache police absolutely unaided by the troops. Fourth, is a fault of omission in that the statement completely ignores the splendid services rendered by the San Carlos Apache police at Ojo Caliente on that eventful day when the troops failed to arrive at the time agreed upon. Outside of the inaccuracies and inequalities as above set forth, Gen. Pope's report may be accepted as entirely fair and dependable.

My original orders from Washington were to arrest Geronimo and hold him in confinement "for murder and robbery," and I felt that the next step in his career should be a trial in the federal courts; in fact, this seemed the only intelligent and just course to pursue. It was obvious that the trial and conviction of this renegade in the regular courts of the "pale-face" would produce a tremendously beneficial moral effect upon the Indians generally, and inasmuch as Pi-on-se-nay had cheated us out of such an example less than a year previous, I was especially desirous of bringing Geronimo to trial.

Accordingly, I advised the sheriff of Pima County, at Tucson, that Geronimo was held in the guard-house at San Carlos, in irons, subject to his orders, or the orders of the court he represented; that he was charged with murder and robbery, and that I was anxious to assist in supplying the evidence necessary to secure a conviction. No action was taken by the sheriff and Geronimo was never brought to trial.

Editorial Note—John P. Clum, after leaving the Indian service, lived for a time in Tucson, where he held another government position. In 1881 he went to Tomb-

stone where he, with Chas. D. Reppy, established the TOMBSTONE EPITAPH and for a time served as mayor of that town. Leaving Arizona, in the latter eighties, he entered the employment of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company as industrial agent, lecturing in the effort to stimulate industry where the lines of the Southern Pacific ran. For many years he lived at San Dimas, California, where he owned an orange orchard. Last year he sold this home. He now lives in Los Angeles, at 1958 W. 74th Street.

THE RIVER COLORADO

(By Lieut. E. D. Tuttle)

The American people are united in determination to develop the full resources of this great stream which has for untold ages been rolling its yellow flood from its sources in the snowy peaks of the Rockies and its auxiliary ranges, down to the Gulf of California and, in the process of time, has cut its way through the Grand Canyon; through its different strata of marble pillars, castellated sandstones, granite peaks, great beds of schists, shales and carboniferous deposits; carving out valleys, filling depressions, and carrying life to the dry desert wastes until it found a resting place in its great mother, the ocean. No one lives to tell its story; no human record had been kept, but the record is there to be read by the student of geology in the walls of the mile-deep canyon of its upper reaches, registered as the footprints of time. The rocks and shells of the ages past tell us how high or how low its red turbid waters have rolled in its maddening glee, or silently glided to the sea.

The records are there to show that in the past, during the revolving epochs of time, it has freely poured its vast contents into the ancient sea at Salton. The story can be read as plainly written by nature's never-failing pen; in living lines that can never be erased from nature's magnificent volume of history, in which is written the geological record of the great Colorado River Valley and the vast Salton Basin. It shows that six times that valley and basin have been under the waters of the river and sea.

Modern history informs us that in 1538 Cabeza de Vaca discovered the mouth of the Colorado. In 1540 Fernando Alarcon ascended the river from the gulf to the head of the tidewater. In 1676 Father Eusebio Kino came up the gulf and river to the mouth of the Gila, and forty miles above, visiting the river Indian tribes, which he wished to civilize and bring under church control. Ten years later he came back with Father Pedro Garces, Juan Diaz, Jose M. Moreno and Juan A. Berenche and established three missions; one near what is now known as Hanlons; one at the site of the present Indian school

(once Fort Yuma), and the third eight miles above where the city of Yuma now is, on the east bank of the river. The missions were called in the order mentioned: "Mission of the Apostle Peter and Paul," "The Immaculate Conception of Mary and Saint Isabel." All of these missions were destroyed by Indians a short time later.

In 1745 Father Seldemeyer came, and while here the Indians arose and killed every person connected with the missions, thirty-three all told. In 1776 Father Escalante came from Santa Fe, New Mexico, down the Gila River to Yuma, and down the Colorado to the gulf and to Magdaiena, Sonora, Mexico. The mission at Yuma had been reestablished, but in July, 1779, while people were at mass, the Indians arose in a body and killed 170 persons, sparing only women and children, which they carried into captivity, distributing them among the different tribes. This ended the missions.

In 1838 American trappers came in—Peg-leg Smith, Pauline Weaver and Bill Williams, who followed the river for beaver pelts.

In 1847 Gen. Stephen Kearney, with U. S. Dragoons, came through en route to San Diego, California. Next, the emigrants to California gold mines, in 1849, came through, and a ferry was put in at Yuma by G. W. Lincoln. July 11, 1850, Louis J. F. Iager acquired the ferry at Yuma and the emigrant travel increased. Also, Benjamin Hartshorne, Geo. A. Johnson, Dr. Ogden Ankrum, Minturn, Blake, Taffe, Moses and Archibald came to Yuma to settle. During the years of 1850-51 about 30,000 emigrants passed Yuma into California. In the meantime, another ferry was established ten miles below Yuma, where the river bends south and the California trail leaves it, now known as Hanlons. The fare for crossing was from one to two and one-half dollars for each person, and five to ten dollars each team. The lumber for the ferry boats was brought across the desert from San Diego at twenty-five cents a pound freight. On December 20, 1850, Captain H. A. Willcox arrived at the mouth of the river in the schooner Isabel, loaded with general supplies, and came up the river thirty miles, to the head of tidewater. Tides rise and fall at the head of the gulf from twenty to thirty feet and rushes up the river at great speed, causing a great bore as it meets the current, rendering navigation

impossible except at the time it floods or ebbs, and then go with it either way.

In November, 1851, the Indians drove away Mr. Iager and a party of soldiers, who were at Fort Yuma, and being pressed by them had taken refuge at Iager's stronger fort a few miles below Yuma. In the scrimmage, Iager received three arrow wounds.

February 17, 1852, the schooner Sierra Madre, with supplies for the troops which were expected overland, arrived at the mouth of the river and anchored in four fathoms of water. A few days after, Majors Heintzleman and Stoneman arrived with six companies of U. S. soldiers to garrison Fort Yuma. As soon as the troops arrived, Iager and his party returned. Hartshorne, Johnson and Willcox joined in taking a contract to bring stores up from the gulf to Fort Yuma. This was the beginning of the business of freighting by the water route. These same men organized as the Colorado Steam Navigation Company and continued business until the railroad came in 1878.

They commenced by using small barges propelled by ropes and poles at the hands of soldiers and Indians. Heintzleman's command had thoroughly subdued the hostile Indians of the lower river, and made a peace which was never afterwards broken. These trips took from forty to sixty days. Mr. Minturn, who owned the ferry at Hanlons, died early in 1853 and Iager secured both ferries, the one at the fort and the one at Hanlons.

The first steamboat on the river was the Uncle Sam. She was brought to the mouth of the river in pieces in the schooner Capacity, from San Francisco, and put together by Captain Turnbull. She reached Yuma December 2, 1852. She was a side-wheeler sixty-five feet long, fourteen feet wide and drew two and one-half feet of water. She had a locomotive boiler of twenty horse-power and carried twenty-five tons of freight on twenty-two inches draft. She ran on the river until June 22, 1854, when she sank at her moorings at Pilot Knob, ten miles below Yuma. All efforts to raise her failed.

The second steamer was the General Jessup, a side-wheeler; Capt. George A. Johnson, master, which reached Yuma January 18, 1854, with thirty-five tons

of supplies for the troops at the fort. She was 104 feet long, seventeen feet wide and twenty-seven feet over all, with a seventy horse-power engine and boiler, and carried sixty tons on two feet of water. She was the first steamboat to go above Yuma. In 1858 she went twenty miles above where Fort Mohave and Hardyville now are. On her return trip she met the little iron steamer, Explorer, with which Lieut. Ives, U. S. topographical engineer, was exploring the Colorado River—a stern wheeler and just sent out from New York in pieces and assembled at the mouth of the river. When the General Jessup reached Picacho, fifty miles above Yuma, she ran on a rock and sank. The steamer, Colorado Number 1, which was the fourth steamer on the river, was sent to the Jessup's rescue; raised her and brought her down to Yuma. The Jessup ran the river trade until August 25, 1858, when she blew up near Ogden's Landing, twenty-five miles this side of Lerdo's Cloony, killing two men. She was condemned and her machinery sent to San Francisco. Lieut. Ives' steamer, Explorer, was the third steamer on the river; sent by the government in 1857. She, after taking Lieut Ives and party up-river to Mohave, ran on the Colorado and Gila rivers until she made her last trip up the River Gila after a load of wood. She became unmanageable as she came out the mouth of the Gila and the river current carried her down to Pilot Knob, where she made fast to a tree. The bank, tree and all caved in; she then floated into a slough eight miles below. The river changed its channel and left her iron frame miles inland, to be eaten up by rust.

The fourth steamer on the river, as before mentioned, was the Colorado Number 1, built in San Francisco and sent down in pieces and put together at Yuma, at the foot of Main Street, on the east bank of the river at what is now the city of Yuma. She was the fastest boat ever on the river. She was overhauled at the shipyard of the Col. Steam Nav. Co., at Port Isabel, at the head of the gulf, in 1858. At one time, the U. S. Government paid \$500 a day for her use, and for more than two months of the three for which she was chartered, she never turned a wheel. When condemned, her machinery was put into the steamer, Colorado Number 2. Her boiler lies in the river, just below the U. S. Quarter-

master's Building at Yuma, and her hull at the Gridiron, near the mouth of the river.

The fifth steamer was the Cocopah Number 1, built at Port Isabel, the company's shipyard and dry dock, located near the mouth of the river, on the east bank. As the Delta is low, and overflowed at high tide, the company constructed a levee or dyke, inclosing several acres occupied by the shops, warehouse and dry dock. There was deep water for ships, their cargoes being discharged directly to the boats and barges and taken to Yuma. The Mexican Government never had a custom house there or interfered in any way with the commerce of the port. After running a few years, the Cocopah Number 1 was hauled out at Port Isabel and her hull built up and converted into a warehouse. Her machinery was taken to San Francisco and put into the steamer Hattie Ficket, which ran in the Sacramento River trade.

In 1861-62 there came the gold discoveries at La Paz, Ehrenberg and other places inland, which increased very largely the transportation business up and down the river, lead and copper ores being shipped out. Also, the Civil War added to it by increased troop movement and their supplies.

The Civil War was on and the California Volunteers came to take the place of the regulars, who were taken east. The Apaches were all on the war-path. October 30, 1856, Capt. Isaac Polhamus came out from the east. A native of Renssalaer County, New York, he was an old and experienced pilot on the Hudson River, and entered the company's service as master and superintendent and remained with them until the railroad took over the property in 1878. He was the captain who was always entrusted with the up-river trips. He never had an accident. He could read the channel and avoid the bars of the swirling and turbid river as no other man could. When he came there were, besides him, Capt. A. D. Johnson, a native of Boston, educated as a ship carpenter, and who worked in that capacity when such work was needed, and Capt. D. C. Robinson, a native of Baltimore, also a ship carpenter. When Lieut. Ives, U. S. topographical engineer, came to explore the river with his iron steamer, Explorer, in 1856-57, at the suggestion of Capt. Polhamus, he employed Capt. Robinson

to navigate his boat. The Explorer was of steel construction, brought to the mouth of the river by the schooner Onward, where she was put together.

The original owners of the setamer line had at that time retired from active participation in the river business, and lived on their estates near San Diego, California. Capt. H. A. Willcox and Capt. George A. Johnson both had families. Mr. Hartshorne attended to the San Francisco end of the line. Henry Stevens, a native of New York City, was superintendent at Yuma, a splendid business man. John Dow was bookkeeper and agent, was a native of Portland, Maine, and came on October 20, 1856. David Neahr was chief engineer, a native of Westchester County, New York. He learned his trade at the great locomotive works at Norristown, Pennsylvania. He had been with the company from the first as chief engineer, sometimes operating a boat, but later in an advisory capacity.

The steamer, Cocopah Number 2, was the sixth boat, and the steamer, Gila, was the seventh, all stern-wheelers, and built especially for light draft with great horsepower, as the river was shallow and obstructed by sand-bars, except at flood season in midsummer when the snows melted in the Rockies. As a rule, only freight enough was loaded on the boats to give good traction to the wheel and the barges were depended upon for the larger part as a tow.

In 1867 Capt. Trueworthy brought his steamer, Esmeralda, a stern-wheeler, which he had been running on the Sacramento River, from San Francisco, this being the eighth boat on the river. To make his boat seaworthy, he closed in the sides and made the sea trip successfully. He had the material on board for a barge to be put together at the mouth of the river, also supplies as freight for the Mormon settlements in Southern Utah, to be delivered at the landing called Callville, somewhere near the mouth of the Virgin River below the Grand Canyon. This boat was to run as an opposition line to the Col. Steam Nav. Co. His first trip was made up-river at a rather low stage of water. His boat had too much draft, causing much delay on sand-bars. When nearing his destination, his boat grounded so hard he couldn't get it off in time; the sand accumulated and finally the river, as was its habit, turned away and left

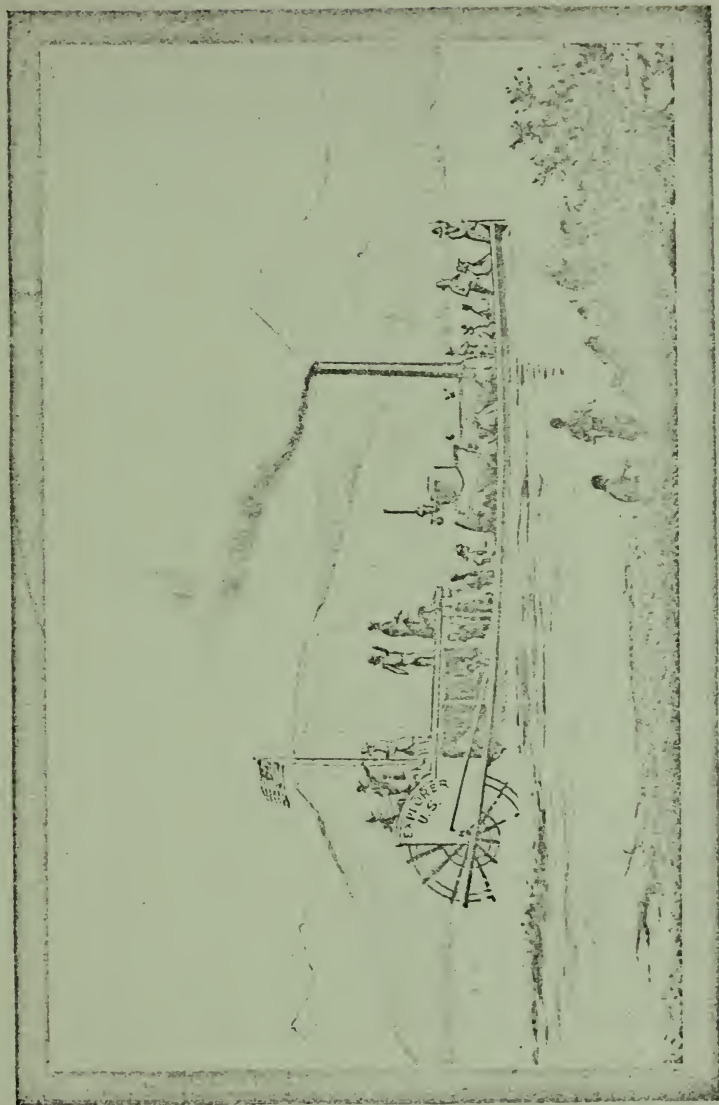
his boat inland. Nothing daunted, the captain went out into the mountains and brought skids; jacked up the boat, and with his powerful windlass skidded her to the river and made his trip. It occupied about a month. His boat had the distinction of reaching the highest point on the river. Callville never became a river port of landing.

The Nina Tilden was the next steamer to come about the same time from San Francisco, in charge of Capt. Charles C. Overman. She was a small stern-wheeler and owned by the company that were to run an opposition line to the Col. Steam Nav. Co. They had a barge in San Francisco, which they converted into a four-masted schooner and loaded her and named her the Victoria. She carried 800 tons, mostly lumber. Capt. D. J. Colson was master and sailed her to the mouth of the river. Capt. John Mellen was first officer. They both afterwards entered the employ of the Col. Steam Nav. Co., as captains of barges and boats. Capt. Mellen was the last one to run a steamboat on the river, years after the S. P. R. R. had acquired the line from the Col. Steam Nav. Co. This last steamer was the Cocan. I do not know her history, whether she was one of the old boats already mentioned, and given another name, or not. She only ran above Yuma, and she was dismantled and broken up about the time the Santa Fe Railroad came to the river at the Needles.

I must go back now in the narrative to March, 1863, when I arrived at Fort Yuma as an officer in the Fourth California Infantry, and say that whatever is stated herein, referring to dates before my coming, has been derived from others—mostly from Capt. Polhamus. Since my arrived, it is largely my personal knowledge.

In 1866-69 I was quartermaster's agent at the army depot, at Yuma, and handled all government freights received by river and shipped to the various camps and forts in the Territory of Arizona and New Mexico. In 1869-71 I was in the employ of the Col. Steam Nav. Co. as the Yuma agent. I have an acquaintance with the river from Port Isabel, at the mouth, to El Dorado Canyon; have traveled it by steamer, and once in a small boat—coming down from Mohave.

The opposition lines, represented by the steamers Esmeralda and Nina Tilden, having failed, they were sold



"The Observer"—Steamboat on the Colorado River in the Sixties

and turned over to the Col. Steam Nav. Co. in 1868. The barges were called the White Swan and the Black Crook. Their three other barges were numbered 1, 2, and 3. The barges White Fawn and Black Crook were used some, but the two steamers were laid up as they were not adapted to the Colorado, being of too great draft. Besides, the company already had three boats, Colorado, Cocopah and Gila, in commission and three barges, 1, 2, and 3.

After the acquisition of the Esmeralda and Nina Tilden, the company had in commission five steamers and five barges. The inward freights all originated in San Francisco. The company chartered small sailing vessels of about 1,000 or 1,500 tons, as sea carriers. Some of them I will name: The schooner Isabel, Brig Josephine and the Barque Clara Bell. These were regular charters. In 1872 or 1873, the company put a steamship of their own on the line from San Francisco to Port Isabel, making regular trips, taking in the Mexican ports of Guaymas and Mazatlan. This steamer, the name of which I have forgotten, was able to care for the whole business. She was a propeller, Capt. McDonough, who had been master of the brig, Josephine, of the old line, was made master of the steamer. He was a fine seaman, as I can testify, for, in 1869, my wife and I were passengers on the brig, Josephine, which he commanded on his voyage in August of that year, to the river. That was the longest voyage on record, as to time—forty-two days, encountering calms continually. McDonough went down on the steamer, Pacific, about 1879.

The river boats depended on wood cut along the banks to fire the boilers. Indians furnished most of it; Cocopahs on the lower and Yumas and Mohaves on the upper river. I could follow up in this monologue with much matter personal to those who were participants in the events of years covering the earlier history of the Colorado River region, but the limits of this narrative will not permit it. At a later time I may do so. I must, though, relate one very important event in my connection with the river.

In May, 1863, the government ordered the re-occupation of Fort Mohave. It had been abandoned at the outbreak of the Civil War, in 1861, and Major Haller and his company of the Third U. S. Artillery were with-

drawn. I, as quartermaster at Fort Yuma, was ordered to charter a steamer of the Col. Steam Nav. Co., and load her with supplies for two infantry companies, who were to march overland from Camp Drum, at Wilmington, California, which was the garrison. The steamer, Mohave, Capt. Polhamus in charge, was loaded May 13. Lieut. James A. Hale, with a detachment of ten soldiers as escort and guard aboard, started on the 250 mile trip. The boat arrived at Mohave a few days ahead of the troops. When Major Haller's command withdrew, there being no whites in that section, and the Mohave Indians being friendly, he gave the keys and all the government property there into the custody of the head Mohave chief, Sic-a-hote. Lieut. Hale reported, upon arrival at the fort, and Sic-a-hote and hundreds of his people met them and handed the lieutenant the keys and helped get the supplies up into the warehouse, which was several hundred yards from the boat landing and on the bluff. They found everything intact, except a few doors and windows which had been carried away by miners from La Paz. The lieutenant, in consideration of all this, turned over flour, hard bread, sugar and other edibles sufficient for a feast, to the assembled tribe.

Fort Mohave was first established in 1857 by Capt. Burton and Lieut. Ayres, Sixth U. S. Infantry and Third U. S. Artillery, respectively. After the Indians had massacred a company of emigrants en route for California, Major Armistead and Lieut. Levi N. Bootes, Second U. S. Infantry, I think, conquered the Mohave Indians in a battle a few miles below the fort. The Indians were led by Chief Ir-a-ta-ba. He was the war chief of the tribe. Major Armistead afterwards joined the Confederate Army, and as Gen. Armistead led the Confederate column in what is known as Pickett's Charge—(Gen. George H. Pickett)—at the second day's Battle of Gettysburg, July 2, 1864, where he was killed. The writer has been on the ground where this Indian fight occurred and had it described by Billy Furlong, Armistead's servant, who was present. The soldiers were formed in open order, their flanks protected by a lagoon. Chief Ir-a-ta-ba charged the soldiers in a regular skirmish line, shooting arrows—they had no guns. The soldiers were ordered to hold their fire until the

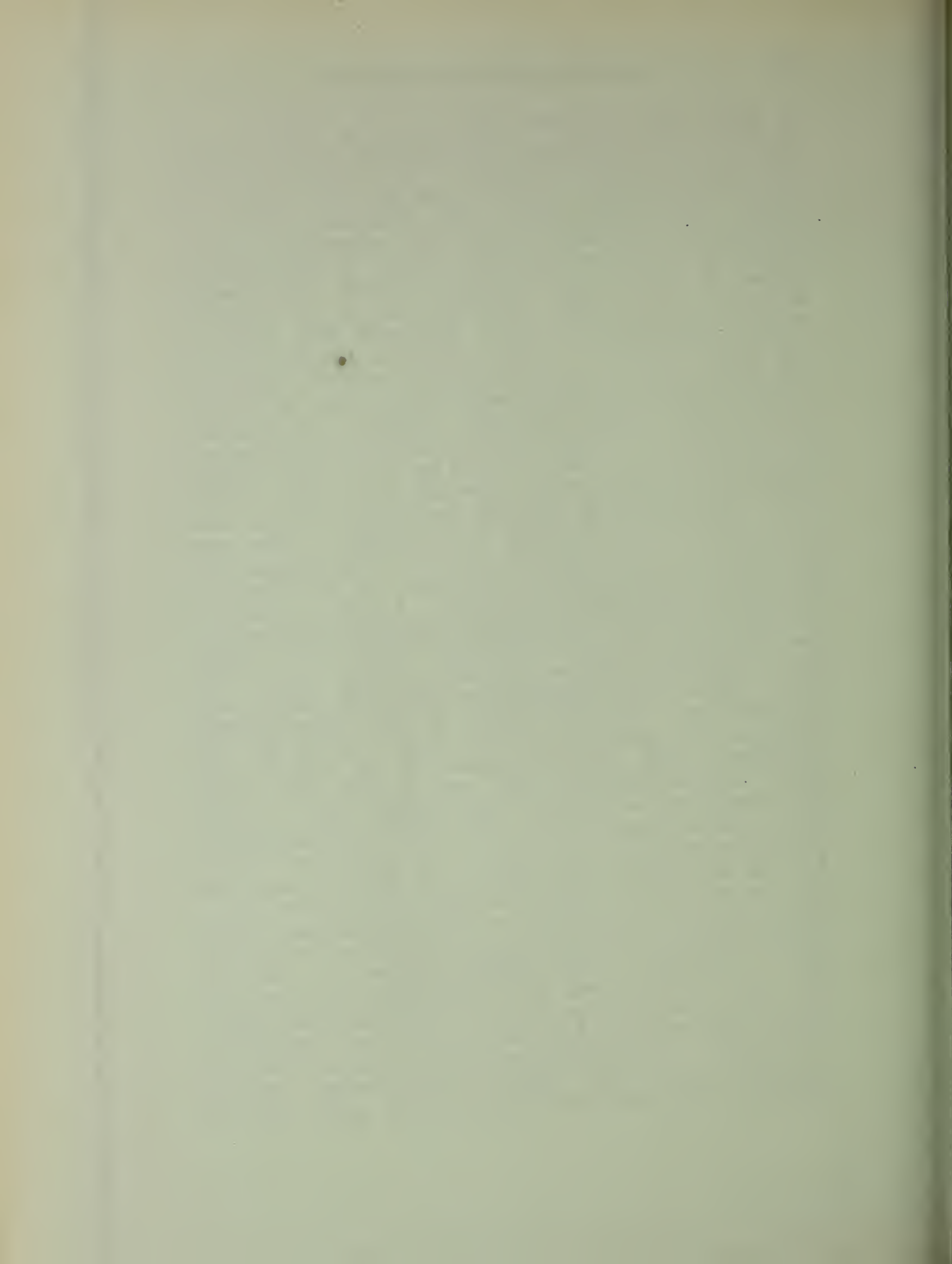
Indians got near enough, then the order was given to fix bayonets. When Ir-a-ta-ba saw this, he concluded they couldn't shoot and told the Indians to rush and kill them all with their clubs. Then the order was given for each man to select his Indian and fire. The volley killed many and put the rest to rout. It resulted in ending the war and ever since the tribe has been friendly.

The Mohaves are physically the finest of the Arizona Indians, and the bravest. They were nude, except for the breech cloth which was colored red or blue. They were all tattooed on the face with blue lines, as a tribal mark. The women wore a tunic made from the inner bark of the cottonwood; bleached by immersion for several weeks in water, then beaten into a fluffy fiber and held by a belt around the hips. It was modest.

The climate of the upper Colorado Valley is hot and dry. Records kept by the medical department of the army make it the hottest military post in the United States. Also, it is almost rainless. The Mohave Valley extends from The Needles, which are sharp rocks rising in the river canyon, fifty miles below the fort, to El Dorado Canyon above. It was timbered by willow, cottonwood and mesquite of two varieties, podded and screw bean. These beans were the principal food of the Indians. At the harvest times, they put them up in silos, on platforms elevated on posts eight or ten feet, to keep them from bear and coyotes. They also used the seed of the millet-like grass that grew very rank after the June overflow. They also grew wheat and squashes on the damp bottoms, following the receding water. They never have had to be fed by the government. The women are industrious. Hardly a day passes that they all do not take a bath and swim in the river, which insures them a sanitary and healthful existence. Disease was hardly known among them until they came in contact with the whites. They cremated their dead. All the worldly effects of the deceased were cast upon the funeral pyre, thus avoiding trouble in distributing estates among heirs. They allowed no adjoining tribes to trespass on their valley and maintained a regular line of pickets, or police, up and down the valley. At daylight each patrol could be heard passing the word that all was well.

In 1864, John Moss, discoverer of the Moss Lode, rich

in gold, was appointed agent for the Mohaves. In March, 1865, this agent conceived the idea of taking the great war chief, Ir-a-ta-ba, to the city of Washington to see President Lincoln. He got the authority to do so. They first went to San Francisco, thence by steamer, via Panama, to New York, arriving in Washington in time to see the grand review of the combined armies of Grant and Sherman, through Pennsylvania Avenue, in May, 1865. Probably one of the grandest military pageants of all time. Ir-a-ta-ba was on the reviewing stand and saw it all. When he left for this trip his people could not understand it, and his long continued absence caused great distrust and uneasiness. He had three wives and many children, all mourning him as dead. One day, word came that Ir-a-ta-ba was en route home. A cloud of dust on the western horizon disclosed a wagon train descending the slope to the river. Sam Todd, the ferryman, had his boat at the landing and Ir-a-ta-ba was seen by his people. They were all present on the opposite shore, as he stepped into the boat. He was over six feet tall. A few strokes of the oars brought him to the shore. I was an interested spectator and must describe his dress and appearance. He was most solemn and dignified. He had on a cocked hat or chapeau, such as an admiral sports when in full dress, with a black ostrich plume gracefully falling over his shoulder. He was attired in full major-general's uniform, not omitting the yellow sash. At his belt was swinging a long Japanese sword, of the kind the Sumarai commit hari-kari with; one of those that crooks the wrong way—with the long handle, also. On his breast ribbons and orders; on his shoulders epaulettes. And there were shoes to match. As he stepped ashore he took no notice of his wives and children, who held the post of honor in the front row, but took the line of march for the headquarters of the commandante, Capt. Charles Atchison, followed by everybody, and with Capt. Jack, a sub-chief, as the official interpreter. The captain was seated in front of his quarters to receive him, and, after a handshake, Ir-a-ta-ba addressed his people, which was interpreted by Jack as he went along about as follows: As the interpreter had no idea of the sea, he called the voyage "going over the ferry," and the substance of it was the wonders of the great cities he



saw, and the multitudes of white people and all the other things so foreign to his conception of his limited world. As he closed his address, he turned to the crowd and in an impressive manner told them of the white soldiers of the parade and of their numbers; more than the leaves of the cottonwoods along the river; that the Mohaves must never go to war with the whites, as they were too numerous and had too many guns. As a finale to this spectacle, the captain ordered the commissary officer, Lieut. Nason, to make an issue of enough rations to feed the crowd, which adjourned to the river bottom and soon had fires going and everybody happy on a full stomach.

The following day Ir-a-ta-ba appeared around the post. He still had his uniform, but had discarded his shoes and cocked hat. After a handshake, he produced from his pocket about a hundred photographs, which had been presented to him while on his tour. They were all autographed by givers, who were congressmen and their wives and state and government officials, army and navy officers mostly. The collection was most valuable and interesting. It was not long until Ir-a-ta-ba had relapsed into his old life and his finery went into the scrap. The agent said the Jap sword and the orders and jewels on his coat were presented by an English nobleman, the rest by army officers and congressmen. The jewels were large, but evidently glass.

Ir-a-ta-ba is the Indian who purchased the Oatman girls, Olive and Mary, from the Apaches, in 1851, when the family was attacked at Oatman Flat, on the Gila. The father and mother were killed; Ira, the son, wounded and left for dead but afterward recovered, the girls being carried into captivity. Several years afterwards they were rescued by Henry Grinnel, of Yuma, who paid Ir-a-ta-ba for delivering Olive to him at Yuma. Mary had died. The government sent Olive to her uncle in California—Dr. Oatman, who lived in Santa Rosa, Sonoma County.

I now go back to 1863, and the steamer, Cocopah, on her return trip. May 2, the two companies having arrived at Fort Mahove—Capt. Fitch's Company B, and Capt. Atchison's Company I, Fourth California Infantry—David J. Williamson, first lieutenant and regimental quartermaster, having received and receipted for the

supplies, the steamer, Cocopah, started on her return trip. The boat reached La Paz the first night and tied up. Boats never run at night on the Colorado. Several of Lieut. Hale's soldier escort were in need of supplies and were permitted to go to the town, which was some distance from the river, to make purchases. The night was dark, and not expecting an attack, they left their arms behind. About ten o'clock, they collected in front of Goldwater's store, to return, when fire was opened on them from ambush, killing Privates Wentworth and Behn and wounding Private Gainer and one other whose name I do not recall. The wounded men were cripples for life. No effort was made by the citizens of La Paz to arrest the murderers. It was charged to some ex-Confederates, of Sibley's command, which had been defeated at the battles in the Rio Grande Valley.

When the Cocopah arrived at Yuma on the 22 of May, there was great excitement among the troops. It was proposed to put a force aboard the steamer and return to La Paz and investigate and arrest the perpetrators, if possible. Word was sent down that the suspected parties had left for New Mexico and nothing was ever done about it. It resulted in one of the companies at Mohave, Atchison's Company I, being stationed at La Paz until November, 1863, when they returned to Mohave.

It was about this time that Ehrenberg was made the landing point on the river, as the rich placers at La Paz were being worked out. This new town was named for Herman Ehrenberg, a German mineralogist, who discovered the Vulture Mine. He did much for the mining industry in those early years.

Captain Trueworthy was enterprising and deserves to be remembered for his efforts to promote river transportation, by putting the Esmeralda and Nina Tilden in service, also the schooner, Victoria, at sea. They did not serve long. The Nina Tilden was taken to Port Isabel for repairs. There came a heavy tide, that parted most of her lines, and she overturned as she swung broadside to the combers, her top works being carried away into the gulf. Her machinery was hauled out on the bank, after her hull was cut away, the latter following the upper works into the gulf.

The schooner, Victoria, which was 186 feet long, was

loaded with lumber. On arriving, she went up the river 25 miles to Horse Shoe Bend and anchored. During an incoming tide, she drifted on her anchor and one of the flukes stove a hole in her bottom. She was towed into Starvation Point Slough, where the tules were very thick and high. The Indians set the tules on fire, which ignited her rigging and hull, and what was left of her lumber floated down the gulf and was lost.

One by one, as the older steamers were worn out, they were taken to the common grave at Port Isabel, their machinery taken out; their works dismantled and their skeletons left there to perish with time and tide.

The steamer, Mohave Number 1, was the most powerful one ever on the river. When she was worn out, her machinery was taken to San Francisco and put into the steamer, Onward, and ran on the Sacramento for years after. When the S. P. R. R. reached the river, in 1877, to meet possible competition they bought all the steamers, barges and ferries.

The Colorado is a mighty stream in the months of May, June, July and August. The average depth at the railroad bridge for years has been twenty feet, or 100,000 cubic feet per second. The other months it gets low. The proposed retaining dams would distribute the water throughout the season and prevent waste. Not a drop should be permitted to go into the gulf when the improvements are completed. None of the tributaries of the river, entering below the Grand Canyon, now contribute much to its volume except for short periods, when heavy rains occur, as they have been diverted by farmers for irrigation. There may be a heavy underground flow that can be recovered by pumping, as cheap power is produced at the dams.

The only dam on the Colorado at the present time, 1928, is the Laguna Dam, thirteen miles above Yuma, where the water is raised about twelve feet. It only serves for the diversion of water for irrigating the Yuma Indian Reservation, and bottom land on the California side, and the Yuma Valley below the junction of the Gila on the Arizona side, as the water is carried across the river at Yuma in an inverted syphon, made of concrete fourteen feet diameter, ninety feet below the bottom of the river and about 600 feet to the Arizona side, where it is brought up and carried along the mesa down

about twenty-six miles to the Mexican boundary. At a point below Yuma an electric power plant raises the water to the mesa, where extensive citrus planting is being done; this area being frostless and producing a very fine, thin-skinned fruit. Water is also diverted from the dam on the east or Arizona side into the Gila Valley, north side. Several miles below Yuma the great Imperial Valley Canal is diverting water in Lower California territory. At low stages of water a temporary dam is installed. Fifty per cent of this water is used in Lower California.

The full development of the river will tax the resources of the general government, as well as the adjoining states, and requires many years, but will be of untold value to the states of the southwest, also of the country at large.

The men who have been most directly connected with the river development, and this article is too limited to include all, have passed away, in so far as the writer knows. Capt. Geo. A. Johnson, A. D. Johnson, A. S. Wilcox, Isaac Polhamus, Steve Thorne, D. C. Robinson, John A. Mellen, D. J. Colson, Henry Stevens, John Dow, Chas. H. Brimley, Jas. A. Finley, Capt. C. W. Meeden, Frank Townsend, Joe Godfrey, Ben Christie, Charlie LeRoy, John W. Dorrington, Louis J. F. Iager, David Neahr, McAfee, Manny, Lowe—these men were superintendents, engineers and agents. There was also Sam Ames, the up-river agent, and many others whose names I do not recall. Living in that early period was not luxurious. Beans, hardtack and bacon was the regular fare. This hot climate was too much for perishable food-stuffs. Butter and milk was out of the question; Irish potatoes a rarity—nothing of farm products produced in the nearby region. Occasionally a team would go *inside* to Los Angeles. That was the term we all used when anyone went to California. It was really *outside*. Upon returning, we brought such things as Southern California markets afforded, and that was not much more than we had at home.

It is strange what an infatuation the desert had for its denizens, once permanently planted they just get rooted to the soil and cannot get loose. Misery loves company, it is said, and that may account for some of it. The writer, the only relic of the earlier day, still feels

the attraction of the desert sun. The sun moves the planets, the tides of the ocean and is THE LIFE. We all worship at the shrine of the great Orb of Day, and are gloomy when his face is hidden by clouds.

Supplementary Notes by E. D. Tuttle

When Arizona was organized in 1863, its boundaries were not the same as now. In 1871, that part lying on the west side of the river Colorado in the northwest afterwards included in Pah Ute County, was taken from Arizona and annexed to the state of Nevada. The strip of territory lying on the east side of the river Colorado below the mouth of the Gila, which was included in California according to its southern boundary as described in the Act of Admission to the Union as a state in 1850, was by Congress taken from California jurisdiction and added to Arizona about 1870 or 1871. I find no mention made of the transfer in any of the books or histories of Arizona. As that strip had been the source of much controversy up to that transfer, to Arizona, is my reason for referring to it here. The southern boundary line of California as described in the Act of Admission, "commenced at the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers; thence in direct line to the mouth of the Tia Juana river at the Pacific Ocean." The Colorado at its junction with the Gila turns a little northwesterly for about ten miles, where it again turns in its general southern trend to the Gulf of California.

The direct line as described cut right through the city of Yuma, leaving a strip between the line and the river down to the Algodones, where the river turned south and crossed the line and again became the line between Baja California and the Gadsden Purchase, afterwards New Mexico and later Arizona. The buildings of the Colorado Steam Navigation Company were in this strip, the U. S. Quartermaster's depot, several stores and residences also. The property was assessed, and boats were registered in San Diego County. People in the strip voted in San Diego County also. When Arizona Territory enacted her laws and appointed county officers in 1864, Yuma County levied taxes, issued licenses and claimed jurisdiction of her courts in this strip. The residents in the strip continued to pay taxes and vote in San Diego County, refusing Yuma county claims. Fi-

nally, Major Macus D. Dobbins, District Attorney of Yuma county, brought suit vs. The Col. Steam Nav. Co. in 1869. The company filed an answer and a demurrer and its attorneys referred the matter to Hon. J. O. Hamilton, Attorney General of California, who presented the matter at Washington, which resulted in giving Arizona full jurisdiction in all powers of government. I never knew what proceedings were had in settlement. It would be interesting to the present generation to know.

It is probable that no one in authority knew in 1850 of the freak bend in the Colorado to the northwest, when the congress fixed California's boundaries. The boundary line between Mexico and the Gadsden Purchase was surveyed several years after the treaty and the true situation known. The misfortune of it all is, that our commissioner, Mr. Gadsden, did not stand for a line that would have given Arizona a port at the head of the gulf. It would have only taken in Mexican territory entirely uninhabited at that time and has remained so to the present, and would have relieved the improvement of the river of some of its complications.

In 1867, Yuma was made a Port of Entry and Mr. R. B. Kelly came from Chicago as Deputy Collector of Customs. This added to the troubles of the transportation company, as the boats received their cargoes in Mexico and passed through foreign territory to reach Yuma. Consequently the collector must be furnished by the company manifests of cargo upon arrival of each boat and take out clearance when leaving for the mouth of the river. As no foreign importations were made, there were no duties to be paid. The collector's duties were light, to see no smuggling was allowed, to draw his salary and make quarterly reports. There was never any Mexican Customs Officials at the gulf or the line. In those early years some smuggling was reported along the Texas, New Mexico and Arizona line to the east, but not on the river line.

The Indian tribes inhabiting the Colorado River Valley, at the time American occupation began, were distributed, commencing at its mouth, about as follows: The "Cocopahs" around the head of the Gulf and fifty miles above, in Lower California, ranging over the lower Imperial Valley and Cocopah Mountains. The "Yumas" occupied the country next above up to the Chimney

Peaks (or Picachos) fifty miles above the mouth of the Gila river; living mostly on the California side where the present Yuma Indian Reservation is. The "Chemahuaves" occupied the California side above in what is known as the Chemahuave Valley, or Palo Verde Valley, ranging over the Mohave desert to the west to the Mohave River country. They were not very numerous. The "Ah-moke-haves" (their original and proper name) now known as "Mohaves," occupied the country on the Arizona side from the Yuma country, now the Colorado Indian Reservation and both sides of the river up to Cottonwood Island, which is about thirty miles above Fort Mohave; now become the Mohave Indian School. Their principal home is the Mohave Valley, which occupies sixty miles of the river above The Needles, which are sharp points of rocks where the river cuts through the mountain range. These sharp rock pinnacles are high and very conspicuous. The valley is several miles broad, mostly on the Arizona side, and contains much arable land. The Mohaves and Yumas speak the same language and have the same customs and physical appearance, being tall, muscular and well developed with handsome features, and of a light copper color. They differ from the Cocopahs, who are smaller, darker and with a different language, which is said to be the same as the Apache language, which they resemble. The "Pah-Utes" occupy the river above the Mohaves up to the Grand Canyon. Their range is extensive, covering all the desert country to the north and west in California and Nevada and Southern Utah. The "Wallipais" occupy the Grand Canyon and to the south to Bill Williams River. Their country is mountainous and elevated, cool and salubrious in climate and rich in mineral and nutritious grasses; wooded with cedar and juniper.

The Colorado and its tributaries drains one of the richest mineral regions on the American Continent. The value of its water when diverted to the use of agriculture can hardly be computed; but its greatest benefits will be derived from the power in its never failing waters, as they drop to the lower valleys; developed at its various levels by dams, and applied to the multifarious uses of modern civilized life. The power, which probably when fully realized will exceed ten Niagaras, will require much time and vast capital. The latter is avail-

able at any moment; but time when lost is gone forever. Let there be no unnecessary delay in initiating the work. United we stand, divided we fall. Unity moves mountains; wrangling and division halts at a mole hill.

In referring to the original and proper name of the Mohaves I have as my authority the statement of the Indians—"Ah-moke" is "Three" in their language and the present tribe was formed by uniting three branches called "Haves"; therefore: Ah-moke-Haves (3 Haves).

EXPERIENCES OF A PIONEER ARIZONA WOMAN

(By Sarah Butler York)

I have been asked to give you some sketches of my pioneer life, and if you will excuse a simple story told in a simple way, I will try to give you a few of the experiences which came to us: first on the long journey from Missouri to New Mexico; second, on the trip from New Mexico to Arizona, and others during our life on the cattle ranch on the Gila River, twenty miles south of Clifton, Arizona.

In the spring of 1873, a party of sixteen persons, four women, seven men and five children, started from the central part of Missouri to find homes in the far west; all were hoping to better their fortunes, and a few, including myself, were seeking health; some kind neighbors advised my husband to put a spade in the wagon thinking it might be needed, but I was anxious to make the trial.

Our train consisted of covered wagons, drawn by oxen and a herd of cattle, driven by the younger men who were on horses. Our long, tedious journey required four months. You will realize that our progress was slow because all our possessions such as food, clothing, bedding, cooking utensils and tents were packed in the wagons, besides the women and children. Nine miles a day was the average distance we covered. Travelers now going over the same route at an average of fifty miles an hour will, no doubt, think of us with pity—but though slow we were sure. We were fortunate in regard to the weather as there was not much rain. On stormy nights the men did the cooking while the women and children remained in the wagons or tents, but we were usually so cramped from sitting all day we were glad to get out for exercise, if possible. After we reached the plains, wood for cooking was our greatest problem and it was some time before the women would consent to use a fire made of buffalo chips. Afterwards we made a joke of it, and would laugh to see some of the fastidious young men come into camp with a sack of chips on their shoulders; the old chips that had laid there for years through all kinds of weather certainly made a wonderful fire. By that time another party of

four men, driving a larger bunch of cattle, had joined us and we welcomed the addition, believing there was more safety in numbers. We could hear the prairie chickens most every morning and passed large herds of buffaloes at different times and saw many antelopes. Our men killed several antelopes and two buffaloes on the way and the fresh meat was very acceptable; however, I would not care for a diet of buffalo meat. One day they had wounded a large buffalo and chased it until it was very tired. Our camp happened to be in the way, so he came right through. The women and children took refuge in the wagons, much disturbed over the uninvited guest. The work that has been done to preserve the buffaloes reminds me of what I saw when we touched at one point in Western Kansas. The Union Pacific Railroad, sportsmen on board the trains had shot the buffaloes down until they lay by the hundreds, and were left to decay without even removing the skins. It was pitiful to see an act of such vandalism.

When we came through the Sioux and Fox Indian Reservations in Western Kansas one of the men missed his dog. After we were camped he went back to look for it, but was unsuccessful, but when he became angry and drew his revolver the Indians took him into a tepee where the dog was tied; no doubt they were preparing to have a feast of dog meat.

The government had built good stone houses of two rooms for these Indians, but they would not use them and were living in ragged tepees nearby. They had used the floors and the window and door casings for fires.

We saw many Indians, but no hostiles, although we had been warned before starting not to cross the Arkansas River. I was fortunate in being the first to see the mountains, which to me was a glorious sight, as it was just at sunrise. None of the party had seen a mountain and all were very much excited with our first view of the Rockies in Colorado; we rejoiced, too, that we were nearing the promised land, and a land of promise it indeed proved to most of us. Some felt they were too far from civilization and returned to the old home, but the families remained and prospered. It was a rough life, living in log cabins with dirt roofs, forty miles from a post office or supplies. An ox team was our only

means of travel and yet we were gloriously full of life and health. We had lived at this beautiful place at the foot of the Rocky mountains three years when we learned that we were on the old Maxwell Grant and could get no title to the land. We had read of the possibilities of the Gila Valley, pronounced with a hard G, of course, so my husband decided to come still farther west and left us in the spring of 1877. In October of the same year he made arrangements with a Mr. Chandler, who owned and operated a large ox train, to bring us a distance of five or six hundred miles; so with my two little daughters of eleven and six years and a baby girl fourteen months, we boarded an ox train, which consisted of sixteen immense wagons, each drawn by ten or twelve yoke of oxen. The one provided for us was a good sized spring wagon with bows and canvas cover, trailed behind the last wagon. In this we carried our clothes and bedding; the bed was rolled up in the back of the wagon during the day; at night we spread it in the bottom and made a fairly comfortable bed. The man who owned the train promised to make the trip in six weeks, but on account of having poor oxen and encountering stormy weather, we were almost three months on the way. Some nights the oxen would wander so far they could not be found in time to move on next day and we would be compelled to remain in camp much against our will, for when we were moving, even if it were ever so little, we felt we were drawing nearer the end of our journey. The drivers were all Mexicans. After camp was made at night and the teams were turned loose a large fire was built for the men, and a smaller was made near our wagon. The provisions and cooking utensils were brought to my wagon as, unless it was very cold or snowing, I did my own cooking. In case of stormy weather food was brought to us. If there was snow the men would scrape it off, cut pine boughs and build a wind break, then we would wrap up and sit out by the fire. They were good to the children and would want to hold them. This would have been a rest for me, as I had to hold my baby all day to keep her from falling out of the wagon, but they were so filthy and infested with vermin I didn't dare allow them to help me, and as it was we did not entirely escape. We learned a few Mexican words, the alphabet and how to

count. Mr. Chandler said we were not to ask the meaning of their songs as we could enjoy them better not to know. Since we were so long on the road our provisions gave out and we had to use the same food provided for the Mexicans; beans, flour, coffee, bacon and dried fruit. One night we camped near a white family who were going in the opposite direction; the man had killed a bear and gave us some of the meat, which we enjoyed. These were the only white people I saw after leaving Albuquerque and we passed through no towns except little Mexican plazas.

Mr. Chandler had told us what route we would take and the towns we would pass through so I could get mail, but after he started he changed his route twice and I had not a line from anyone for almost three months. My people back in the old home, thinking we were at the mercy of half savages, as they judged the Mexicans to be, were very anxious, and my husband was anxious, too, although he had confidence in the man's promise to bring us through safely. Fortunately, we were perfectly well all the time. If any of us had been seriously ill nothing could have been done. One Mexican did die one night in the wagon next to ours. We heard him moaning and calling on God to help; it was bitterly cold and no one went to him. The next morning they seemed very much surprised to find him dead. We had to stay over one day so they could carry the body to a little plaza and lay it in consecrated ground. I thought it would have been more Christian to have taken care of him while he was alive.

The train moved so slowly we would take turns walking in good weather and could easily keep up with the wagons. The children gathered quantities of pinon nuts and in the evening the men helped to roast them. We passed many hours cracking and eating them as we moved along.

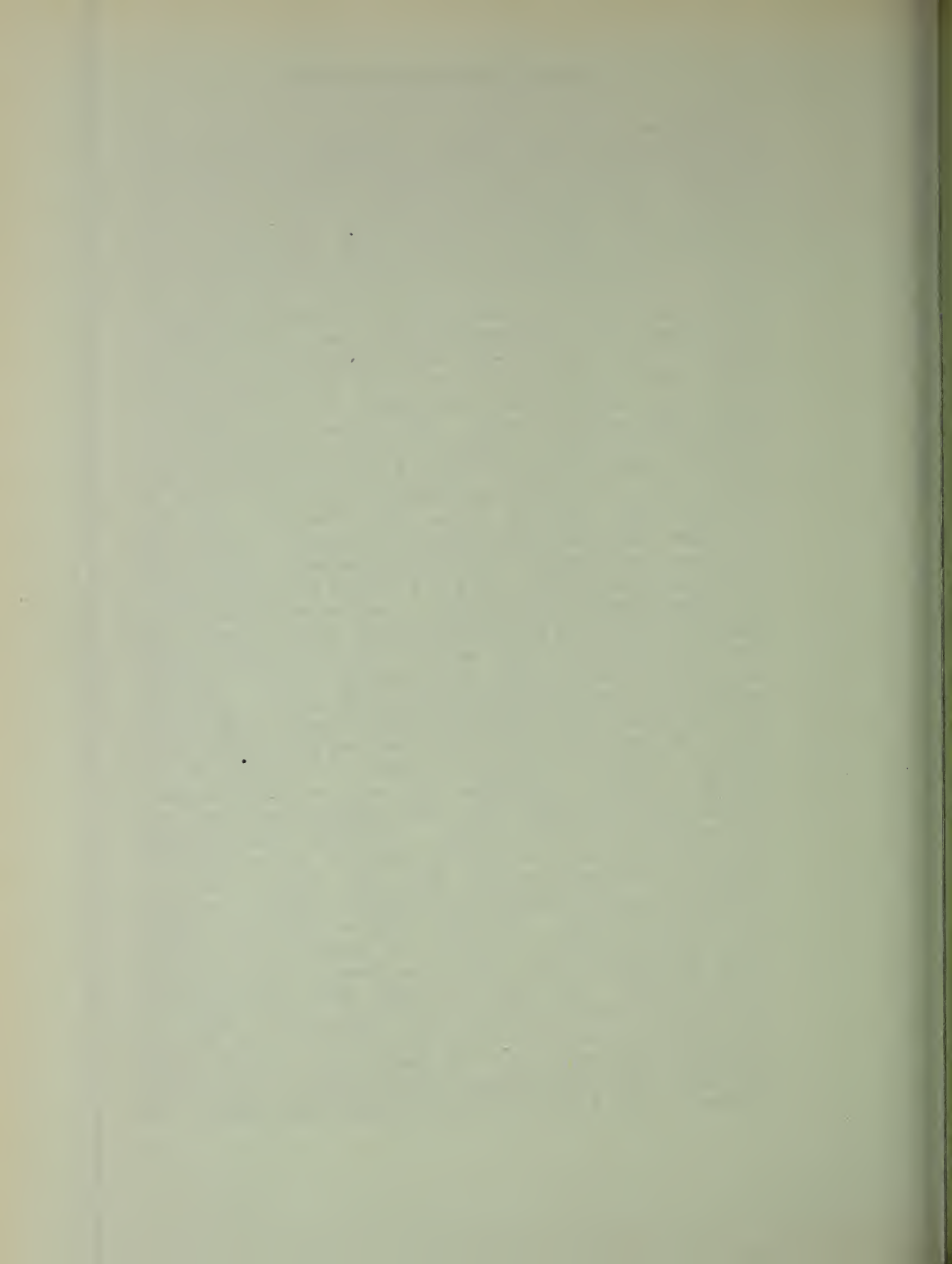
The first word I had from my husband was a note sent by some teamsters. This message reached me fifty miles out of Silver City. Two days afterwards he met us with a light wagon and a team of large mules. That was a joyful meeting and we gladly said goodbye to the plodding old oxen. It seemed that we were flying as we bowled along the last twenty-five miles to Silver City, where we arrived at six o'clock in the evening to

find our little adobe house all ready for us, even the wood was laid ready for a fire in the Mexican fireplace, built in one corner of the room. How good it was to feel a floor under our feet and to have a comfortable bed on which to rest! My husband was very proud to think I would undertake such a journey to be with him, but I told him to make the most of it for, knowing what it meant, I would never do it again, alone.

I have made other journeys equally as tiresome and dangerous, when one was afraid of Indians behind every tree or rock. If we were traveling by night we imagined every soap weed was an enemy running, but he was with us and told us never to look for an Indian, because he would always hear the shot first.

Silver City, where we arrived the last of December, 1877, was quite a small place then. It is the county seat of Grant County, New Mexico, and at that time the silver mines were in active operation. There were also many large and small cattle ranches and sheep herds scattered over the country and a number of small farms or ranches, as we call them in this western country. These were located in the valleys around and all were drawing their supplies from Silver City, which trading made the town a very flourishing and prosperous place. It is beautifully situated and has a fine climate. We remained in this place, where my husband was engineer in the smelter, for over two years, then he took a herd of cattle on shares from Harvey Whitehill, sheriff of the county, and moved them out on the Gila river only a few miles from the Arizona line. After the cattle were located he returned for the family and we again embarked in a wagon, but this time it was drawn by horses. We were only two days making the trip over the Continental Divide, through the Burro mountains by way of Knight's Ranch. There we saw the burned remains of a wagon, household goods and wearing apparel scattered about where the Indians had massacred a family a short time before. We passed over a long dry mesa to a crossing on the Gila and drove down the valley past a few scattered ranches to the cattle ranch where we were to live for a year in a Jacel house, made by setting posts close together in the ground and daubing them with mud. It had a dirt roof and floor. While we lived at this place I taught school in one of the rooms, having an

enrollment of nine children, including my two. With the proceeds of this venture I bought my first sewing machine. After a year we moved fourteen miles down the river into Arizona and settled on government land, which is now called York Flat. There were a few shacks on the place, and my husband soon had built a large adobe house with shingle roof, windows and floors which were a real luxury. Here we felt at home once more. Our house was a stopping place for travelers going from the railroad at Lordsburg to Clifton and the Longfellow Mines, which were owned and controlled by the Lesinskys. We entertained a number of interesting people; men who would be welcome guests in any society and more than welcome to us. They were very cordial and friendly and made an effort to give us the news of the outside world. Some of those I like to remember were Colonel Lee and Governor Sheldon, of Santa Fe; H. W. Lawton, Gen. John A. Logan, the Churches, who were the first owners of the mines at Morenci; many army officers, and Archibald Clavering Gunter, a story writer, who wrote profusely. One of his most interesting stories is "Miss Nobody of Nowhere," a rather exciting story of Indian troubles in the neighborhood of the ranch. The Indians were hostile and made a raid somewhere through the country twice a year, in the spring and fall when the grass and water was plentiful for their ponies. One time all the settlers got together about twenty miles up the river, making the trip at night because the Indians never attack at night or during a storm. We stayed at that ranch a week; sometimes the men would fill gunny sacks with sand and pack the windows half way and we would stay at the ranch. At other times everyone fortified at Duncan and on this occasion the cowboys followed the Indians several days and pressed them so closely a squaw dropped her papoose which was strapped in the basket. The baby was so filthy the women had trouble getting it clean. A family named Adams took the child, a boy, and as he grew he developed the Indian traits. He was very cruel with other children and often struck at them with a hammer or rock. At one time he slashed a little boy with a knife, but was caught before the boy was badly hurt. The Indians traveled fast, only stopping long enough to run off the horses or kill a beef or human being they found. I do



not remember them ever attacking a house, for the Apache Indians are great cowards and never fight in the open. A rattlesnake is a more honest enemy, because he, at least, warns one before striking. At one time five hundred Indians passed the ranch and, as it was round-up time, they killed a good many cattle and one man in sight of the house and two others a few miles above. Another time we heard the shot that killed a young man who had been at the ranch an hour before, playing croquet. There are many other incidents I could mention, but will not at this time.

If the men were late coming in from their rides after the cattle I was very uneasy and could not rest. My husband would scoldingly say that he always trailed a cow until he found her, and that I must get used to his being away. I often told him the day might come when he would wish I would become uneasy and send men to hunt him. This proved true, for if I had known it was Indians instead of rustlers who had stolen our horses three years later I would have sent men to his relief and he would not have been ambushed and killed.

After my husband's death I was compelled to remain at the ranch, as all we had was there. With the five children, the oldest sixteen and the youngest eight months, I went through many rough and dangerous experiences. The children's education was a serious problem. I tried taking them to California, but things went wrong at the ranch and I was sent for. I brought with me a young lady teacher, who stayed with us two years and took entire charge of the children; then we had another teacher for the same length of time. Altogether we had four and this arrangement proved much more satisfactory than sending them away from home.

Many things crowd into my mind, but I shall bring my story to a close by saying to you dear young people, who are starting out in life and are feeling, sometimes, that you are having many hardships to contend with in these rough mining camps, that if you just stop and think how much better you are situated than we of the earlier days were, you will have very much to be appreciative and thankful for.

SARAH BUTLER YORK.

720 Westlake Ave.,
Los Angeles, Calif.
Dec. 15, 1923.

PETE KITCHEN—ARIZONA PIONEER RIFLEMAN AND RANCHMAN

By FRANK C. LOCKWOOD
Dean of the College of Liberal Arts
University of Arizona

Pete Kitchen was the connecting link between savagery and civilization in Arizona. He was a rough charcoal sketch of a civilized man. He came to Arizona in 1854, and farmed rich, broad acres on Potrero Creek, near its junction with the Santa Cruz. During the bloodiest days of Indian warfare his name was a household word among the white settlers, and to the wild Apache he was "more terrible than any army with banners."

His hacienda, situated on the summit of a rocky hillock overlooking the valley in every direction, was as much a fort as a ranch-house. On their raids through the valley the Apaches passed by it both coming and going. Kitchen was almost the last settler to hang on after the withdrawal of the troops in 1861. His ranch was the safest point between Tucson and Magdalena, Sonora, and during the darkest days of Apache warfare miners, settlers and travelers made it a sort of rallying point. Thomas Casanega, who lived on a nearby ranch in the early days, and who married a niece of Pete Kitchen, tells with sincerity that there were more men killed between Potrero and Magdalena than in all the rest of the Apache territory; that so many men lost their lives between these two points that if their bodies were laid side by side like railroad ties they would make a track from Nogales to Potrero.

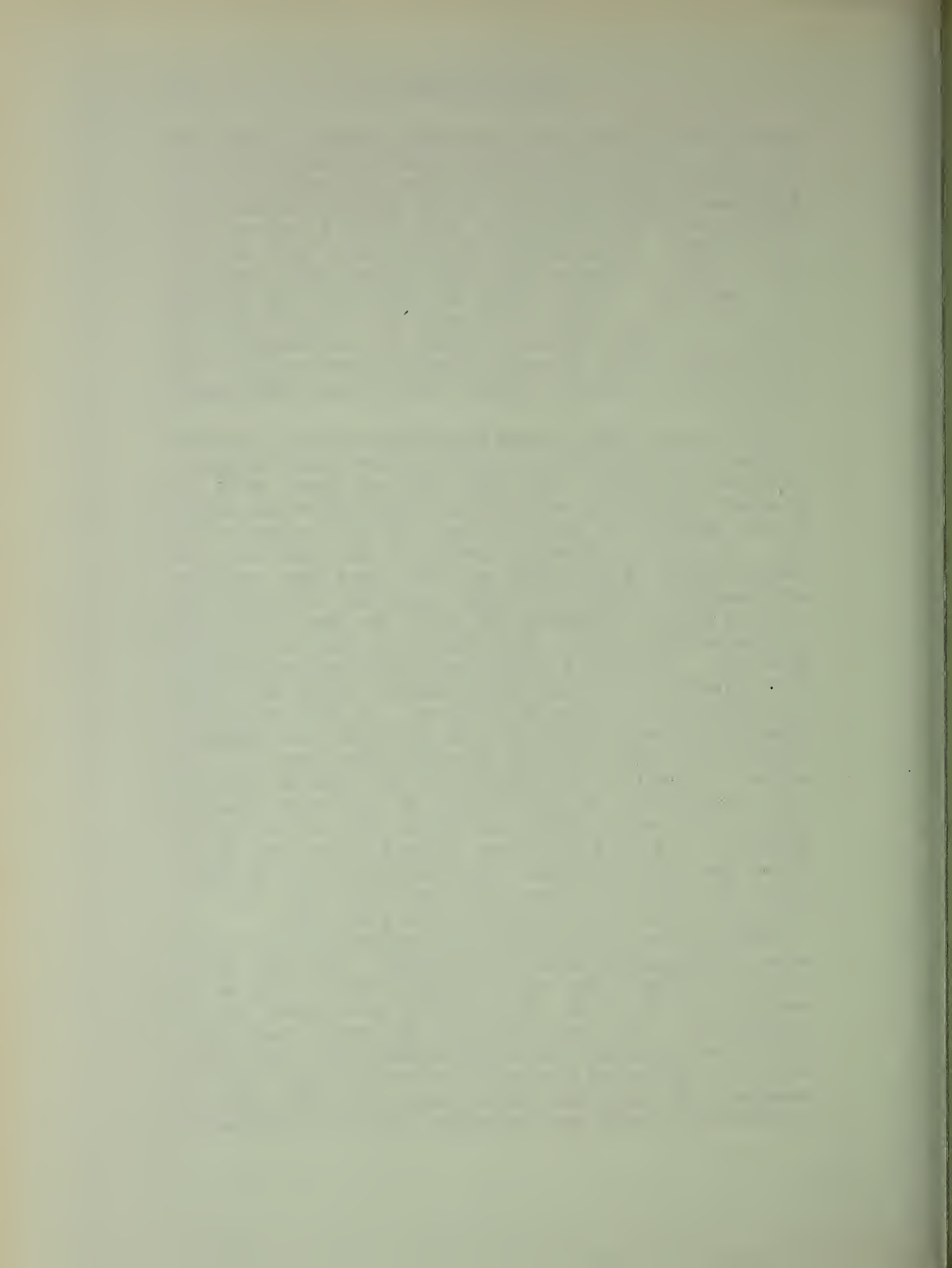
The flat roof of Kitchen's adobe ranch-house was surrounded by a parapet three or four feet high, and a sentinel was constantly posted here to sound the alarm in case of attack. There was also always an armed sentinel posted in the cienega with the stock. In case of a sudden attack, the guard would discharge his gun as a signal to the Indian and Mexican workmen in the fields below. Pete, or his wife, Dona Rosa, would gather up the guns from the corners and wall-racks and lay them out ready for use. Dona Rosa became so expert that in case of necessity she was able to carry on the business alone. When the alarm was sounded, she tied her skirts



around her to make them look like trousers, seized her gun, and with the help of the Oyata Indians, who were employed to fight as well as to farm, she would give the Apaches a reception as hot as her Mexican dishes. Pete Kitchen was the only settler whom the Apaches could not dislodge. They made raid after raid, and shot his pigs so full of arrows that they looked like "walking pin cushions." They killed or drove out his bravest neighbors; they killed his herder and slaughtered his stepson, but Pete Kitchen fought on undaunted. His name struck terror to every Apache heart, and, at last, finding that he was too tough a nut to crack, they passed him by.

The tragedy that rocked the Kitchen family was the murder of an adopted son, about twelve years of age—Crandal by name. One day the boy went with the Mexican laborers to work in the field below the house, to the south. He grew drowsy and fell asleep in the hay. A band of Apaches rushed on the Mexicans and began firing. Pete heard one shot, and then another, and another. When the fight began the Mexicans ran for the house, forgetting all about the boy. He woke up just as the Indians were upon him, and the savages shot him. Pete had a number of Oyata Indians at work in the field to the west of the house. When the alarm was given they came in at once. At this instant an Apache lookout, posted behind a boulder six hundred yards to the east, on the opposite ridge, rose up and waved a signal to the Apaches in the field to hurry. Pete drew down on this Indian in the brief moment that he exposed himself and killed him at that great distance. He said he drew a bead about six inches above the Apache's head. The bullet pierced his body. After the fight was over, Kitchen went with some of his men and buried the Indian where he fell.

Many stories are told about the old ranchman's alertness, marksmanship and cool courage. He was never caught napping. He was as ready with his gun as he was sure of his mark. The Indians were never able to ambush him. He never traveled the same road twice. He was a generous and companionable man, but there was a certain grim jocularity in his dealings with his enemies. He was once riding along the road, through greasewood, cactus and mesquite, with his double-bar-



reled shotgun thrown across his saddle-bow, when he thought he saw a slight stirring of the bushes in front of him a little way to the right. Swinging his gun very quietly into position for use, he rode steadily toward the bush. Just before he reached it, a man leaped suddenly into view with his revolver drawn and called:

"Throw up your hands!"

Instantly, with both barrels of his gun cocked, Pete covered the fellow and said:

"Throw up YOUR hands!"

The man dropped his weapon to the ground, threw up his hands, and yelled:

"Don't shoot, Pete! I wasn't going to kill you; I was only going to rob you!"

"Just what I was going to do to you," said Pete. "Shell out!"

The fellow did so, but the amount produced was only thirty-five cents. Pete threw him two-bits, and said:

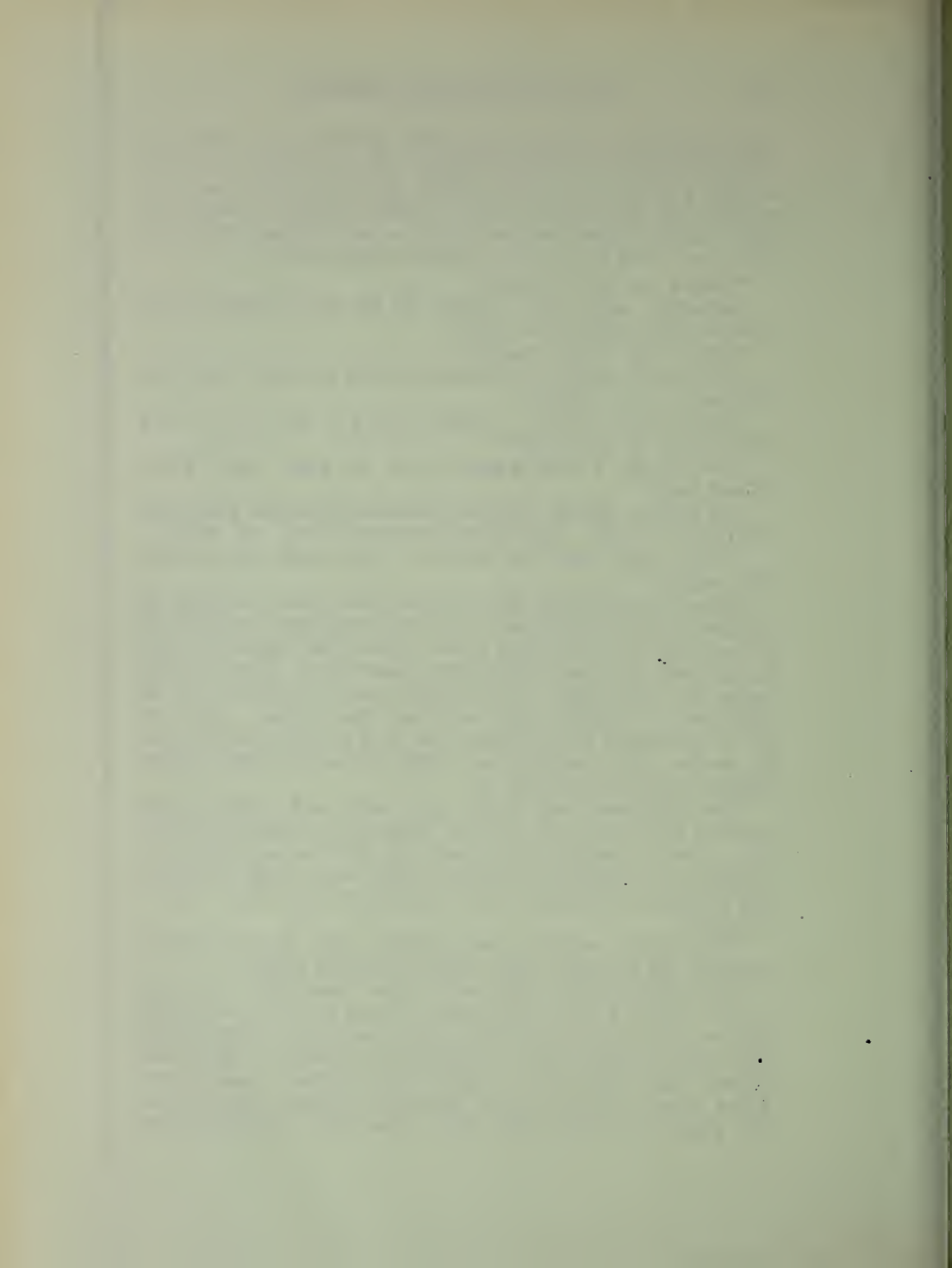
"Now, clear out, and never let me catch you around here again."

Some bandits from Sonora once stole two or three of Kitchen's favorite horses. He took up their trail while it was still hot, followed them across the line and, pursuing them day and night for about three days, at last came up with them. He killed one, one fled, and he captured the third, and recovered the horses. As soon as he recrossed the Arizona line and could safely do so, he made camp so that he could get some sleep, being almost dead for lack of it.

The prisoner, tied hand and foot, and with a rope around his neck, was left on horseback under the limb of a tree to which the other end of the rope was attached. In telling this story, Pete was wont to punch his listener in the ribs with his thumb and say, with a chuckle:

"You know, while I was asleep, that damned horse walked off and left that fellow hanging there."

Pete Kitchen had his own little "boothill." It was just in front of the ranchhouse, where the railroad track is now. Here the dead of his own hacienda were buried and, also, outlaws and desperadoes whom he shot and killed. He hung two bandits and buried them there. Dona Rosa, being a good Catholic, burned candles on the graves of these bad men, who had fought their



right, had finished their course, and with their boots on had been sent to their reward by the strong right arm of her husband.

About 1880, John MacArthur, the youngest scion of the famous MacArthur family, was rendezvousing at Pete Kitchen's ranch and enjoying large luscious slices of the wild Southwest. He was, perhaps, causing his father and the older brothers some anxiety at this time. The MacArthurs were the builders of the Suez Canal, and were well known for other very large contracts that they had successfully put through. John was trying to get his brothers to buy Kitchen's share in the Pajarita Mining Company, and Archibald, James and William had come out to look over the property—and, incidentally to make sure that their youthful brother did not get into mischief. They were being entertained royally by Pete. He took them on hunting trips, fed them on wild turkey and choice ham and bacon, and took them on expeditions into the mountains. They were like boys out of school. John was supposed to have taken on some of Pete Kitchen's skill with a gun, and one day in the yard at the ranch each one was boasting and showing off his skill with firearms. One of the brothers put a little stone on a watermelon. The brothers from Chicago challenged Arizona John to shoot it off. There was much swaggering and boasting, but the stone remained untouched. At last the older brothers' turn came, and with a great pose and a flourish of his .32, he said:

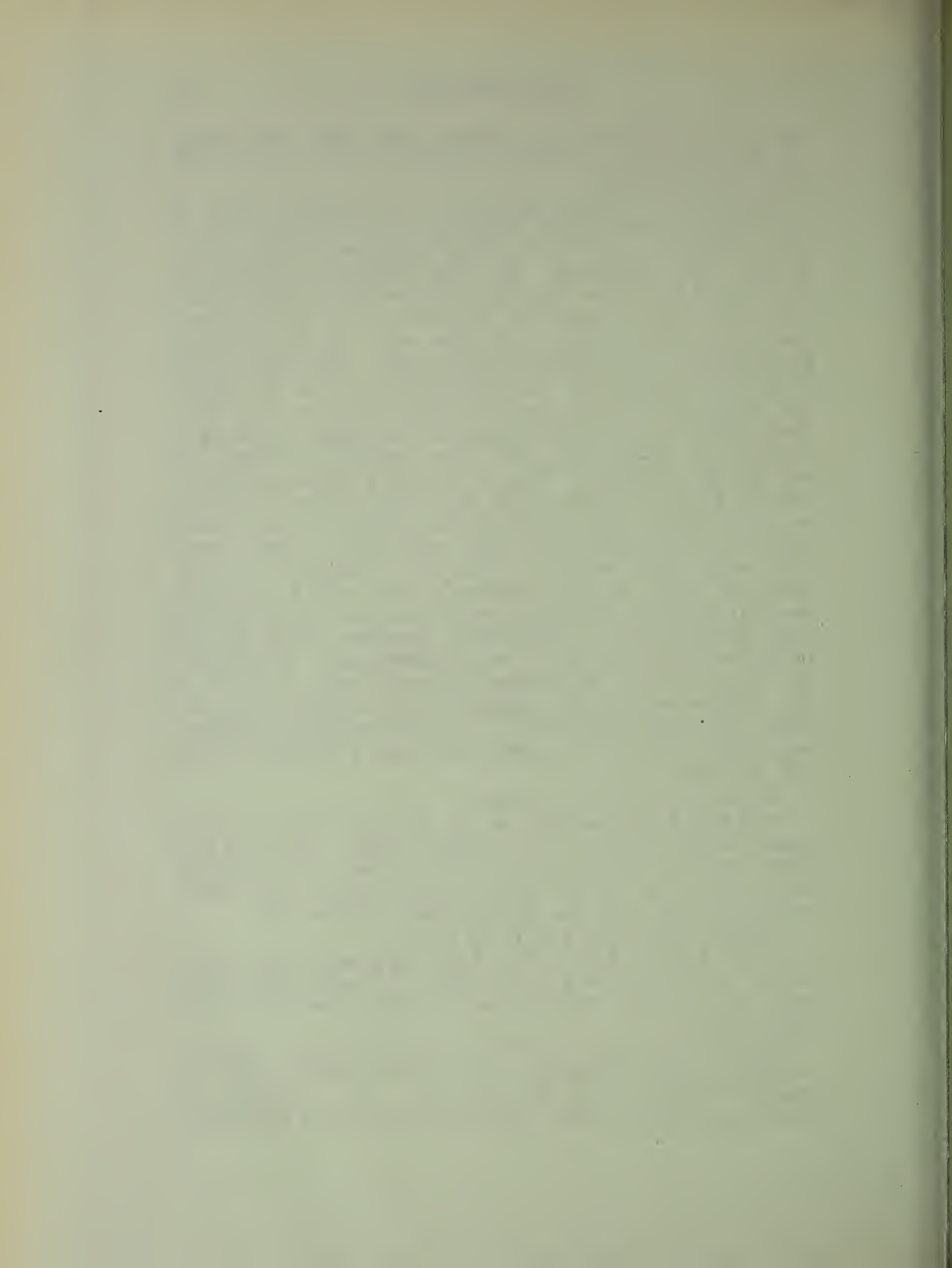
"I'll show you how to shoot!"

Pete had been standing in the doorway of the ranch-house some distance off watching them. Just as the older brother waved his gun, like a flash, Pete reached behind the door and seized his rifle. Bang! The stone was shattered, and the quick-witted brother said:

"There, that's the way to do it!"

None of them knew what had happened until Rock-fellow told the Chicago brothers. It was some days later before they made known to John just what had taken place.

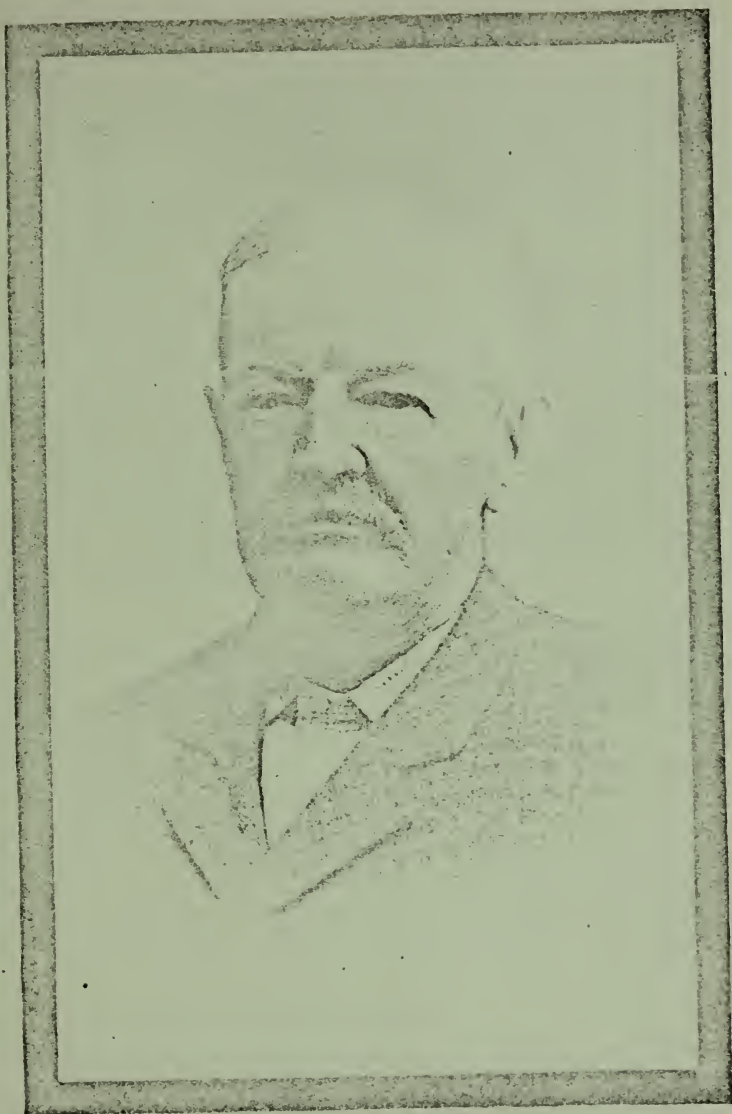
Kitchen's hacienda was like a feudal estate. His immediate family consisted of ten members—made up mostly of nieces of his Mexican wife. He was kind and generous to these girls, caring for them and educating



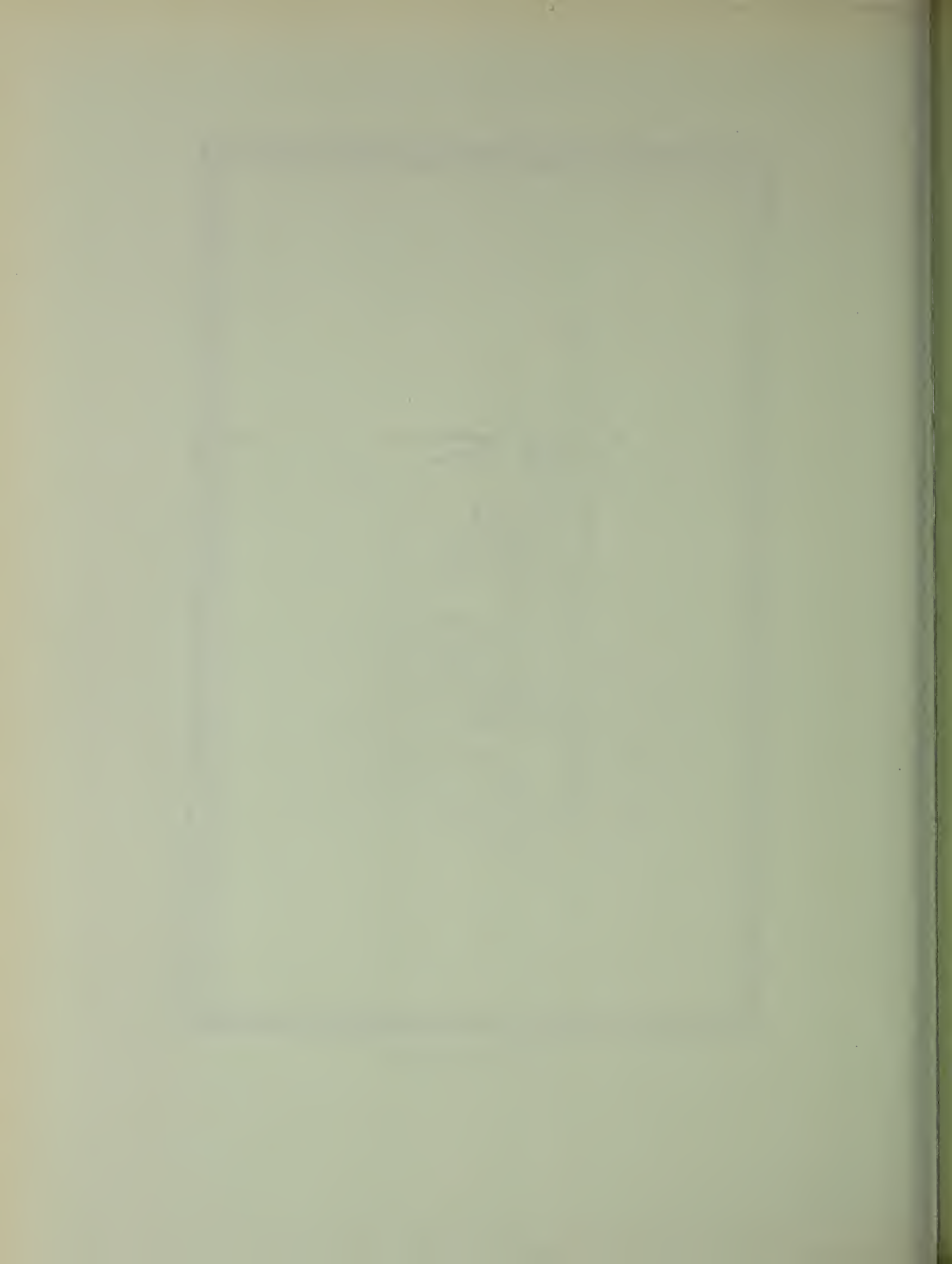
them as if they were his own children. He took delight on coming home from Tucson, where he went at long intervals to market his produce, in distributing candy, toys and various other gimcracks to the children of the establishment. He was hospitable and kept open house. All travelers were welcome, and his friends could not come too often or stay too long. We get a close-up view of life on the Kitchen ranch from John G. Bourke, in his excellent book, "With Crook On the Border." "The traveler was made to feel perfectly at ease. If food were not already on the fire, some of the women set about the preparation of the savory and spicy stews for which the Mexicans are deservedly famous, and others kneaded the dough and patted into shape the paper-like tortillas with which to eat the juicy frijoles or dip up the tempting Chile Colorado. There were women carding, spinning, sewing—doing the thousand and one duties of domestic life in a great ranch that had its own blacksmith, saddler and wagonmaker, and all other officials needed to keep the machinery running smoothly." In addition to the band of Opata Indians who were employed to work and fight, there were a good many Mexican workmen on the estate, some of them with families. Pete Kitchen had his own commissariat, and issued all necessary supplies to his own people, and, in case of need, to travelers.

His ranch took in about a thousand acres of rich bottom land, and he raised large crops of grain, potatoes, cabbages, and an abundance of fruit and melons. He had a great many cattle, and his particular delight was a drove of several hundred fine hogs. He prepared large quantities of ham and bacon of delicious quality. This was his specialty, before the advent of the railroad. The Tucson stores used to display signs, **Pete Kitchen's Ham**. The settlements all the way from Nogales to Silver City, New Mexico, were supplied with lard, bacon and ham from the Kitchen ranch. A personal item in the **Tucson Citizen**, of June 15, 1872, gives an idea of the extent of Pete Kitchen's prosperity at that time. He reported that his crops were all good; that he had in twenty acres of potatoes; that during the year he had cured fourteen thousand pounds of choice bacon and hams, and had marketed five thousand pounds of lard. These products brought him, on the average, thirty-five





PETE KITCHEN



cents a pound. He sold large quantities of potatoes in the Tucson market, as well as other produce of various kinds, so his cash income for the year must have been in the neighborhood of ten thousand dollars.

When the railroad came into Arizona he found competition so strong that he could not make money as of old; so he sold his ranch for a good round figure and moved to Tucson. Here he spent the remainder of his days—and all of his money. He was not adapted to the soft seductive ways of civilization in the "Old Pueblo." He was a free spender—generous and careless. He was not one to refuse aid to a friend in need. If a theatrical beauty pleased him he would shower the stage with silver dollars. He had too much leisure; was a good "mixer" and an exceedingly good fellow, and about the only way to display these good qualities was at the bar and the gaming table. He was in his glory at the Fiesta of St. Augustine, which was elaborately celebrated in Tucson in the early days. Few there were who did not take part in the revelry and gaming, and, as for Pete Kitchen, he patronized to the limit, with reckless hilarity, the roulette wheel and the faro table.

Pete Kitchen's word, and his note, were good anywhere. One of his old associates, Joe Wise, who is still living, tells that Pete came to him on the streets of Tucson one day and asked:

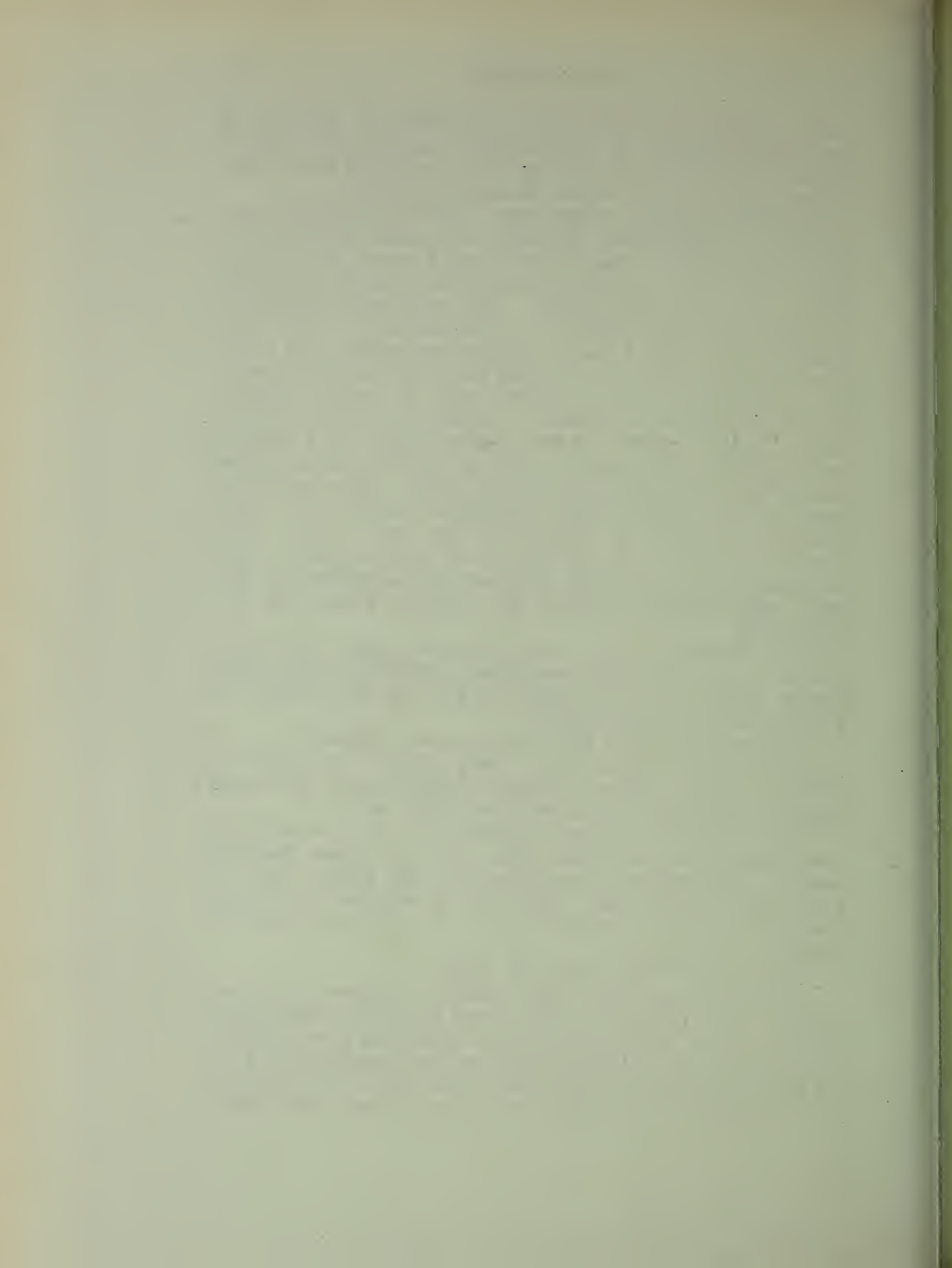
"Joe, can you lend me two hundred dollars?"

"Well, then," said Pete, "let's go to the bank together, borrow three hundred dollars, sign the note jointly, and divide the money between us."

"All right," his friend replied; "if we haven't the cash when the note comes due, I've got a few head of cattle in the canyons over there on my ranch that we can round up and sell. Will you be out there and help me find them and bring them in, if we can't meet the note?"

"I'll sure be there," was the reply.

When the note fell due neither of them had any money. The rancher had not seen Pete for a long time, and his ranch was about fifty miles distant from Tucson, in the region of Calabasas; but on the appointed day, as he was out looking for his steers, far off on the mesa he saw the figure of a solitary horseman riding in his direc-



tion. It proved to be Pete. He had spent the whole night on the road in order to be there on time. The cattle were rounded up and driven to market, and the note was paid the day it was due.

Kitchen still bought and sold cattle after he had disposed of his ranch. On one occasion he bought seven hundred head of Mexican cattle, and the vaqueros drove them from Sonora to Tucson to deliver them. The Mexican herders were very ignorant, and were afraid to take either checks or greenbacks in payment. They refused to take anything but gold coin. There was not enough gold in town to pay them; so, after he had discharged at them a volley of the most effective and picturesque oaths at his command, Pete sent to Los Angeles for the gold. Meanwhile, the Mexican cowboys waited and enjoyed the sights of the metropolis. When the gold came they were so ignorant that they could not count it.

"Here, you fools, I'll count it for you," said Pete.

When it was all counted, the chief herder put it into a bag, which he carried around with him everywhere on his shoulder. The fascinating Feast of Saint Augustine was in full blast by this time, and the Mexicans entered wholeheartedly into the festivities. But they found the bag of gold a very serious impediment. Seeing the predicament the fellow was in, Pete came to him and said:

"Here, give it to me, you fool! I'll give it to the Dona Rosa and she'll take care of it."

He took it to his house and threw it under the bed; and the Mexican came and got it when he was ready to go home.

Leading citizens of Arizona, now grown gray, tell with feeling of kind treatment at the hands of Pete Kitchen when they first came to the territory as raw young fellows seeking their fortunes. Jeff Milton was such a youth, and he tells this story:

"Pete Kitchen was a good friend, but a bitter enemy. One day in the Palace Saloon, of which Fred Maish was proprietor, Pete Kitchen was playing cards with some of his friends when a green young fellow from California, who had been looking on, asked if he could come into the game. They didn't want him in, but he insisted, so they let him take a hand. I was just looking on. The stranger was a poor sport, and as he was losing, he kicked up a rumpus. Finally he raised up



from his seat and began to pull a gun on Pete, who was unarmed. I just threw my gun across the table and covered him and said:

"Hold on! Wait a minute! You can't chew up that little old fellow!"

Pete sort of pushed back his chair and, as he started for the door, said to the fellow:

"I'll be back in a few minutes and talk it over with you."

I tried to quiet the fellow, but kept my gun on him. He was only a coward, and he whimpered:

"What are you going to do to me?" "What do you want to hurt me for?"

"I'm not going to hurt you; but do you know who that is you're trying to kill? That's Pete Kitchen, and you stand no more chance than a baby. You'd better drag."

By the time Pete had returned with his gun the young fellow had pulled his freight.

Pete Kitchen was about five feet nine or ten inches in height. He was spare, erect and physically fit, even when he was verging toward old age. His eyes were grayish blue, and he was of a florid complexion. He was quiet and inoffensive in manner—quite the opposite of the typical movie hero of today. He usually wore a broadbrimmed sombrero and, instead of an overcoat, a Mexican serape. His friends did not much enjoy going on a camping expedition with him, for he made too little provision for food and the ordinary camp comforts. He was hardy and more or less indifferent to hunger and cold himself, so on cattle drives and hunting or scouting expeditions his comrades sometimes found themselves almost freezing or starving. When he had failed to provide for his own comfort, he would on a cold night sometimes crawl under Rockfellow's blanket with him before morning. When he was an old man, he sometimes used to come over to the Stronghold to visit Rockfellow. One cold evening he started to walk to the Stronghold from Cochise Station. He had only his serape to keep him warm, and he got so tired and cold by the time he had gone half way that he stopped and built a campfire to warm himself. He got to Rock-

fellow's just as the family were at breakfast. The spot where he camped was always called "Camp Kitchen" after that.

When Mr. Rockfellow was in the neighborhood of Kitchen's ranch one day, long after the old man was dead—and forgotten so far as the younger generation was concerned—he met an old Mexican, and when he told him who he was, and mentioned the fact that he had once lived for a while on Pete Kitchen's ranch, the Mexican said with a pleased flash of recollection:

"Oh, Don Pedro, my valiente, muy bueno con rifle!"

Pete Kitchen was a man of no ordinary caliber. Apart from his force, resolution and general likeableness, he was a man of mark and originality. The MacArthurs, great men as they were, with a wide knowledge of men and big business, spoke of him as a man of power and character. They thought he was one of the ablest men they had ever met, and said that he would have made himself felt in Wall Street, or anywhere else that his lot might have been cast. He was the beau ideal of the border men of his day—brave, friendly, honest, and magnanimous but also profane, a regular drinker, and a diligent and delighted "knight of the green table." These were the virtues and these the frailties of his time. It was because he combined these good and bad qualities in frontier perfection that he was so famous and so honored. So his money melted away, and at the end he had little in store except an unblemished reputation for honesty, a host of generous friends and admirers and a pioneer record of hard and daring deeds well done.

INSPECTING HISTORIC MISSIONS

(By Billy Delbridge)

Dean F. C. Lockwood, of the University of Arizona, and Governor George W. P. Hunt have long been interested in preserving the old Spanish missions, established by Father Eusibio Francisco Kino over 200 years ago, and other historical relics in Arizona.

Realizing that public officials, and the people of Arizona and Sonora, must be impressed with the vital importance of saving the missions for their historical value, Dean Lockwood visioned a good road route that would connect the wonderful old missions, established by Father Kino in Northern Sonora and Southern Arizona. Governor Hunt decided to sponsor an exploration tour as the initial move to make the dream of the dean come true.

No tourist route could be more interesting or fascinating. It will give to the visitor a glimpse of the vanishing past, when civilization was started by Father Kino among the Indian tribes in this vast country, which was then unknown to the civilized world. It will pass through some of nature's marvelous scenic wonders of rugged mountains, fertile valleys and desert wastes. The quaint old adobe towns in Mexico, with their population of simple primitive people, is unlike anything in the United States. In Altar, as we looked at the tall palm trees in the distance, the long rows of adobe buildings and the narrow streets, Governor Hunt remarked: "This reminds me of Egypt; it is very interesting."

The party included Governor George W. P. Hunt, Mr. A. U. Martinez, Mexican Consul at Phoenix; Dean F. C. Lockwood, of the University of Arizona; Mr. D. E. Pettis, state game warden; Mr. George Hegi, of Buckeye; Harry Shea, the skillful skipper who steered the "Lnicoln," and the writer. Major George H. Kelly, state historian, was to have been one of the party, but was detained at the last moment.

Leaving Tucson at about eight o'clock on the morning of April 12, we drove nine miles over a good highway to San Xavier Mission. Prof. Bolton, in his "Spain in the West," quoting Father Kino, gives the following interesting facts concerning the first church built at this

place, but which was later destroyed by Indians: "On the twenty-eighth of April, 1700, we began the foundations of a very large and capacious church and house of San Xavier de Bac." That was 228 years ago. The book further states that Father Kino first visited Casa Grande in 1694. The present mission is a beautiful church built in the form of a cross, known as the Crusiform type or model. San Xavier and Magdalena are the two best preserved of all the missions.

From San Xavier we drove to Tumacacori. This old mission was established about the time of San Xavier, but religious services were held here as early as 1690. The building, while not so large as San Xavier, is a work of art and fast going to ruin. The site is eighteen miles from Nogales, on the main highway.

Before reaching Nogales, a delegation from the chamber of commerce, headed by President H. Ahumada, met our party and escorted us to the border. When we reached the portal a military band was playing, and Governor Tepete, of Sonora, with many prominent officials and a large gathering of people, were assembled to greet Governor Hunt and his delegation. An excellent luncheon was served at the International Club in honor of the occasion. Mr. Ahumada, president of the chamber of commerce, acted as toastmaster. Speeches were made by Governor Hunt, Governor Tepete, Dean Lockwood and other prominent citizens, present from both sides of the line.

Governor Hunt stated that he was glad to cooperate in this important movement to preserve the old missions and endeavor to connect them with a good highway. Dean Lockwood impressed upon the guests that Father Kino was entitled to great honor, not only as the man who established the missions, but as the man who really started civilization among the primitive Indians of this region, and he was the man who first brought into this country domestic animals and laid the foundation for the large cattle and sheep ranches of Arizona and Sonora of today. Governor Tepete stated that he realized the importance of preserving the old missions; the vital necessity of a good highway to connect the missions and other centers of population, and the imperative need of good schools to educate the rising generation in order to raise the standard of citizenship in Mexico. He said he



did not know where the money was coming from, but he was determined to raise the funds and build the road from Guaymas to Nogales, and the link connecting the missions, as outlined by Dean Lockwood and Governor Hunt. Mr. Martinez, Mexican Consul from Phoenix, acted as interpreter for speakers in both the English and Spanish languages.

After luncheon, Governor Tepete joined Governor Hunt and acted as host on the trip to Magdalena, which is sixty miles from Nogales. The first mission reached was at Imuris, established by Father Kino in 1687. It is fast going to ruin. About one-third of the west wall of the building has fallen in. The original roof has been replaced with one of corrugated iron. The building is about ninety feet long and the walls three feet thick, of adobe and some brick construction.

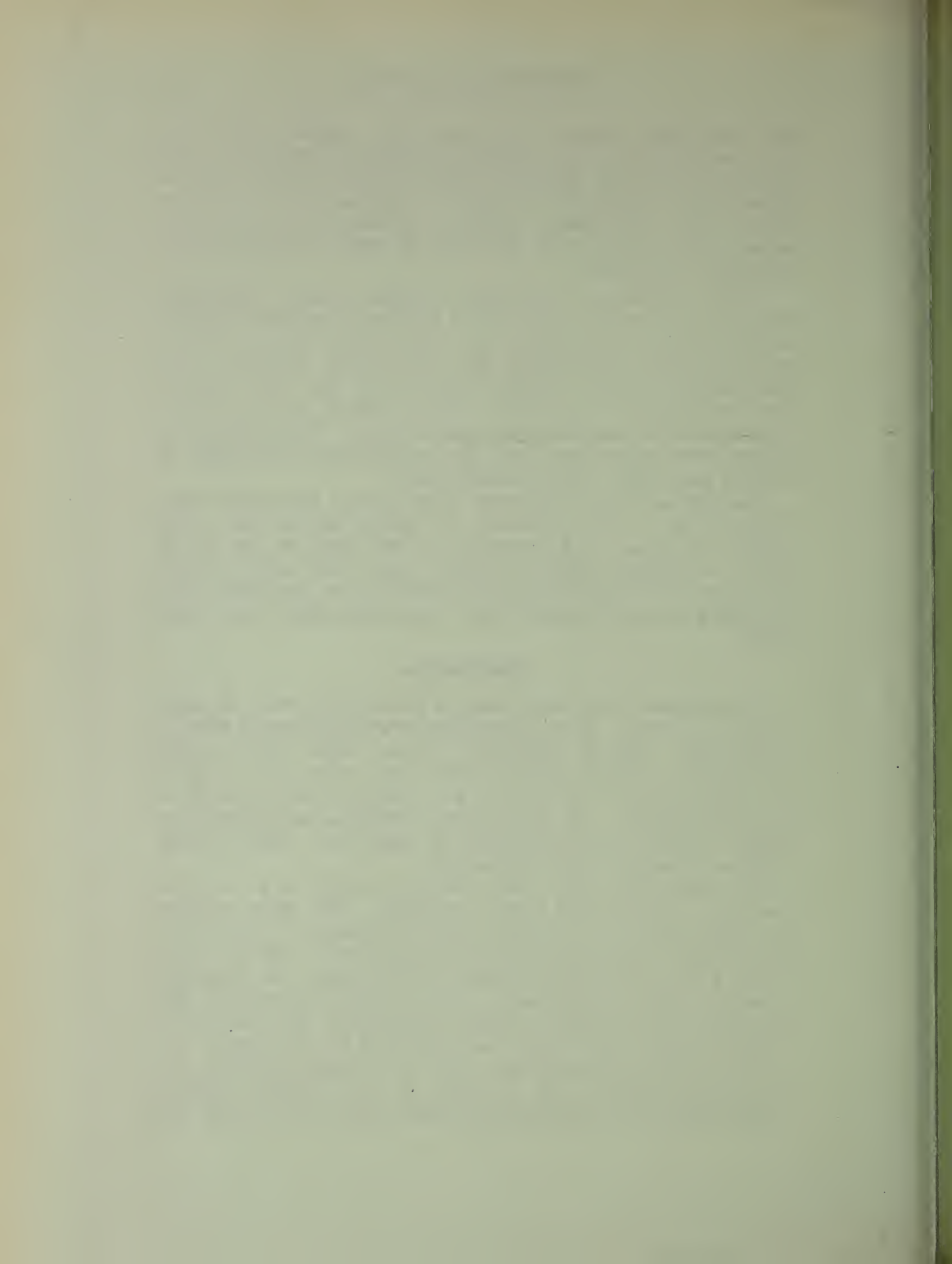
San Ignacio was the next stop, about ten miles from Magdalena. This building is better preserved. The walls are intact and services are still held in the building. A vaulted ceiling extends from the belfry tower, in front of the building, to the dome over the altar. The building is one hundred feet long and about forty feet wide.

Magdalena

Magdalena, our next stop, is the county-seat of Magdalena County. It is a very old town of about 7,000 inhabitants. Mayor Lorenzo Bordo, with six or seven prominent citizens, came about two miles out of town to meet the two governors and party, and escorted us into Magdalena. A most hearty welcome and every possible courtesy was extended to make our visit to Magdalena pleasant and agreeable.

We stopped at the Hotel Mexico, which is a very old two-story adobe and brick building. The town consists of long rows of one-story adobe buildings. There is a fine plaza, with a bandstand in the center. Many of the homes have beautiful patios in the rear and gorgeous flowers grow in profusion, all of which is entirely hidden from the stranger unless, perchance, he may be invited to enter and view the home and the grounds.

It is here at Magdalena that the image of Saint San Francisco Xavier lies in state in the Mission Church. The church was constructed about 1687, and is the best



preserved of all the missions established by Father Kino. This is accounted for by the fact that every year thousands of devout Catholics come from all parts of the United States and Mexico to worship the saint and bring presents of money, trinkets of gold and silver and many other things of value, all of which is donated to the church. Last year, 11,000 pesos were donated in this way, and some of the money is being used to renovate the building.

The Mission Dolores, erected in 1687, the first church built by Father Kino, was located forty-eight miles from Magdalena. The road is extremely rough and it is not expected that tourists will visit this point until a new highway is constructed. Dean Lockwood, Mr. Pettis and the writer made the trip in order that Dean Lockwood might obtain the necessary data for his work on the subject. We were escorted on the trip by Ygnacio S. Escobosa and Eduardo Leglen.

There is nothing left of the old Mission Dolores building. Francisco Pierra, an old man who has lived in the district all his life, was the only person we saw who knew the exact location of the church. He escorted us to the site and Dean Lockwood obtained a piece of brick from the foundation, which he brought back for the university museum.

On our return journey to Magdalena, we stopped at Cucurpe, a mission established long before Father Kino took charge of Pimeria Alta, which means the upper Pima Country. Cucurpe is situated on the north bank of the San Miguel River. The mission church was a beautiful building, erected on the summit of a hill, which affords a magnificent view of the mountains, the valley, and the little stream gleaming in the sunlight, as it winds its way through fields of grain.

What a contrast today and 230 years ago! The walls of cut stone, in front of the church, the winding stairs to the belfry, where old bells hang on rusty chains, the brick arches, still standing at the front entrance, the high-arched ceiling, the lofty dome above the altar, the massive walls, the beautiful carvings and faded paintings—all speak eloquently of the charm and beauty of the scene in this ideal spot when the mission buildings were completed. Today—all is ruins and desolation. It is well worth a few hours time of the tourist to visit

this historic spot, in order to view the crumbling handiwork of man and compare it with nature's rugged mountains and fertile valleys that stand today in all their grandeur—the same as when the white man first made his appearance among the native Indian tribes.

The population at one time is reported to have been about 7,000 or 8,000. There are now 500 or 600 residents. Cucurpe is in the center of a rich mineral belt that produced great wealth in the days of the padres.

From Magdalena, Governor Tepete was forced to return to Hermosillo Friday morning on an urgent call. Governor Hunt then proceeded to the Alamos Ranch, where a splendid lunch was served by Mr. Kibbey, owner of this great cattle ranch and farm. The home is a wonderland in the wilderness. It is equipped with electric lights and every modern convenience, including an ice plant. Ice is a great luxury in small towns in Mexico.

The next stop was at Tubutama, which is forty-eight miles from Magdalena. This is a wonderful old building, but gradually disintegrating, like most of the others. Some of the carvings and paintings still retain their beauty, after more than 200 years. From Tubutama to Altar, the next stop, is twenty-eight miles, where we arrived Friday evening and remained over-night. Mr. B. Rebeil, Mr. E. P. Serrano and Mr. J. A. Vilderain acted as a reception committee and extended every possible courtesy to the governor and his party.

Saturday morning they escorted us to Caborca, about fifteen miles from Altar. Caborca is one of the most beautiful, in architectural design, of all the chain of missions visited. There is still standing unimpaired, in a little room, a hammered copper baptismal fount, which is said to have been brought from Spain more than 200 years ago, and on the wall is a varved wooden image of Christ, said to have been imported at about the same time.

It was at this church that the famous fight took place in April, 1857, between the Crabb Filibustering Expedition and the Mexican defenders. There were about 150 men in the expedition and almost all were killed. The front of the church is spattered with bullet holes, as a result of the fight, which lasted six days. A wooden tablet, fastened to the front wall of the church, carries

an inscription, in Spanish, commemorating the event. Following is the translation in English:

INSCRIPTION.

"Humble homage of gratitude to perpetrate the memory of the defeat, inflicted by National forces and neighbors of this town, on the American Filibusters, the 6th Day of April, 1857. This Temple having been a fortress for the defenders of the Country of Caborca, Sonora."

The saddest and most deplorable sight of the tour was the wreckage caused by the flood waters of the river, which has undermined and carried away large sections of this priceless historical relic. Unless measures are taken very soon, to turn the current of the stream, the building will disappear and the monument be lost forever.

From Caborca we drove six miles to Pitiquito, which was the last mission visited. Acting-Mayor Antonio Lazarraza, Councilman Fidel Soto and Remigia U. Aguilar extended to Governor Hunt and party a warm and very cordial reception. They escorted us to the old mission, which is located on an elevation that affords an unobstructed view of the beautiful valley and the mountain range that adds picturesqueness to the scene. It was here, in 1695, that Father Saeta was killed by the Apaches. He was the first priest in this region to become a martyr in the performance of his religious duties. The church is fairly well preserved and has been repaired from time to time. We climbed to the top and viewed the old copper bells, but they are not the original bells installed.

Petiquito is only fifty-two miles from Libertad, on the gulf, where fishing parties enjoy most excellent sport.

From Pitiquito we returned to Altar and viewed the more modern church at this point. It is said that Father Kino erected an altar and planted two palm trees at this place before the Mission of Caborca was built and the place was named Altar on account of the Altar being located there.

The Altar district has wonderful possibilities of development. It is rich in placer gold, silver, copper, antimony and other minerals. A small smelter and con-

centrator is being erected at Pitiquito to handle custom ores. There is also an irrigation project being worked out by the Federal Government that will ultimately develop 100,000 acres of desert land around Altar. Surveys have been made and the project reported on favorably by government engineers. At present, there are no electric lights and no sewer system in Altar, but arrangements are being made to install electric lights. The building of good roads will enable mining companies to develop the mineral resources, and good roads will bring home-seekers to the farm lands, all of which will create a market for American farm and mining machinery, that will be supplied by business firms in Arizona.

The country, contiguous to the proposed mission loop tour, is in the richest mineral section and the richest farming and cattle section in Arizona and Sonora, and is the most attractive three-day scenic route in this part of the great southwest.

On Saturday night a reception was tendered to Governor Hunt and party at the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. B. Rebeil. Many people came to greet the governor and Dean Lockwood and assure them of their hearty cooperation in making the mission tourist circuit attractive.

We left Altar Sunday morning and reached the border port of entry at Sasabe, sixty miles north, about ten o'clock. The distance from Sasabe to Tucson is seventy-five or eighty miles, over a good standard Arizona highway. We arrived at Tucson at noon, in time for lunch.

It was the consensus of opinion and the hope of the party that Governor Tepete would build a standard highway from Nogales to Magdalena, then from Magdalena to Tubutama, thence to Altar, and from Altar to Ssaabe, on the border, to connect with the Tucson Highway, which is already completed from Sasabe to Tucson. An improved road from Altar to Caborca and Petiquito should be included.

The route outlined could be covered in three days and would undoubtedly bring thousands of tourists into Mexico, who have no conception of the colorful, romantic and historic past that may be glimpsed by a three-day tour into this interesting foreign country.

The missions to be seen are at Caborca, Tubutama, Magdalena, Ignacio, Imuris, Tumucacori and San Xavier.

Dean Lockwood suggested that the most desirable schedule would be to leave Tucson and go to Altar. Side trips to Caborca and Pitiquito, then back to Altar to stop over-night. Next night at Magdalena, and the third day back through Nogales and finishing at San Xavier, near Tucson. However, it is not material which missions are visited first or last. The night stops will be the same either way.

Florence, Arizona, April 24, 1928.

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An Obligation and a Duty

We of today in Arizona owe a debt of gratitude to those hardy spirits of a generation and more ago. They saw a vision in this once desert land. They faced great hardships. They conquered vast difficulties and started the development which we now enjoy.

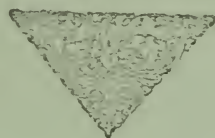
There is yet much to do in Arizona. May we carry on the work of the founders of this state, so that Arizona may come to that rich heritage which nature has in store for her.

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ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW

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Volume 1

OCTOBER, 1928

Number 3



STATE CAPITOL BUILDING



JOHN N. GOODWIN
First Governor of Arizona Territory
1863

Arizona Historical Data

The territory now included within the limits of Arizona was acquired by virtue of treaties concluded with Mexico in 1848 and in 1854. Previous to that time this country belonged to Mexico as a part of Sonora.

The act cutting Arizona away from the territory of New Mexico was passed by the United States congress and signed by President Abraham Lincoln on February 24, 1863.

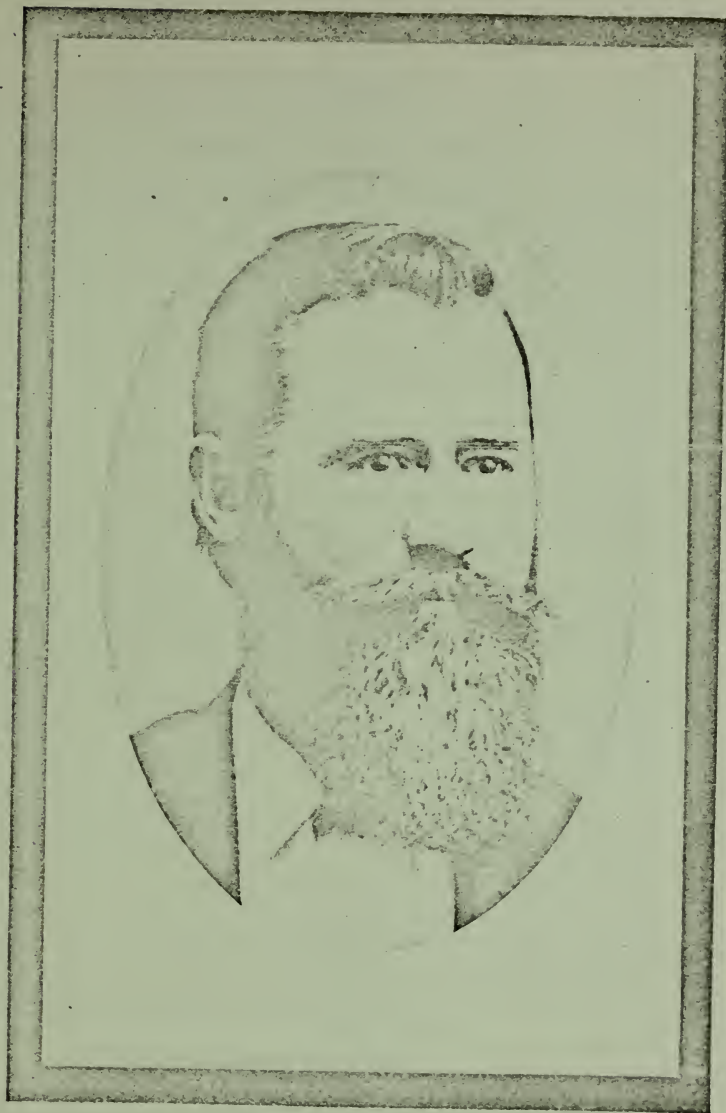
Governor John N. Goodwin and other territorial officials reached Navajo Springs, now in Navajo County, on December 29, 1863, where, on that date, the governor issued a proclamation inaugurating the territorial government.

The first Arizona territorial legislature was convened in Prescott, the temporary capital, September 26, 1864. Territorial capital located in Tucson, November 1, 1867, under an act of the legislature. The territorial capital was relocated at Prescott the first Monday in May, 1877. On February 4, 1889, the territorial capital was permanently located at Phoenix, where it has remained since.

Arizona became a state on February 14, 1912, by virtue of a congressional act passed in 1911.

The officers appointed by President Lincoln, who were responsible for the first Arizona territorial government were: John N. Goodwin, of Maine, Governor; Richard C. McCormick, of New York, Secretary of the Territory; William F. Turner, of Iowa, Chief Justice; William T. Howell, of Michigan and Joseph P. Allyn, of Connecticut, associate justices; Almon Gage, of New York, attorney general; Levi Bashford, of Wisconsin, Surveyor General; Milton B. Duffield, of New York, U. S. Marshal; Charles D. Poston, of Kentucky, Superintendent Indian affairs.

The first Arizona State officials, elected in 1911, included the following: George W. P. Hunt, Governor; Sidney P. Osborn, Secretary of State; J. C. Callaghan, State auditor; D. F. Johnson, State treasurer; C. O. Case, Superintendent of Public instruction; W. P. Geary, F. A. Jones and A. W. Cole, Corporation Commissioners; Alfred Franklin, Chief Justice; D. L. Cunningham and H. D. Ross, Associate Justices of the Supreme Court.



KING S. WOOLSEY
Arizona Pioneer and Indian Fighter

CURRENT COMMENT

GEO. J. ROSKRUGE PASSES AWAY

The death of George J. Roskruge at his home in Tucson, Arizona, on July 27, 1928, brought to the pioneer residents of the state keen sorrow. Mr. Roskruge had been a resident of Tucson for fifty-four years at the time of his death. During all his life in Arizona he was active in every effort put forth for the betterment of the social and industrial conditions in Arizona. He was a civil engineer, and in that capacity rendered distinguished service to Arizona. He was a pioneer leader in the organization of the first Masonic lodge in Arizona, and was prominent in the work of establishing the grand lodge and maintaining this order up to the time of his death, having been secretary of all the state Masonic organizations for many years.

The following account of the death of Mr. Roskruge appeared in the ARIZONA STAR at Tucson on July 28, 1928:

"George J. Roskruge, 83, pioneer champion rifle shot of the southwest, civil engineer of commanding ability, and the father of Masonry in Arizona, died at his home in Tucson yesterday morning following an illness of some duration.

"Mr. Roskruge was a pioneer resident of the state, having come to Arizona in 1872. In his passing, Masonry in Arizona lost a man who had served as secretary of the Grand Lodge of the state for forty-six years and who held more Masonic offices than any other in the state.

"Mr. Roskruge held the distinction of being the oldest grand secretary in length of service of any Grand Masonic body in the United States. He served in that capacity since 1883, when the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons in Arizona was founded, with the exception of the years 1888 and 1889, during which time he served as deputy-grand master and state grand master. During all of that time, however, he continued to perform the secretarial duties of the grand lodge.

Charter Shrine Member

"He was also a charter member of El Zaribah Temple, Ancient Arabic Order, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, and took a prominent part in all Shrine activities as well as in Masonic rites and functions.

"During his long service to Masonry in Arizona, Mr. Roskruge served successfully as grand recorder of the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons; grand recorder of the Grand Com-

"He served as president and member of the board of education in Tucson at intervals from 1881 to 1914, and was otherwise identified in an important way with municipal affairs.

"In recognition of his outstanding record of service, the Arizona Grand Lodge will be convened and will be in charge of funeral services for Mr. Roskrue, to be held in Tucson at 4 o'clock Monday afternoon. Prominent Masons and Shriners from every section of the state are expected to attend the services.

"Mr. Roskrue is survived by four nephews, George, Will and Stanley Kitt of Tucson, and Kendall Kitt of Los Angeles, and a niece, Mrs. Culin of Los Angeles."

Flags on Casket

"TUCSON, ARIZONA, JULY 27—(AP)—"

"The Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack will be placed on the casket of George J. Roskrue, pioneer of Arizona and father of Masonry in the state, at funeral services which will be conducted at 4 o'clock Monday afternoon in the Masonic Temple in Tucson. The placing of the flags was his request, made the last time he entered the temple.

"The eminent Mason died at 10:30 o'clock this morning following an illness of several months.

"The grand lodge will convene in the Masonic Temple at 3 o'clock Monday afternoon, preceding the hour of the funeral services.

"Mr. Roskrue was the organizer of the first Masonic lodge in Arizona—Tucson Lodge No. 1—was one of the organizers of the Lodge of Perfection, and secured for Arizona the Rose Croix. He was grand secretary of all Masonic bodies of the state at the time of his death."

Following is the story of an early day experience of George J. Roskrue, soon after his arrival in Arizona in 1872, related by Roskrue to the Arizona State Historian:

In July, 1872, Roskrue was camped at Volunteer Springs, near the site of the present railroad station of Bellemont. Food was scarce and two members of the party went out after game. The first man had been gone for several days when the second man left. When he did not return, after a couple of days, the other four of the party, including Roskrue, started for Prescott, for almost no food was on hand. One man, a Scandinavian, apparently big and stout, had to be herded along, insisting that all he wanted was to lie down and die. The road was down Hell Canyon and Roskrue says his experience in that gorge

showed it well named. Practically no food was available except prairie dogs, and few of them. Roskrue finally managed to get to the Little Chino Valley, near where the first territorial capital was established and there Mrs. Banghardt gave him some bread and milk. The Scandinavian had been left behind, apparently played out. Very soon, however, he was seen coming, running at high speed. On arrival, he declared he had run nine miles without stopping and that he had narrowly escaped being run down by bands of Indians, saving his life only by superior speed. Roskrue then went to Prescott, where he asked General Crook for an escort of horses to go back and search for the two men who were left behind at Volunteer Springs. Crook warned him that the intervening country swarmed with hostile Indians and refused to send any soldiers, but provided four horses, without equipment. Roskrue found three other men to go with him and scraped up apologies for saddles and bridles and made the journey back, finding the two men. Injury was the reason why the first man had not returned to camp and the second man had stayed with him. On the return trip there was a brush with the Indians in the Verde Valley.

For a while Roskrue had a hard time in Prescott, often lacking a meal, then he secured employment on the survey of the Fifth Standard Parallel North, through to the Colorado River. This was the first survey work ever done by Roskrue, who afterwards became a civil engineer, an assistant in the office of the surveyor general in Tucson, under Wasson, and still later Surveyor General of Arizona. In Tucson, he lived for a while in the house of Governor A. P. K. Safford.

DEATH OF HON. CHAS. R. DRAKE

On the Sixteenth day of June, 1928, Hon. Chas. R. Drake, former pioneer resident of Arizona, and one who was active in the development of the business and industrial life of the territory, died at his home in Long Beach. At the time of his death, Mr. Drake was nearing his 85th birthday. He came to Arizona in 1871 as hospital steward in the army, having been assigned to duty at Ft. Lowell, near Tucson, Arizona. He retired from this service in 1875 when he was appointed assistant postmaster at Tucson. Later in the same year he was appointed assistant depository, which office had charge of government funds to pay for all military and Indian supplies in the then territory. This service he continued until 1881, when he was

elected recorder for Pima County, in which office he served for two two-year terms. In 1889 he was appointed receiver of the U. S. Land Office in Tucson by President Harrison. During these years Mr. Drake had been instrumental in founding and building up a successful general insurance and real estate brokerage business, which he continued until he departed from Arizona to make his home in California. He was elected and served two terms in the upper house of the territorial legislature. In 1889 he was chosen as president of the territorial council, which met first at Prescott and later concluded the business of the session in Phoenix, the capital of the territory having been removed to Phoenix as a result of the first law passed by the Fifteenth Territorial Legislature. Mr. Drake had a correct vision of the future of Phoenix and the Salt River Valley and was a leader in the removal of the Arizona seat of government from Prescott to its present location.

Hon. Chas. R. Drake, was born at Walnut Prairie, Clark County, Illinois, July 22, 1843. He was the son of Charles Drake, a native of Richmond, Virginia, and Mahale Jane Jetter Drake, who was born in Louisville, Kentucky. On the paternal side, he was a direct descendent of Sir Francis Drake, one of the world's greatest explorers. He received a practical public school education and inaugurated his successful business career as a druggist clerk in the employ of William Matthew and Sons at St. Louis, Missouri.

Joined Navy

When twenty years old, in 1863, Colonel Drake volunteered to serve in the United States Navy. He first served as acting master's mate and later as master's mate under Admiral Porter in the Mississippi Squadron.

His war experience included service in the famous Mosquito Fleet on the Red River, and he was on the scene of several of those historical Mississippi sieges in which the navy played a major role. At the close of the Civil War in 1865, he went to New York City, where he resumed his occupation as druggist clerk.

In 1871 Colonel Drake re-entered government service as hospital steward in the army and was assigned to duty in the Department of Arizona, stationed at Ft. Lowell, Tucson.

PREHISTORIC IRRIGATION

At 4 o'clock in the morning, after an all night speech on the Colorado River, Senator Ashurst surprised the Senate with these words, "Before Rome was founded, or the wolf suckled Romulus and Remus, a civilized race had conquered the deserts of Arizona, had builded great communal homes and cultivated its lands."

Old indeed is the Southwest. Only forty-six years after Columbus came to the New World, Spanish adventurers began their work of exploration. Spanish families were founded at Santa Fe a score of years before the Mayflower brought colonists to Plymouth. Spanish padres found the ancient civilization and recorded a history of canals and cities whose antiquity no man knew.

Not until long years later, when the first land seekers came into the Valley of the Rio Salado, and found there a network of "sunken roads," was the discovery made of the vastest ancient irrigation system in North America. Canals and huge buildings were found on the Rio San Francisco, which the later comers re-named the Verde River. The valley settlers objected to being called "Saladoans" and so they translated the name into our atrocious and rightly ridiculed name, the Salt River Valley.

A larger rural population tilled the fields of this valley before the commencement of the Christian Era than farm its lands today. They were the Original Engineers, the true Pioneers; canals and clan-castles were here built, used, abandoned, forgotten, when London and Paris were yet clusters of wild huts.

The story of this race will begin in the next issue of the Arizona Historical Review, January, 1929, a history prepared by Dr. Omar A. Turney who has been gathering data about them for forty-odd years. His map of the ancient canals and an account of their magnitude was presented to the Royal Geographic Society of London, and at the request of Sir William Ramsay he was elected a Fellow of the Society.

These articles will run through the entire issues for the year 1929. The reader will see a race bringing from the far south the culture of a superior people and surrounded on all sides by barbarians; he will learn of the first puny canals on arroyos, of the gradual conquest of the river, and will discover the numerous differences between this people and the tribes which lived to the north and east and made the Black-on-white pottery.

There will be seen the necessity for the creation of an ancient culture district, to be known as the Lower Salt, and for naming its potteries the Red-on-buff. The strength of the race will appear, and the causes for their final defeat and enforced abandonment of a home which had been theirs for more years than the time that white man has now been in the New World. The irrigation works of all other peoples in North America will seem crude and trivial.

Then the irrigation works of South America will be reviewed and the differences in the engineering problems considered. Great as were their accomplishments in the building of hillside canals, which wound for miles around mountain sides, where the canal on one side was cut into the hill and on the other side supported by retaining walls, yet the total ground reclaimed was small as compared to the one hundred and seventy square miles of continuous fields cultivated in the Valley of the Salado.

Long before the siege of Troy, irrigation was practiced in the valley of the Nile, and in the valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris. There the problems were simple, and the engineering crude; results can be measured more in terms of the acres reclaimed than by the difficulties overcome.

When the reader has seen the accomplishments of the people in the days of the building of the pyramids and of writing in cuneiform characters on clay tablets, the result will bring surprise, and an added respect and thrill of pride for the ancient engineers of our own Salt River Valley. We may again find occasion for boasting in this, the Land of the Stone Hoe.

ARIZONANS PICNIC IN CALIFORNIA

There exists in Southern California, with headquarters in Los Angeles, an organization of former residents of Arizona, known as the "Arizona Society of Southern California." This organization was formed more than twenty-five years ago and was originally named the "Arizona Hassayampa Society." Annually this society holds a picnic at some place in the vicinity of Los Angeles, and this year this annual Arizona picnic was held at Bixby Park, in Long Beach, on August 18. The attendance this year was the largest ever known and numbered no less than fifteen hundred who now reside in California, including many present residents of Arizona on vacation or business visits to points in Southern California.

Many former prominent Arizona citizens attended this annual picnic at Long Beach. On the speaker's platform were Geo. H. Kelly, the present Arizona State Historian, who attended as the official representative of Governor Geo. W. P. Hunt; Judge Hawkins, formerly of Prescott; Chas. T. Connell, a former pioneer of Arizona, and connected with the Indian service at San Carlos Agency in early days; W. H. Savage, who was a former resident of Cochise County, where in 1884 he was elected county attorney, defeating Marcus Aurelius Smith, who as the democratic candidate sought a re-election to that office. All these gentlemen spoke to the assembled Arizonans and the occasion was one thoroughly enjoyed by all.

For several hours previous to and after the formal program, old friends renewed acquaintances and related incidents of early days and experiences encountered during the days when civilization and industry was being planted and nurtured in Arizona.

GERONIMO*

(Continued)

By JOHN P. CLUM

As we progress with this narrative of Geronimo's extraordinary career, it is well to remind ourselves that in those rare old days of 1874, '75, '76 and '77 the history of Arizona for that eventful period was, to a great extent, recorded in the dramatic story of the Apaches. To the casual reader this may seem an extravagant statement, particularly in view of the convincing data Arizona is now able to exhibit relative to her population, products, resources and general industrial, social, political and educational development. But in this picture we are looking at Arizona—THE POWERFUL STATE. Perhaps you will bear with me in an endeavor to visualize Arizona—THE STRUGGLING TERRITORY.

If we turn back the pages of history a half-century or more to the period of our national centennial, we find there were no railroads in either Arizona or New Mexico. A military telegraph line (a single wire) was stretched from San Diego to Santa Fe, with local offices at Yuma, Prescott, Phoenix, Tucson, Fort Grant and Fort Bowie. There was a daily service (each way) on the Southern Overland Stage Route for the transportation of passengers, mail and express between El Paso and San Diego, via Silver City, Apache Pass, Tucson and Yuma; the unit of equipment for this service was a light coach with two seats inside, and one outside, and drawn by two horses. The telephone had not yet come into public service; there was no telegraphic communication at San Carlos; we received our agency mail once each week—provided we sent a messenger eighty miles to the nearest post office for it, and it was several hundred miles from the agency to the depot at the end of the west bound railroad tracks in Colorado. Few ranches or ranges for stock had yet been located, and the mining industry was still in its swaddling clothes. Truly, in that period Arizona was a struggling territory—a remote, isolated, almost "exclusive" frontier.

And now, what are the brief outlines of the story of the Apaches on this "remote frontier" during the centennial period? The several sub-divisions of this tribe roamed from 400 to 500 miles east and west over the territory between the Rio Verde

in Central Arizona and the Rio Grande Valley in New Mexico, and upwards of 300 miles north and south from the Mogollon Mountains in Arizona to the Sierra Madre Mountains of Mexico. As already set forth in this narrative, these Indians were numerically distributed among five reservations as follows: At Rio Verde—1400; at San Carlos—1000; at Camp Apache—1800; at Apache Pass—325, and at Ojo Caliente (New Mexico)—453. Between August, 1874, and July, 1877, under orders from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, I was charged with the concentration of these Apaches (approximately 5000) on the San Carlos Reservation, and in an orderly and peaceable manner these were located in the Gila Valley, convenient to the agency headquarters at San Carlos. In the course of the execution of these orders I relieved seven Indian agents and consolidated five agencies into one. The reservations at Rio Verde and Apache Pass, Arizona, and Ojo Caliente, New Mexico, reverted to the public domain and those areas were opened up for the location of mines, ranches and stock ranges. During this period no outbreak occurred among the Indians under my care, and no raiding parties were trailed to or from my reservation, but on the contrary an entire company of TERRITORIAL MILITIA was recruited from the Indians on this reservation FOR ACTIVE SERVICE AGAINST RENEGADES. The Indian police had apprehended Del-shay and killed Dis-a-lin at San Carlos; arrested Pi-on-se-nay at Apache Pass and captured Geronimo at Ojo Caliente (New Mexico), and it had come to be regarded as the regular business of the San Carlos Apache Indian Police Force to preserve order within the limits of their own reservation, as well as to apprehend (or kill) insubordinate or desperate members of their own race wherever found, and it was generally recognized that they performed these highly important services promptly and effectively, regardless of hardships or hazard; not as a spectacular publicity stunt, but as "a part of the day's work."

This record of continuous and successful activities in Indian affairs of vital importance to this "remote frontier" amply supports the claim that "the history of Arizona for that eventful period was, to a great extent, recorded in the dramatic story of the Apaches."

From the latter part of 1877 to the latter part of 1886 Geronimo was permitted to enjoy a truly remarkable career. During this period he alternated in his dual role of ruthless renegade and privileged prisoner of war. His movements, translated into spectacular, dramatic or picturesque form, were given the widest publicity by those whose business it was to

restrain and suppress him, until his name became the synonym for swift and skillful maneuvers and daring and deadly deeds, and even from the time of his final surrender to the day of his death he appears to have been encouraged and assisted in the gratification of his inordinate vanity by persistently keeping himself in the spotlight of publicity. Doubtless the reader will feel as I do, that the favors extended to Geronimo, both as a renegade and as a prisoner of war, are absolutely inexplicable.

When the sheriff of Pima County was informed that Geronimo was in the guard-house at San Carlos awaiting his warrant, it was expected that prompt action would be taken by that official for the reason that the sheriff was none other than Charles A. Shibell, from whom the murderer, Pi-on-si-nay, had escaped a year previous—June, 1876. In these circumstances it was thought that Sheriff Shibell would evince a keen desire to take over the custody of Geronimo with the least possible delay, but, as stated before, no action was taken.

Inevitably it will be asked why I abandoned my purpose to have this Indian prosecuted? The details are interesting, but too cumbersome for entry here. Briefly stated, the officials of my own department at Washington—instead of giving me the **unwavering support that had been pledged**, had, during my absence in New Mexico, acquiesced in the development of certain conditions at San Carlos that made my position as agent untenable. I felt that my success had actually been **penalized**. Responding to my protest, those officials were **good enough to explain**, but **too weak to rescind**. I finally set July 1 as the limit of my endurance. The offending situation was not remedied, therefore, at high noon on July 1, 1877, I mounted my favorite horse and hit the trail for Tucson, leaving the Indians and the affairs of the agency in charge of my chief clerk and Indian Inspector Vandever. Thirty-five years elapsed before I again returned to San Carlos.

The failure to prosecute Geronimo at this time was, doubtless, one of the very unfortunate results of my abrupt separation from the Indian service. The successful campaign into New Mexico had involved no little effort and expense. The particular outlaw sought had been apprehended. He was conveyed 500 miles in irons. The charges against the prisoner were of a most serious nature and the evidence seemed ample. Had I remained in authority at San Carlos there is not the least doubt in my mind that he would have been speedily brought to trial in the United States courts, and that his career would have ended abruptly then and there. What a vast amount of expense,

tribulation, distress and bloodshed would have been avoided if this arrest had been followed swiftly by prosecution, conviction and execution—thus dropping the name GERONIMO into oblivion before it had become generally notorious outside of territorial frontier limits.

Thus terminated my official contact with this noted renegade, and the only time I ever saw Geronimo after leaving San Carlos was when I visited Mount Vernon Barracks, Alabama, in January, 1894, where he was then detained as a "prisoner of war." Who cut the rivets that held his shackles and released him from the guard-house at San Carlos I do not know. It is evident, however, that he made the most of his freedom, for he soon left the reservation for the familiar peaks and canyons of the Sierra Madres of Mexico, and his next appearance in this story is the occasion of his surrender to the commanding officer of Camp John A. Rucker in 1879.

Lieutenant Henley, who followed the trail of Pi-on-se-nay in 1876, and who reported the presence of Geronimo on the Rio Grande in 1877, met his death in 1878 while scouting in the mountains adjacent to Apache Pass. His dauntless courage led him to attempt to ford a raging mountain torrent, but before he was halfway across he was swept from his horse by the angry flood. His companion, Lieutenant John Anthony Rucker, dashed into the seething waters and made an heroic effort to rescue Henley, but both were drowned. About this time the military authorities decided to establish a temporary outpost near the Mexican border to facilitate operations against the hostiles, and this post was named in honor of Lieutenant Rucker, who sacrificed his own life in a futile effort to save the life of his friend. "Tony" Rucker, as he was affectionately called by his intimates, was a brother-in-law of General Phil Sheridan.

One day, in the latter part of 1879, Geronimo appeared at Camp John A. Rucker and surrendered to Captain Haskell, the commanding officer. He was held for a short time at that camp and then transferred to the custody of the Indian agent at San Carlos. No penalty was imposed on the renegade at that time other than a temporary confinement in the guard-house.

In so far as the records show, Geronimo was allowed absolute freedom and, in an inconspicuous manner, contented himself with reservation life until the fall of 1881, when he again fled into Mexico with a large band of men, women and children, **including Nah-chee, the only surviving son of Cochise.** Geronimo never pleaded special justification for any of his outbreaks except his boasted slaughter of Mexicans, but when the

loyal son of Cochise turned his back on the paleface and joined his fortunes with those of the renegades, existing conditions on the reservation must have been of a most aggravating character. I entertained a very high regard for Nah-chee and I feel that it is only just and fair to him that there should be recorded in this story some of the outstanding causes which finally drove him from the reservation.

When I removed the Coyotereros from Camp Apache in 1875, eight of the bands selected a location on the Gila River, about twenty miles east of the reservation headquarters at San Carlos. There I established a sub-agency, constructed necessary buildings, and placed an employe by the name of Ezra Hoag in charge. In June, 1876, when the Chiricahuas were brought to the San Carlos Reservation, they chose a camping ground near the locality where these Coyotereros were living, and obtained their rations at the sub-agency. Thus the Chiricahuas and a part of the Coyotereros were living there in a neighborly and friendly fashion. Included with the Coyotereros at the sub-agency were the bands of the sub-chiefs "George" and "Bonito." The military post of Camp Thomas was located in the Gila Valley, about fifteen miles above the sub-agency, and outside of the reservation limits. It is necessary to bear these facts in mind in order to understand fully the very important events which transpired in this locality during the last days of September, 1881.

The flight of Nah-chee, with a band of his relatives and friends from their camping grounds near the sub-agency on the Gila River on the night of September 30, 1881, was one of the very unfortunate sequences of the so-called "Cibicu War," although Nah-chee had no more to do with the Cibicu War than he had with the Custer fight.

Reducing the story of the Cibicu episode to its lowest terms, it may be stated that the Cibicu is a small stream on the reservation, about forty-five miles north of the Gila River. Early in 1881, "Nock-e-da-kinny," a Coyotero Apache medicine-man, who was camped on the Cibicu, announced a "resurrection stunt," which was destined to plunge the entire reservation into a condition of unrest, apprehension and disorder, the dire results of which were manifested throughout the following decade.

This ignorant, fanatical, old hoodoo-medicine-man proclaimed that it was his modest purpose to summon from their graves all of the most powerful Apache warriors who had fallen victims to the remorseless sickle of the Grim Reaper during recent years, and with this resurrected army to exterminate

every paleface in Arizona, and then rush on to a conquest of the world—or words to that effect.

These preachments not only excited a contingent of the Coyoteros but, apparently, thoroughly frightened the civil authorities at the agency, for instead of sending the San Carlos police to bring in this ranting old trouble maker, dead or alive, the agent requested the commanding officer at Camp Apache to make the arrest with his troops. For seven years the agency police had apprehended all offenders and maintained order on the reservation in a most efficient manner. Why bring in the military now? The fatal blunder was made by the agent and upon his head rests the responsibility for the disastrous results.

Complying with the request of the agent, Colonel Carr arrived at the Cibicu camp on August 30, accompanied by six officers, seventy-nine soldiers and twenty-three Indian scouts and proceeded to make the arrest. Nock-e-da-klinny was arrested, but very soon thereafter the troops were fired upon (by their own Indian scouts it was alleged) and Captain E. C. Hentig and four soldiers were killed and five others wounded—three of whom died from their wounds. During the excitement Nock-e-da-klinny made an attempt to escape and was promptly shot through the head by Colonel Carr's trumpeter—a very handy man to have about camp in an emergency, for he proved that he was equally skillful in blowing the bugle, or in blowing out the brains of an outlawed Apache medicine-man.

The killing of Nock-e-da-klinny was a consummation greatly to be desired, but, although the old trouble maker was dead, a much more serious trouble found its beginning in the means employed to accomplish his death. If this fight had occurred with the agency police it would have been merely a local administrative affair, as a fight with police anywhere is. But the army had been called in to perform police duty on the reservation and an officer and seven soldiers were killed. This was an "outbreak" for which all the Indians on the reservation must pay the penalty either directly or indirectly—which they did through the years that followed.

There was a race between the troops and the Indians from the Cibicu to Fort Apache. Some shots were fired into that post by the disaffected Indians. The "war" was on. Additional troops were rushed in from California and Colorado. Some even said that the Apaches were to be exterminated.

The month of September, 1881, was one of persistent excitement and apprehension throughout the reservation. Bodies



Capt. Roberts Geronimo Nana Lieut. Maus Three Interpreters Capt. Bourke Gen. Crook

COUNCIL BETWEEN GENERAL CROOK AND GERONIMO

of troops were moving hither and yon and numerous arrests were made. This marching and counter-marching seemed to the Apaches like "boots, boots, boots, moving up and down again"— **it got on their nerves.**

It will be remembered that the Coyotero sub-chiefs "George" and "Bonito" had their camps near the sub-agency, and now the military authorities charged that these Indians had been implicated in the Cibicu affair. Both of these Indians went to the sub-agency on **September 25, and, accompanied by Mr. Hoag, they proceeded at once to Camp Thomas and there surrendered to General Wilcox, the department commander, who released them on parole.**

And now follows the last scene in this great drama of sorry blunders that was destined, finally, to drive the loyal Nah-chee from the reservation and enroll him henceforth with Geronimo's band of desperate renegades. On the afternoon of September 30, 1881, only five days after General Wilcox had **paroled George and Bonito**, Colonel Biddle came down from Camp Thomas with three companies of cavalry to the sub-agency, for the purpose of taking "George and Bonito and their bands" to Camp Thomas. Mr. Hoag was then issuing rations and many Indians were about the sub-agency. George and Bonito told Colonel Biddle they would come to Camp Thomas with Mr. Hoag as soon as the issue of rations was completed. This proposition Colonel Biddle refused and **moved his troops nearer the Indian Camps.** George and Bonito then fled to the Chiricahua camp and told Geronimo and Nah-chee that the troops were there to attack them. All the warlike demonstrations during the past month had seemed to them a constant menace, and now a strong detachment of troops was at the very threshold of their rude camps threatening an attack. Fearing the attack would be made at daybreak, they fled during the night—"leaving much of their stock behind."

Indian Commissioner Price comments on this stampede thus: "Their flight was occasioned by fear, not hostility." An official report quotes Mr. Hoag as saying: "The Indians were literally scared away by this movement of the troops." As the sole employe in charge of the sub-agency, Mr. Hoag had been dealing with these Indians for more than five years and had their confidence, and I firmly believe he told the simple truth when he said they were frightened away. The fact that they left much of their stock behind is ample evidence that their stampede at that time was not premeditated.

Had Geronimo gone out with some of his old-time followers

it easily might be thought that this wily desperado had been waiting for an excuse to take the warpath again, and that he was glad to be "scared away." But this never could be said of Nah-chee, Chochise's son. In 1874 he promised his dying father he would keep the treaty of peace made with General Howard; in defense of that promise on the night of June 4, 1876, he engaged in mortal combat with his father's head war-chief—and killed Skin-yea. For more than five years he had remained at the sub-agency, loyal and dependable, and when he led his little band of relatives and friends to cast their lot with the renegades under Geronimo, there must have been a sufficient reason—a super-inciting cause.

The record compels the conclusion that Nah-chee, the stalwart and capable son of Cochise, faithfully observed the pledge he made his dying father for more than seven years, and that he was finally driven to violate his father's treaty of peace with the paleface only when he firmly believed that he and his followers were about to be shot down by the paleface troops. Nah-chee was a man of determination, strength and courage. Having broken his father's treaty and joined Geronimo, he rendered to his chief a most loyal and effective support and shared the fortunes of his fellow renegades to the end. Geronimo recognized the superior qualities of Nah-chee and made him his chief lieutenant. Thus we find that the story of "Nah-chee, the renegade," dates from that eventful night of September 30, 1881.

The Scout from Tombstone

The morning of October 2, 1881, dawned bright and peaceful over the famous city of Tombstone, where at that time I had my domicile. About ten o'clock in the forenoon a courier dashed into town and announced that Geronimo and his band of fleeing renegades, estimated at three or four hundred, had passed along the western base of the Dragoon Mountains about an hour previously, headed for the Mexican line.

The trail of the renegades lay about ten miles east of Tombstone, and it was evident that these Indians would cross over Antelope Pass to the Sulphur Springs Valley. The citizens of Tombstone, of course, were in no danger, but we feared for the safety of the isolated cattlemen in the Sulphur Springs Valley, as well as for solitary prospectors and others who might be in the mountains or along the trails—and immediately a relief party was proposed.

In view of my former experience with the Apaches, and the further fact that I was then the mayor of Tombstone, I was

charged with the organization of a company of horsemen for the purpose of following the trail of the renegades. The chief object was to give assistance to anyone who might be in need of it; beyond that our action would be governed entirely by developments.

The three hours following the arrival of the courier was an exceedingly busy period for me. The number of saddle horses immediately available was limited, and it was important that these should be assigned to the right sort of men. These men must be equipped with rifles, six-shooters, ammunition, saddlebags and canteens. Equally important was the matter of rations.

Every moment occupied with these details put the renegades just that much farther ahead of us. All selected for the trip were impatient for the start, and this impatience grew as an hour passed, and another, and still a third, until at one o'clock in the afternoon all preparations were complete and our little cavalcade of thirty-five determined frontiersmen, well armed and mounted, formed into a column of twos, galloped up Allen Street and took the trail for Antelope Pass.

In those "good old days" Tombstone did not lack for men with well established reputations for being "handy with a gun," and there were in this company several conspicuous "stars" of that character. The party included Virgil Earp, my chief of police, and his two brothers—Wyatt and Morgan—Johnny Behan and W. H. Breakenridge, of the sheriff's office, Charlie Reppy, Frank Inglesby, George W. Parsons, Ward Priest, Marshal Williams, Cy Bryant and others who had been weighed in the balance and not found wanting in "nerve."

Arizona is renowned as an arid country, but there are occasional down pours, which for quantity and dampness are unexcelled anywhere in the world, and it was our luck to encounter such a storm in Antelope Pass. We had just struck the broad, fresh trail left by the escaping renegades and had quickened our pace in the hope of closing up with them by night-fall, or at least surprising them before they broke camp the next morning, but these ambitious hopes were doomed to disappointment.

Suddenly the rain began falling in torrents; the heavy thunder was continuous and the vivid lightning was sporting among the rocks all about us. Very soon everyone was as wet as the proverbial "drowned rat," and although the thunder and lightning ceased as we descended from the Pass, the rain persisted until nearly midnight.

Just as we reached the western rim of the Sulphur Springs Valley we found three or four companies of cavalry in camp on the trail. These had come down the valley from the railroad, thinking that the renegades might cross to that side of the Dragoon range, but as soon as they had struck the "hot trail" they promptly made camp. When we inquired the reason for this untimely halt we were told that it was "too wet to travel."

As a matter of fact, traveling in the rain and mud was no holiday pastime. Our clothing was soaked through to the skin, our boots were full of water, and the soft ground was very tiring to our horses, although we could go no faster than a walk. But with the average frontiersman it is never "too wet to travel," unless he is actually struck in the mud. Furthermore, we **had embarked in a strenuous game**—to follow as rapidly as possible on the trail of the renegades; to give succor if succor were needed—and we did not know who, even then, might be lying wounded and suffering in the night and the rain. Therefore, we bid the soldiers goodnight and trudged on down the valley.

It was about eleven o'clock when we reached a small shack which had been erected on one of the cattle ranges. The rain had ceased and the clouds were breaking. The moon would rise about two o'clock in the morning, and as we had been riding since one o'clock that afternoon, it was decided that we give our horses a brief rest and wait for the moon.

As soon as we had picketed our horses and set a guard, a fire was started in the shack and we proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit, meanwhile munching bits of hardtack or whatever else was found in the saddle-bags that would appease our growing appetites. The fire was cheerful and its warmth most grateful. There was some bantering as to whose clothes were wettest, or whose boots held the most water. Big, good-natured Cy Bryant said to me: "Mayor, you can sleep with me tonight;" whereupon everyone laughed because the thirty-five of us could not get into the shack at the same time unless all were standing. Thus we sought to forget our wet clothes and sore spots and to enjoy life while the fire blazed.

In this way three hours passed. In was then two o'clock of the "morning after." The faithful old moon was just peering over the eastern horizon, indicating that it was time for us to resume our march. No orders were necessary. In silence each sought his faithful steed, and I am sure each hated to sit again upon those sore spots, the soreness of which had been aggravated by the wet saddles and the wetter clothes. But none uttered the slightest protest. The "cinches" were adjusted, the men

swung into their saddles, and, aided by the bright moonlight, we moved on again almost noiselessly along the soggy trail.

The march continued in unbroken silence until daylight, for the men were both tired and sleepy, but with the breaking of the day their spirits revived and there were sounds and signs of life all along the line. At sunrise we halted where there was water and good grass and let our horses graze for an hour. Once more on the trail we followed it doggedly until about noon. By this time we knew we had crossed the international line and were trespassing on Mexican territory.

The only "Indian sign" met with was the trail we had followed. Evidently the hostiles had not found it "too wet to travel," and apparently they had not met either man or beast on their stampede down the valley, at least nothing had been killed by them along the trail. We had accomplished the purpose of our undertaking, and we had no right to invade Mexico.

Furthermore, we were not equipped for an indefinite campaign. As a matter of fact, we were **out of grub and hungry**. Before leaving Tombstone we had arranged to have a man follow us with a buckboard loaded with provisions. Doubtless he had started, but the storm had held him up. Very likely he had found it "too wet to travel" with a loaded wagon. So for an hour we speculated as to how far we were in Mexico; how far the renegades were ahead of us, and how far we would have to ride on the back trail before we would be able to feast on the good things which we felt sure had followed us out of Tombstone. The more we discussed that buckboard and its contents the keener became the pangs of hunger, and so, without a dissenting voice, we headed our horses northward and proceeded with all possible speed in the direction of American soil and the misplaced "**chuck wagon**."

It was nearly sundown when we again met the soldiers in the same camp where we had left them twenty-four hours before. There was no necessity for them to go farther southward now, for the trail of the renegades was not only "wet," but likewise very cold. Geronimo and his followers no longer had to fear pursuit by American troops for by this time they were resting in their familiar fastnesses amid the mountains of Mexico.

Nearby the military camp we spied the delayed "buckboard" with its precious cargo, and forthwith all stampeded in that direction. Speedily the banquet board was spread, and none of our party needed to be urged to join in the royal feast. Having satisfied our hunger and puffed a cigarette or two, we rolled up

in our blankets, thankful for an opportunity to enjoy the rest and sleep we were so much in need of.

On the morning of October 4 we were up with the dawn. Having disposed of a hearty breakfast we saddled up our well-rested steeds and were off in a bunch for Tombstone, leaving the troops "camping on the trail" of the renegades; but on the same spot where we found them on the evening of October 2.

We headed for Antelope Pass. Our strenuous, persistent march had not been rewarded by a single stirring adventure to lend zest and compensation to the undertaking. The morning sun was bright and the ozone from the Dragoon Range was most invigorating. The ample supper and breakfast, and the intervening unbroken sleep, had fully refreshed our party, and all were in fine fettle.

This exuberance of spirits very soon manifested itself in various "wild west stunts," which included cowboy tricks, fancy riding, and target shooting. A couple of expert riders demonstrated the proper method of "fighting Indians on the plains," by urging their mounts to full speed and then leaning far to one side they clung with the left arm over the horse's shoulder while they discharged their six-shooters under his neck.

As the unassuming leader I maintained the dignity of the party in the role of an interested spectator, and had contented myself with witnessing the successive feats presented and heartily applauding the skill and daring of the actors. But I was rudely awakened from my passive attitude when the company halted suddenly and demanded that I should assassinate a merry little prairie-dog who was "periscoping" with his head just above the mound which encircled the entrance to his subterranean abode, within fair rifle-shot distance.

It was a critical moment. I had been ten years on the frontier. During three of those years I had roamed the trails of Arizona and New Mexico with the Apaches. Now I was the Mayor of Tombstone, the city of dramatic name and fame. Because of these varied experiences I had been complimented with the leadership of this stalwart band of frontiersmen and gun-fighters, who had been following the trail of Geronimo. Now I must prove myself worthy of this leadership by demonstrating my skill with the rifle.

These men had never seen me shoot, nor had they ever heard me boast of my prowess as a "dead shot." As a matter of fact, I was never too confident of my ability to "hit the bull's-eye." I realized that my reputation with these men was

now at stake, and it was not without misgivings that I halted my horse when called upon to make the shot.

Without dismounting I slipped my rifle from its sling, straightened myself in the saddle, drew a bead on the unsuspecting prairie-dog, and fired. With the crack of my gun the prairie-dog disappeared in his hole. None went to see whether the little animal had been hit. That was not necessary, for the bullet from my rifle had plowed its way through both edges of the circular mound on a direct line with the former position of the prairie-dog's head. I had scored the perfect shot. Without batting an eye, or seeming in the least perturbed or elated at the result of this "test," I quietly slipped my rifle back into its sling and moved forward on the trail.

My very competent and critical audience promptly expressed approval, but it soon developed that all were not fully convinced, for we had ridden less than a mile when a hawk was seen perched on the summit of the stalk of a century plant, and within range of my position. Instantly there was a unanimous demand for another shot by the Mayor.

When I attempted to make the second shot from the saddle my horse objected, by refusing to stand still. Without hesitation I dismounted, took aim and fired. This time there was nothing to mark the track of the bullet, and as the hawk spread its wings and left its perch I felt a bit chagrined, for the indications were that I had scored a "miss." The hawk started a graceful circle upward, but had moved less than ten feet when a single feather was seen fluttering towards the ground. Instantly my spirits rose, for at least my bullet had cut into the plumage of the target. The hawk continued its upward flight for an additional ten or fifteen feet—and then dropped to the ground like a plummet. Oh boy !!!!! A lusty cheer echoed through the pass and my prowess with the rifle was never again questioned.

It may be noted here that Antelope Pass crosses the Dragoon Mountains just south of the famed "Cochise Stronghold," where General Howard made the treaty of peace with Cochise in 1872. It may also be worth while to recall the fact that Tombstone is the county seat of Cochise County—which county was created and named four years after the death of the noted Indian chief.

Arriving at Tombstone our party promptly disbanded, and thus our brief and eventless expedition on the trail of Geronimo passed into history, but at least we had demonstrated the true

temper of the frontiersman in taking no chances on what might have happened to others along that trail.

Nineteen years later, in 1900, three members of this Tombstone scouting party met one evening at Nome, Alaska. These were George W. Parsons, Wyatt Earp and myself. It seemed proper that we should fittingly celebrate this reunion of scarless veterans on that remote, bleak and inhospitable shore—and we did! * * * * *

From their rock-ribbed fastnesses in the Sierra Madre Mountains of Mexico, Geronimo and his band sallied forth on raids of pillage and murder in Mexico, Southeastern Arizona and Southwestern New Mexico, whenever their mood inspired them so to do. It is not necessary to burden this story with the details of these depredations, which included the murder of Judge McComas and his wife on March 28, 1883, and the capture of little Charlie McComas, whose ultimate fate was never definitely known. It is not without misgivings that I proceed with the presentation of the outstanding facts relating to this period of our story, for the reason that it is no easy matter to recover, rehabilitate and establish what Henry Ford has so aptly termed the "neglected truth."

My personal convictions as to the actual facts relating to this particular campaign would lead me to state, briefly, that General Crook, in person, led an expedition into Mexico in the spring of 1883; that he met Geronimo and his band under conditions which practically placed the American troops at the mercy of the renegades and enabled their chief to dictate the terms of "peace;" that General Crook returned to Arizona with a majority of the women and children belonging to the outlaw band; and part of the stolen stock then in their possession; that several months later Geronimo appeared at the international line with between forty and fifty fully armed followers and about one hundred head of stolen stock and sundry other plunder, taken from the persons and homes of their victims; that he was met at the border by Lieutenant Britton Davis with a squad of fifteen soldiers and escorted back to the San Carlos Reservation; that later the stolen stock was sold on the reservation under the direction of the military authorities; that Geronimo and his followers were held as "prisoners of war," but were allowed to retain their arms and were given their freedom on the reservation, and that they once took the war-path in May, 1885.

Colonel James H. McClintock, formerly State Historian of Arizona, devoted much time and labor endeavoring to reveal the truth relative to this "capture" of Geronimo in 1883.

In spite of this effort he is compelled, in his *History of Arizona* (page 246), to refer to the "mysterious treaty with Geronimo," and further says:

"Assuredly Crook had run himself into a perilous situation. The principal feature seems to be that Crook gave the Indians the advantage in going into their own camp to treat with them, instead of sending for their chiefs to come to a place of his own choosing."

Al Sieber, that brave and intrepid old scout and guide, was with General Crook on this campaign. On page 247 of his history, Colonel McClintock says:

"Tom Horn was pushed forward as interpreter by Sieber, whose estimate of the situation was shown by his words of warning, 'Take a knife, Tom; stand while you interpret; forget that you may not live another minute, and think only of the talk.' During all the early stages of the conference, Sieber was sure that the Americans all would be slain, and he kept his hand within his shirt where he had a revolver with which he meant to blow out Geronimo's brains at the first move that looked like violence.

The Indians announced their willingness to return to San Carlos, with the condition that they were to be fully protected; that they were to be allowed to carry their arms and march as they pleased, and that they should be maintained in the possession of whatever horses, mules and cattle they had on hand, though it was assuredly well known to the American commander that practically every head of stock had been stolen.

The leisurely march started for the north with 383 individuals in the Indian column. Only 250 of these reached San Carlos—on June 20, 1883."

Again, on page 249, Colonel McClintock writes:

"Chatto came back to the reservation February 27, 1884, and escorted by Lieutenant Britton Davis, Geronimo returned to his rations at San Carlos on March 14, 1884. Soon thereafter the Chiracahuas (these prisoners of war) were transferred to Turkey Creek, near Fort Apache." (It should be borne in mind that Fort Apache was within the limits of the San Carlos Indian Reservation—about sixty miles north from the main agency on the Gila.)

The annual report of the Secretary of War for 1883 includes the following statement on page 5:

"In March a small party of Indians made a raid from Mexico, and after killing nine persons, escaped back into the difficult country from which they had come. Brigadier General Crook made a vigorous pursuit, going many miles into Mexico,

and, after penetrating into an almost inaccessible part of the Sierra Madra Mountains, had a fight with the Indians, and returned with a large number of prisoners, among whom were 53 male Indians."

It is noted with amazement that General Crook had asserted "fight" with this select aggregation of desperate renegades under the capable leadership of Geronimo in "an almost inaccessible part of the Sierra Madra Mountains," and yet no casualties were reported. Nobody was hurt. It was, apparently, a bloodless, scarless "fight",—nevertheless General Crook returned with "a large number of prisoners, among whom were 53 male Indians". It is admitted that when General Crook returned from this "drive" into Mexico he delivered to San Carlos about 250 women and children—among whom, doubtless, there were 53 boys ("male Indians"). The "large number of prisoners" must have been carelessly guarded, as Colonel McClintock tells us that when the march started for the north there were 383 "individuals in the Indian column. Only 250 of these reached San Carlos".

It is doubtful if Geronimo could have mustered 53 fighting men at the time the 53 "male Indians" were made "prisoners", and the wily old Apache chief must have been tickled pink when General Crook consented to relieve him of the care and maintenance of the women and children and other noncombatants then in the camp of the hostiles. Doubtless, if General Crook had included 53 male warriors among his prisoners, that result would have completely wiped out the nest of Apache renegades then in the Sierra Madra Mountains, and the Secretary of War would have had facts well worth reporting.

It is not at all probable that the Secretary of War was cognizant of the designedly misleading statements incorporated in his annual report, but it is subtle phrases of this character sponsored by high officials that led me to say "it is no easy matter to recover, rehabilitate and establish" the neglected truth.

In view of these and similar ambiguous and misleading official pronouncements the historian is truly grateful to General Crook for the childlike and bland statement which he made to a reporter of the Daily Star of Tucson, Arizona, when he visited that hospitable community in the full flush of the glory of his conquest and capture of the Apache renegades in Mexico in 1883. On May 31, 1927, the Tucson Star issued a special edition in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of that paper. From the columns of that special edition I quote the following:

"The Daily Star of June 20, 1883, contains an account of a visit to Tucson paid by General Crook and his staff. A reception to the 'Grey Fox', as the hero of the Apache campaign was called, was one of the means by which Tucsonans expressed their esteem of the general. The Star of the following day contained a column interview with the general, as well as a lengthy account of the reception."

"In the interview General Crook stated that 'Geronimo and Nah-chee with some Indians volunteered to go and bring in the remainder of the bands, but insisted on Crook remaining until they returned, as they were afraid to come in alone. This he (Crook) refused to do, as his rations were fast disappearing. Then they asked for written passes, so that they might come direct through the valleys to San Carlos, which was also refused, as the general felt they might expose themselves too much, and they might be killed as hostiles, and his passes found upon their bodies might complicate matters. They finally agreed to take their chances in returning to the reservation, and the general thinks ere this they are all in the vicinity of San Carlos.'"

The above must be accepted as competent evidence for the reason that it was published while General Crook was present in Tucson and was being entertained as the guest of honor by that community. He had just returned from his "drive" into Mexico, during which, it was asserted, he had had a fight with the hostiles in which he had taken a large number of prisoners, and, besides, had effected a capitulation of some sort with Geronimo and Nah-chee—a capture, or a surrender—or what-have-you? As the hero of these several achievements the "Grey Fox" was then being honored and feted by the citizens of Tucson. And he blithely informed his credulous entertainers that he had immediately paroled his star captives, or prisoners, for the purpose of "bringing in the remainder of the bands", and that he "thinks ere this they are all in the vicinity of San Carlos"—June 20, 1883.

The records already presented in this narrative show that General Crook's "prisoners"—two hundred and fifty women and children (including the "53 male Indians"), reached San Carlos on June 20, 1883,—the very day on which the "Grey Fox" gave his interview to the Tucson Star,—but that Geronimo and his party did not return to the reservation until March 14, 1884,—nearly nine months after General Crook expected them in that "vicinity".

Again we are plunged into a maze of mysterious circumstances which leave us in grave doubt as to whether General

Crook paroled the renegades, or whether the renegades paroled the general—and a detailed study of the records discloses a preponderance of evidence in favor of the renegades. The renegades insisted that General Crook should come to their camp for the conference, and the circumstances indicate that they further stipulated that the general and his party should come **unarmed**. The photograph of the "council" does not reveal a single weapon. Al Sieber said to Horn "take a knife" and "forget that you may not live another minute", and Sieber had a revolver **hidden** "within his shirt". "During the early stages of the conference Sieber was sure that the Americans all would be slain",—and neither the courage or the veracity of Al Sieber ever has been discredited. The assumption that General Crook's party went into the renegade camp unarmed is further upheld by the fact that three years later Geronimo told Lieutenant Maus that he would meet General Crook at El Cañon de los Embudos "in about two moons", but he stipulated that the general must not bring any soldiers with him—and the "Grey Fox" complied with that stipulation. And, finally, the "terms of surrender" agreed upon indicate that General Crook had run himself into a situation that was not only "perilous", but also absolutely helpless.

The hostiles announced their willingness to return to the reservation, **provided only** that they should be fully protected by the military; that they should be permitted to retain their arms, their liberty and their stolen stock, and that no penalties should be assessed against them on account of their past misdeeds. Incidentally they reminded the general that if they surrendered to him they would, automatically as prisoners of war, be entitled to full rations. Another little matter which the renegades modestly brought to the attention of the general was the protection and maintenance of the women and children then in the camp of the hostiles. Often these were a serious handicap to the operations of the warriors. They had great confidence in the "Grey Fox" and would be willing to transfer this "excess baggage"—meaning all noncombatants—to his custody and care as prisoners of war, and thus provide for both their safe conduct back to the reservation and their "keep". As a final concession Geronimo and Nah-chee insisted that they and some other Indians be allowed to **volunteer** "to go and bring in the remainder of the bands", and that General Crook should provide them with ample rations and "written passes" showing that they were engaged in this indefinite round-up by his authority and entitled to return to San Carlos "direct through the valleys." That would be about all for the present.

The record clearly indicates that the renegades were able to persuade the "Grey Fox" to accept all of these monstrous "terms of surrender", with the single exception of the "written passes" showing that the bearers were his prisoners of war and at large by his authority. General Crook explained to them that such "written passes" would really be dangerous for both the Indians and himself. The possession of passes might make them careless "and they might be killed as hostiles", and then the passes—if found on their bodies—would at least "complicate matters" for him. This explanation seemed quite reasonable to the renegades, and, anyhow, the terms already granted looked pretty good to them, so they agreed to waive the demand for passes and to "take their chances (and their time) in returning to the reservation".

Having obtained about all the concessions they could think of, the renegades paroled the "Grey Fox", and having assisted him in assembling the women and children and other noncombatants, as well as the stolen stock in their possession—excepting the horses utilized as mounts for the warriors—, they grunted their satisfaction and farewell as "the leisurely march started for the north with 383 individuals in the Indian column". We are now able to understand why General Crook's "rations were fast disappearing".

These "terms of surrender" automatically operated as an armistice, and thus Geronimo and Nah-chee, with the pick of their fighting men, fully armed, mounted and rationed, were left free and unencumbered to resume their ruthless occupation of pillage and murder in Mexico, with the assurance that they would not be further molested by the United States troops and Indian scouts under the command of General Crook.

Obviously, Geronimo and Nah-chee had intimated to the "Grey Fox" that they would be as expeditious as possible in the matter of "bringing in the remaining bands" and returning to San Carlos. Also, obviously, these ruthless marauders found the business of pillage so good and the pleasures of the blood-red trail so alluring and the terms of the armistice so satisfactory and restful that they took no note of time, but extended their delightful and profitable outing in Mexico all of the summer, and tarried throughout the fall, and still lingered far into the winter.

Again, obviously, with the approach of the gentle springtime their thoughts turned—not to love, but to the four great, big capital "Rs"—meaning "Reservation", "Rations", "Rest" and "Recuperation". Forthwith they turned their faces and

their footsteps northward and soon were at that imaginary line that separates the territory of the United States from that of Mexico. Here the renegades found conditions a trifle "complicated". The distance to the reservation was 150 miles or more. Geronimo had with him two score of well armed and well seasoned warriors. These were quite able to take care of themselves en route to San Carlos if they could follow the mountain trails, but as they were encumbered with about 100 head of stolen stock it would be necessary to travel slowly "direct through the valleys", in which case "they might expose themselves too much and be killed as hostiles" by some careless, avenging citizens. But why take any chances? They were "prisoners of war", and under the "terms of surrender" were entitled to military protection as soon as they entered the territory of the United States. In these fortunate circumstances Geronimo notified the "Grey Fox" that he and his band were at the Mexican border awaiting a military escort before entering American territory. Thereupon General Crook ordered Lieutenant Britton Davis with a troop of cavalry to proceed to the border and escort the renegades and the stock in their possession to San Carlos. This service was faithfully performed by Lieutenant Davis. The outfit crossed the international line at Gray's ranch, and Geronimo, with his followers and stolen stock, arrived at the reservation on March 14, 1884.

Another thing. What became of "the remainder of the bands" whom "Geronimo and Nah-chee with some other Indians volunteered to bring in"—and in which undertaking these enterprising volunteers were detained in Mexico for nearly nine months? How many hostiles were supposed to be included in "the remainder of the bands" then at large in Mexico? When General Crook's prisoners started for the north there were "383 individuals in the Indian column." Geronimo and Nah-chee probably had 40 or 45 fighting men in their party. This would represent a total of about 425 individuals who were captured at that time by the "Grey Fox". This total is believed to represent practically all of the hostiles then in Mexico. The personnel of "the remainder of the bands" presents another mystery. The record does not indicate the return of any such bands to the reservation, and it is certain that when Geronimo and Nah-chee and their followers were finally escorted back to San Carlos the only other "bands" accompanying them were **BANDS OF STOLEN STOCK.**

Several years ago, while traveling in company with Major Carter West, of the regular army, our reminiscences drifted to

tales of frontier days in Arizona, and in the course of this conversation Major West told me that for a time he was detailed in charge of the Chiricahua "prisoners of war," while they were located on Turkey Creek, near Fort Apache. At once I asked: "Why didn't you take the guns away from those prisoners?" Very promptly the major replied: "I did, but General Crook ordered me to return the arms to the Indians."

An official communication from the Indian agent at San Carlos to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, under date of February 9, 1884, contains the following paragraph:

"The Chiricahua prisoners (?) roam at will over the reservation, some of them having their camps three miles from the camps of the soldiers and scouts; all the bucks of the bands are well armed and mounted, and a party of them are now herding a large band of stolen horses and mules twenty miles from the agency. Persons claiming that they have animals among them that are plainly marked and can be identified, have been denied the privilege of visiting the camp for the purpose of pointing out their property, and also are assured that if found the stock could not be recovered."

The following advertisement appeared in several Arizona newspapers during May and June, 1884:

"Headquarters Department of Arizona, Office of Chief Commissary of Subsistence, Whipple Barracks, Prescott, A. T., May 26, 1884.

"There will be sold at public auction, to the highest bidder, by the acting commissary of subsistence at San Carlos, Arizona, on Thursday, June 26, 1884, commencing at 12 o'clock M., about ninety head of cattle, consisting of steers, cows and calves. Terms—cash. Cattle to be removed from reservation immediately after sale. This lot of cattle was brought in from Mexico by the Chiricahua Indians.

Signed: CHAS. P. EGAN,
Captain and C. S., U. S. Army."

Customs officers and others were prevented from disturbing the renegades in the possession of this stolen stock. The GLOBE SILVER BELT supplements the record as follows:

"The owner of some of the cattle here referred to, before the sale, appeared at San Carlos, identified the cattle and produced the branding iron, which exactly corresponded with the brands on the cattle, but he was denied their possession on the frivolous pretext that they were sequestered as spoils of war.

. . . . So far as we are informed, the Sonorian who was despoiled of his stock has not been reimbursed, and thus **the best government under the sun is placed in the light of aiding and abetting the Chiricahuas—with a full knowledge of the facts—in the commission of larceny.**"

In order that it may be distinctly understood **who was responsible for the control and discipline** of the Indians on the San Carlos Reservation at this time, I deem it important to mention here a conference held at the War Department on July 7, 1883, which was attended by Secretary of War Lincoln, Secretary of Interior Teller, General Crook and Commissioner of Indian Affairs Price, when the following agreement was arrived at:

"In view of the difficulties encountered in making satisfactory disposition of the Apache Indians recently captured by General Crook under existing methods of administration, it is determined by the secretary of war and the secretary of the interior, after consideration, that the Apache Indians recently captured by General Crook, and all such as may be hereafter captured or may surrender themselves to him, shall be kept under the control of the war department at such points on the San Carlos Reservation as may be determined by the war department (but not at the agency without the consent of the Indian agent), to be fed and cared for by the war department until further orders. For the greater security of the people of Arizona, and to ensure peace, the war department shall be entrusted with the entire police control of all the Indians in the San Carlos Reservation and charged with the duty of keeping the peace on the reservation and preventing the Indians from leaving, except with the consent of General Crook or the officer who may be authorized to act under him.

"The war department shall protect the Indian agent in the discharge of his duties as agent, which shall include the ordinary duties of an Indian agent, which shall remain as heretofore, except as to keeping the peace, administering justice and punishing refractory Indians, all of which shall be done by the war department as above stated. Signed, Robert T. Lincoln, Secretary of War; H. Teller, Secretary of the Interior."

Commenting on the above agreement, the secretary of war in his annual report for 1883, page 5, says:

"General Sherman expresses the belief that if General Crook **is permitted to manage the Apaches in his own way**, all wars will cease in Arizona, and that with them will disappear the complicated Indian question which has tested the patience

and courage of our people since the first settlement by whites on this continent."

Thus General Crook was given the freest sort of hand to "manage the Apaches in his own way" from July, 1883, until he relinquished his command of the department of Arizona in April, 1886. Nevertheless, wars did not "cease in Arizona," neither did "the complicated Indian question" disappear—but the "prisoners of war" did. Whenever protest was made against the pampered renegades retaining their arms and the possession of stolen stock McClintock says (page 248) that "Crook defended the Chiricahuas as **prisoners of war** who had surrendered with the understanding that **their past deeds would not be punished** provided they behaved themselves in the future."

Much has been written concerning the **capture** of Geronimo by General Crook in 1883. A very good photograph was made at the time of the asserted "council," when the general and his staff were "arranging the terms of surrender." In this photograph are shown General Crook, Geronimo, Captain Bourke, Nana, Captain Roberts, Lieutenant Maus and others. A replica of this photograph in bronze is riveted to the reverse side of the great granite boulder that marks the final resting place of General Crook in the National Cemetery at Arlington Heights, Virginia, overlooking the shimmering bosom of the historic Potomac.

On page 249 of McClintock's history it is recorded that "early in 1885 Lieutenant Britton Davis gave warning that the Chiricahuas (prisoners of war, fully armed) on Turkey Creek were restless and threatening, but no action was taken, and in May of that year 124 of these Chiricahuas, led by Geronimo, Nah-chee and Chiahuahua, left the reservation and headed southward over their former familiar "bloody trails."

And again in May, 1885, I was a resident of Tombstone when this band of fleeing renegades came down the same trail followed in 1881, but instead of crossing through Antelope Pass they continued southward in the direction of Bisbee—then a very small mining camp. And again I joined a company of about twenty citizens who followed the trail as far as Bisbee, arriving just in time to see the dead body of Deputy-Sheriff Billy Daniels brought into that camp by a little company of his excited and sorrowing neighbors. The faithful deputy, learning that marauding Apaches were in the vicinity of the camp galloped out to reconnoitre, ventured too near to some lurking renegades, and paid the penalty with his life.

(To be concluded)

HOW GERONIMO WAS FINALLY OVERCOME AND DEPORTED FROM ARIZONA

(By GEO. H. KELLY)

After the first campaign of General Crook against the Apache Indians, who were led by Geronimo and his band, and the hostiles had agreed to some kind of surrender, it was arranged to have General Crook, who at that time had his headquarters at Bowie, meet Geronimo and other of the Indian war chiefs at the camp of Lieutenant Mauss in Canyon de Embudos, Sonora, Mexico, on March 25, 1886. Geronimo's band was encamped in a rocky defile only five hundred yards away. Geronimo was first to call on General Crook and stated that he wanted to explain why he left the reservation. General Crook is reported to have cut the Indian short by saying:

"Geronimo, you and your Indians have murdered innocent women and children and you are unworthy of belief. The Chiricahuas must surrender unconditionally or fight until the bitter end comes. The last of your band will be killed if it takes fifty years."

Early on the morning of the 27th of March the chief returned for further talk with General Crook, Chihuahua acting as spokesman, who said:

"Friend, three words cover all I want to tell. While we were on the reservation and observed your counsel we were happy, with plenty to eat, good sleep, did no harm to anyone; no one wanted to harm me. Now I am like the coyote, running wild in the mountains. I am tired and want to surrender; to deliver myself to you. Whatever you do with me is all right. Here is my hand."

Nah-chee was next to speak and gave his hand in surrender. Then Geronimo spoke and said that the conference had been much complicated by the base conduct of an American named Tribolet, living in Mexico, who brought whiskey from Tombstone and sold it in open day to the Chiricahuas who became uproariously drunk. This statement was true and a guard was placed on Tribolet's place to stop Indians from buying liquor.

During the interview between General Crook and the Apache hostiles, three chiefs did the talking. A correct translation of the language used by Chihuahua, Natchez and Geronimo at the time of their surrender has been preserved. These words were not only translated by the regular interpreters present,

but Captain Bourke, who had been studying the Apache language attested to its correctness.

Chihuahua spoke: "I am very glad to see you and have this talk with you. It is as you say, we shall always be in danger as long as we remain out here, but I hope from this on that we may live better with our families and not do any harm to anyone. I am anxious to behave for I see the sun looking down upon me and the earth listening and I am thinking better. It seems to me that I have seen the one who makes the rains and sends the winds. He must have sent you to this place. I surrender simply to you because I believe in you and you have never lied to us. You don't deceive us. You must be our God. I am satisfied with all that you do. You must be the one who makes the green pasture; who sends the rain; commands the wind. You must be the one who sends the fresh fruit that comes on the trees every year. There are many men in the world who are big chiefs and command many people, but you, I think, are the greatest of them all or you would not have come out here to see us. I want you to be a father to me and to treat me as your son. I want you to have pity on me. There is no doubt that all you do is right because all you do is just the same as if God did it. Everything you do is right, so I consider, so I believe you to be. I trust in all you do or say. You don't lie; you don't deceive. All you tell us are the facts. I am now in your hands. I place myself at your disposition. I surrender myself to you; do with me as you please. I shake your hand. I want to go in your company and stay with you. I do not want to stay at a distance. I want to be right where you are. I have roamed in the mountains from year to year and never have I found a place where I could see my father or my mother until today I see you, my father. I surrender to you now and I don't want any more bad feeling or bad talk. I am going to stay with you in your camp. Whenever a man raises anything, even a dog, he tries to raise it right and treats it well; so I want you to feel towards me. Don't let people say bad things about me. Now, I surrender to you and go with you. When we are traveling together on the road or anywhere else, I hope you will take me once in a while. I think a great deal of Alchioay and Kaetena. They think a great deal of me and I hope some day to be all the same as their brother and that you will think as much of me as you do of them. I would like you to send my family with me wherever you send me. I have a daughter at Camp Apache and some relatives of myself and my band at San Carlos. Wherever you send me I hope you would send them."

Nah-chee then spoke: "What Chihuahua said I say. I surrender to you just as he did. I give you my word; I give you my body. I surrender. I have nothing more to say than that. When I was free, I gave orders but now I surrender to you and throw myself at your feet. You order and I obey. What you tell me to do I do."

Geronimo's talk: "Two or three words are enough. I have but little to say. (Shakes hands with Crook.) What the others say, I also say. Now I give myself up to you. Do with me what you please. I surrender. Once I moved about like the wind but now I surrender to you and that is all. I surrender to you and want to be just as if I were in your pocket. Now I feel like your brother and Kaetena is my brother also. I was very far from here, almost nobody could get to that place but I sent you word I wanted to come in and here I am. Whatever you tell us is true. We are all satisfied with that and hope the day will come when my word will be as strong with you as yours is with me."

General Crook was right when he told Geronimo, on the occasion of their first meeting, that his word could not be believed, for five days after the formal surrender and the penitent words of Geronimo this wily old chief broke his every promise and with a band of twenty of his drunken warriors slipped away in the night and headed back to their old haunts in Sonora. They had promised to leave Monday for Silver Creek and from thence to Fort Bowie, but on Monday they were still drunk and uncontrollable and during the night they disappeared, leaving most of their camp effects behind. Natchez went with Geronimo and Lieutenant Mauss with a company of troopers went in pursuit of Geronimo and Natchez, but it required several weeks of hard campaigning in Sonora to again corner this old villain and again force his surrender to General Miles, which event was followed by deporting Geronimo and his band of warriors, who had murdered so many citizens—men, women and children—in Arizona.

In about one week after Geronimo's surrender to General Crook an order came from the War Department relieving Crook as commander of the Department of Arizona and naming General Nelson A. Miles as his successor. Then came the final campaign to recapture Geronimo.

In the final campaign which resulted in the deportation of Geronimo, Lieutenants Lawton and Gatewood were prominent, the latter reputed to have been the one who induced Geronimo to agree to unconditional surrender. In less than twenty-five

days from the day when Geronimo broke away from Lieutenant Mauss he and his band were forced to ask for terms of surrender which was unconditionally, except that some assurance was probably given that these hostiles would not be turned over to Arizona civil authority for trial and punishment for their atrocious crimes, evidence of which was plentiful.

Geronimo and his band made their final surrender in Skeleton Canyon, some sixty miles east of the present border city of Douglas. After this formal surrender General Miles returned to his headquarters, at Bowie accompanied by Geronimo, Natchez and several other of the war leaders.

On September 9, 1886, Geronimo and his band of hostiles, including women and children, all having arrived at Bowie, were put into four box cars and the entire number shipped to Florida, via the Southern Pacific and Sunset routes. They were given provisions, etc., and the cars were securely locked. Orders were given to push the train through, without unnecessary stops, to Fort Marion. Thus Arizona was rid of a blood-thirsty band of murderers. These hostile Indians were moved from one point to another until they finally reached Fort Sill, Oklahoma, where Geronimo died. Before death claimed him Geronimo made several pleas for the return of himself, his family and his people to Arizona, but this was never considered because of the knowledge of the determination of the people of Arizona to bring him to the gallows through trial for murder, indictments for which having been returned before he was taken from the territory. Geronimo became interested in religion, or pretended to be, and had a class in Sunday School before his final call to the "happy hunting grounds".

In "Geronimo's Story of His Life", edited by S. M. Barrett, W. T. Melton, a cattleman living at his ranch in Skeleton Canyon when Geronimo finally surrendered to General Miles, contributes the following statement giving details of this surrender and his understanding of the terms:

"From 1882 to 1887 I lived in Southern Arizona and was employed by the San Simon Cattle Company.

"In 1886 I was stationed in Skeleton Canyon, about ten miles north of the boundary line between Arizona and Old Mexico, with J. D. Prewitt. It was our duty to ride the lines south of our range and keep the cattle of the company from straying into Old Mexico.

"One afternoon, when returning from our ride, we discovered an Indian trail leading toward our camp. We rode hurriedly out of the hills into a broad valley so that we could better discover

any attacking parties of Apaches and if assailed have at least a fighting chance for our lives. We knew the Apaches under Geronimo were on the warpath, but they were far down in Old Mexico. However, our knowledge of the Indians led us to expect anything at any time—to always be ready for the worst.

"When we reached the valley we struck a cavalry trail also headed for our camp. This was perplexing, for neither the Indians nor the soldiers seemed to have been riding fast, and both trails led toward our camp in Skeleton Canyon. This canyon was a natural route from Old Mexico to Arizona, and almost all bands of Indians, as well as detachments of United States troops, passed and repassed through this valley when going to Old Mexico or returning therefrom, but never before had two hostile bands passed through here at the same time and traveling in the same direction, except when one fled and the other pursued. What this could mean was a mystery to us. Could it be that the troops had not seen the Indians? Were the redskins trying to head the troops off and attack them in their camp? Were the troops hunting for those Indians? Could this be Lawton's command? Could that be Geronimo's band? No, it was impossible. Then who were these troops and what Indians were those?

"Cautiously we rode to our camp and nailed on the door of our cabin was this notice:

"'BE CAREFUL, GERONIMO IS NEAR BY AND HAS NOT YET SURRENDERED.

Capt. Lawton.'

"Then we understood.

"A short distance above our cabin we found the camp of the troops and we had just finished talking with Captain Lawton, who advised us to remain in his camp rather than risk staying alone in our cabin, when up rode the chief, Geronimo. He was mounted on a blaze-faced, white-stockinged dun horse.

"He came directly to Captain Lawton and through an interpreter asked who we were and what we wanted.

"As soon as the explanation was given he nodded his approval and rode away.

"Prewitt and I rode away with him. We were well armed and well mounted and Geronimo was well mounted but so far as we could see unarmed. I tried to talk with the chief (in English) but could not make him understand. Prewitt wanted to shoot him and said he could easily kill him the first shot, but I objected and succeeded in restraining him. While we were arguing the chief rode silently between us, evidently feeling perfectly

secure. All this time we had been riding in the direction of our horses that were grazing in the valley about a mile distant from our corral. When he came to a place about a half mile from Lawton's camp, where a spur of the mountain ran far out into the valley, Geronimo turned aside, saluted, said in fairly good Spanish, 'Adios, Senors,' and began to ascend a mountain path. Later we learned that he was going directly toward his camp far up among the rocks. We rode on, drove our horses back to the corral and remained in our cabin all night, but were not molested by the Indians.

"The next day we killed three beeves for the Indians and they were paid for by Captain Lawton. On the second day two mounted Mexican scouts came to Lawton's camp. As soon as these Mexicans came in sight the Indians seized their arms and vanished, as it were, among the rocks.

"Captain Lawton wrote an account of conditions and delivered it to the Mexicans, who withdrew. After they had gone and their mission had been explained to Geronimo the Indians again returned to their camp and laid down their arms.

"On the next day word reached camp that General Miles was approaching and the Indians again armed and disappeared among the rocks. (Many of the Apache squaws had field glasses and were stationed every day on prominent mountain peaks to keep a lookout. No one could approach their camp or Lawton's camp without being discovered by these spies.)

"Soon after General Miles joined Lawton's command, Geronimo rode into camp unarmed and, dismounting, approached General Miles, shook hands with him and then stood proudly before the officers waiting for General Miles to begin conversation with him.

"The interpreter said to Geronimo, 'General Miles is your friend.' Geronimo said, 'I never saw him but I have been in need of friends. Why has he not been with me?' When this answer was interpreted everybody laughed. After this there was no more formality and without delay the discussion of the treaty was begun. All I remember distinctly of the treaty is that Geronimo and his band were not to be killed, but they were to be taken to their families.

"I remember this more distinctly, because the Indians were so much pleased with this particular one of the terms of the treaty.

"Geronimo, Nah-chee, and a few others went on ahead with General Miles, but the main band of Indians left under the escort of Lawton's troops.

"The night before they left, a young squaw, daughter-in-law of Geronimo, gave birth to a child. The next morning the husband, Geronimo's son, carried the child, but the mother mounted her pony unaided and rode away unassisted—a prisoner of war under military escort.

"On the afternoon of the day of the treaty Captain Lawton built a monument (about ten feet across and six feet high) of rough stones at the spot where the treaty was made. The next year some cowboys on a round-up camped at the place and tore down the monument to see what was in it. All they found was a bottle containing a piece of paper upon which was written the names of the officers who were with Lawton.

"After the Indians left we found one hundred and fifty dollars and twenty-five cents (\$150.25) in Mexican money hidden in a rat's nest near where the Indians had camped.

"About ten o'clock on the morning after the Apaches and soldiers had gone away twenty Pimos Indians, accompanied by one white man, surrounded our camp and demanded to know of Geronimo's whereabouts. We told them of the treaty and they followed the trail on toward Fort Bowie.

"That afternoon, thinking all danger from Apaches past, my partner, Prewitt, went to ride the lines and I was left in camp alone. I was pumping water (by horse-power) at the well, when I saw three Indians rounding up our horses about half a mile away. They saw me but did not disturb me, nor did I interfere with them, but as soon as they had driven that bunch of horses northward over the hill out of sight I rode quickly off in another direction and drove another bunch of horses into the corral. The rest of the afternoon I stayed in camp, but saw no more Indians.

"The next day we rode over the hill in the direction these Indians had gone and found that they had camped not three miles away. There were evidently several in the party and they had kept scouts concealed near the top of the hill to watch me, and to shoot me from ambush had I followed them. This we knew because we saw behind some rocks at the crest of the hill in the loose soil the imprints left by the bodies of three warriors where they had been lying down in concealment.

"At their camp we found the head and hoofs of my favorite horse, "Digger," a fine little sorrel pony, and knew that he had served them for dinner. We followed their trail far into Old Mexico, but did not overtake them. We had been accustomed to say 'it was Geronimo's band,' whenever any depredation was committed, but this time we were not so positive."

From the same book is taken the following story of Geronimo concerning his experiences as "A Prisoner of War."

"When I had given up to the Government they put me on the Southern Pacific Railroad and took me to San Antonio, Texas, and held me to be tried by their laws.

"In forty days they took me from there to Fort Pickens (Pensacola), Florida. Here they put me to sawing up large logs. There were several other Apache warriors with me and all of us had to work every day. For nearly two years we were kept at hard labor in this place and we did not see our families until May, 1887. This treatment was in direct violation of our treaty made at Skeleton Canyon.

"After this we were sent with our families to Vermont, Alabama, where we stayed five years and worked for the Government. We had no property and I looked in vain for General Miles to send me to that land of which he had spoken; I longed in vain for the implements, house and stock that General Miles had promised me.

"During this time one of my warriors, Fun, killed himself and his wife. Another one shot his wife and then shot himself. He fell dead but the woman recovered and is still living.

"We were not healthy in this place, for the climate disagreed with us. So many of our people died that I consented to let one of my wives go to the Mescalero Agency, in New Mexico, to live. This separation is according to our custom equivalent to what the white people call divorce, and so she married again soon after she got to Mescalero. She also kept our two small children, which she had a right to do. The children, Lenna and Robbie, are still living at Mescalero, New Mexico. Lenna is married. I kept one wife, but she is dead now and I have only our daughter, Eva, with me. Since my separation from Lenna's mother I have never had more than one at a time. Since the death of Eva's mother I married another woman (December, 1905) but we could not live happily and separated. She went home to her people—that is an Apache divorce.

"Then, as now, Mr. George Wratten superintended the Indians. He has always had trouble with the Indians, because he has mistreated them. One day an Indian, while drunk, stabbed Mr. Wratten with a little knife. The officer in charge took the part of Mr. Wratten and the Indian was sent to prison.

"When we first came to Fort Sill, Captain Scott was in charge and he had houses built for us by the Government. We were also given, from the Government, cattle, hogs, turkeys and chickens. The Indians did not do much good with the hogs

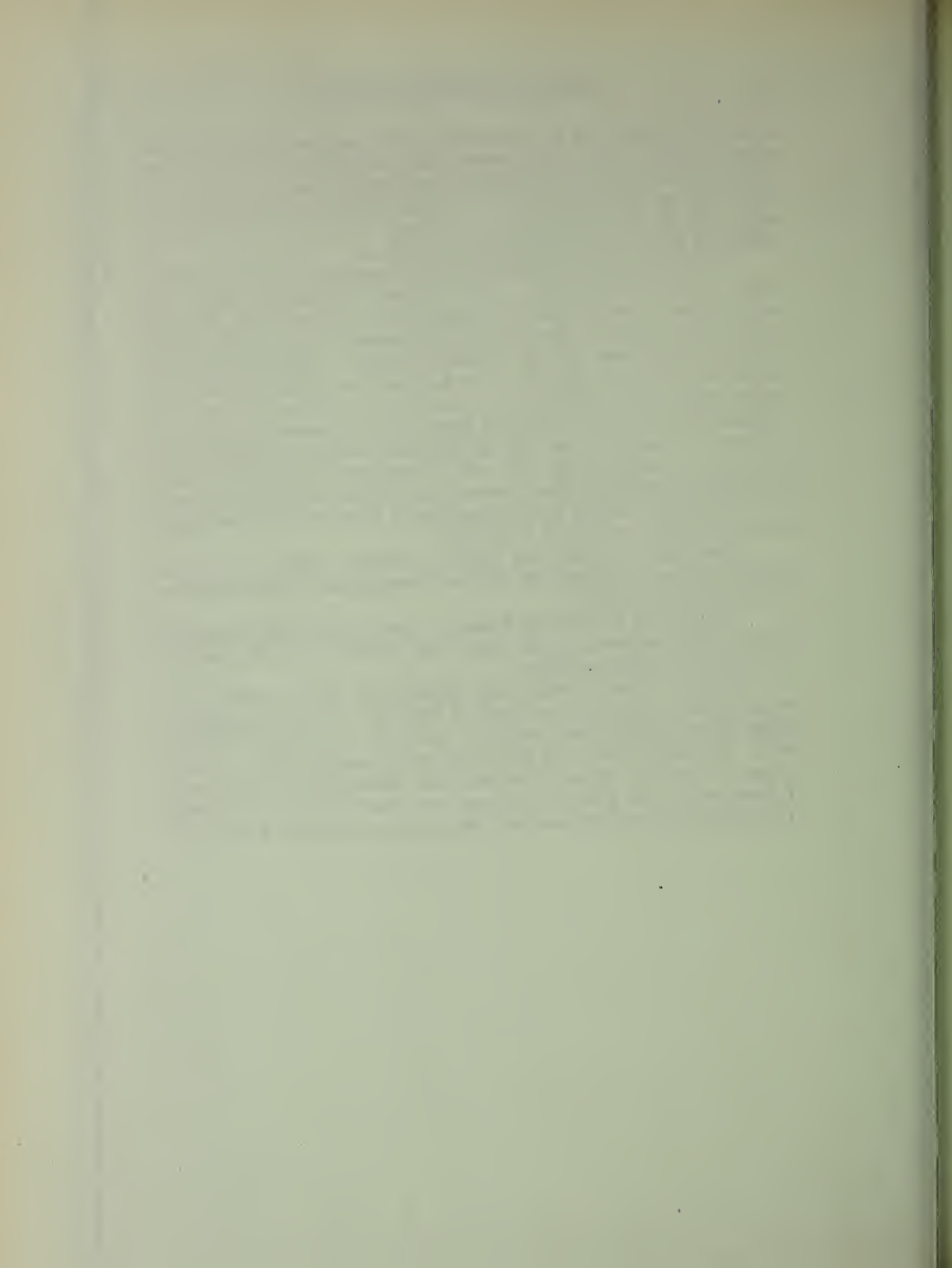
because they did not understand how to care for them, and not many Indians even at the present time keep hogs. We did better with the turkeys and chickens, but with these we did not have as good luck as white men do. With the cattle we have done very well, indeed, and we like to raise them. We have a few horses also, and have had no bad luck with them.

"In the matter of selling our stock and grain there has been much misunderstanding. The Indians understood that the cattle were to be sold and the money given to them, but, instead, part of the money is given to the Indians and part of it is placed in what the officers call the "Apache Fund." We have had five different officers in charge of the Indians here and they have all ruled very much alike—not consulting the Apaches or even explaining to them. It may be that the Government ordered the officers in charge to put this cattle money into an Apache Fund, for once I complained and told Lieutenant Purington that I intended to report to the Government that he had taken some of my part of the cattle money and put it into the Apache Fund, he said he did not care if I did tell.

"Several years ago the issue of clothing ceased. This, too, may have been by the order of the Government, but the Apaches do not understand it.

"If there is an Apache Fund, it should some day be turned over to the Indians, or at least they should have an account of it, for it is their earnings.

"When General Miles last visited Fort Sill I asked to be relieved from labor on account of my age. I also remembered what General Miles had promised me in the treaty and told him of it. He said I need not work any more except when I wished to, and since that time I have not been detailed to do any work. I have worked a great deal, however, since then, for, although I am old, I like to work and help my people as much as I am able."



AN INDIAN SCARE

By MRS. A. M. DYER, Douglas, Arizona

In August, 1885, my husband, Mr. F. H. Dyer, my step-daughter, Minnie Dyer, and myself went up in the Catalina Mountains, beyond Tucson, to escape from the heat. We were on the lower slope of the north side of Mount Lemmon at an abandoned mining camp, known as the Copper Camp, where there was a small smelter and several houses. The mine had not paid and everything had been shut down for some years; we made our home in a house built of logs.

The location was a beautiful one. We were surrounded by mountains dotted over by open woods of fine trees—oak, juniper, sycamore, wild locust and pine, on the higher slopes. A clear stream of cold water ran at the foot of the hill on which our house stood. There were beautiful flowers and vines. The yellow columbine twinkled up and down the brook like stars. One day, while wandering through the woods, I came upon a large, perfect white cross; it was the remains of a dead tree covered with a profuse growth of white clematis. It was quite startling to come upon it standing all by itself in that lonely place.

The Mammoth Mine, of which Mr. Dyer was part owner, was about sixty miles away, being connected with the Copper Camp by a good wagon road. At the camp were about twenty Mexicans engaged in cutting pine trees to be used in timbering the Mammoth Mine.

There being no store nearer than the Mammoth, we kept provisions of various kinds to sell to the Mexicans; that brought them to the house and in that way we became well acquainted with them and with the one woman amongst them, the Senora Castro, who used to entertain us by singing to the accompaniment of her guitar. I remember, especially, one song that she called the Mexican "Home Sweet Home," with its pathetic refrain of "Nunca Jamas—quien sabe sin la vida; quien sabe sin la vida."

Teclo was also an entertaining personality. He told me one day that the mules ought not to be allowed to drink out of the brook, because if any hairs fell in the water they turned to rattlesnakes.

The pine logs were hauled to the mine by a wagon drawn by eight splendid big mules. The round trip was made once a week, bringing supplies and mail. It was always a joyous

occasion when the wagon arrived, since it was our only connecting link with the outside world, though we had occasional visitors.

We were so happy there; so interested in our life and surroundings, and in the life of the Mexicans so that when cool weather came we did not leave but stayed until the following May when we were driven out by the Apaches.

In October, a number of men under Charles Gooding opened the mine and smelter and operated them for a time, but found they could not make them pay; all the men left except Charles Gooding and Charles Quitty, who remained in charge of the property. Naturally, we became warm friends, the more especially as my daughter and Charles Gooding became much interested in each other and there was the watching of a love affair to add to the general gaiety of life. Though "Far from the Maddening Crowd," our life was by no means dull.

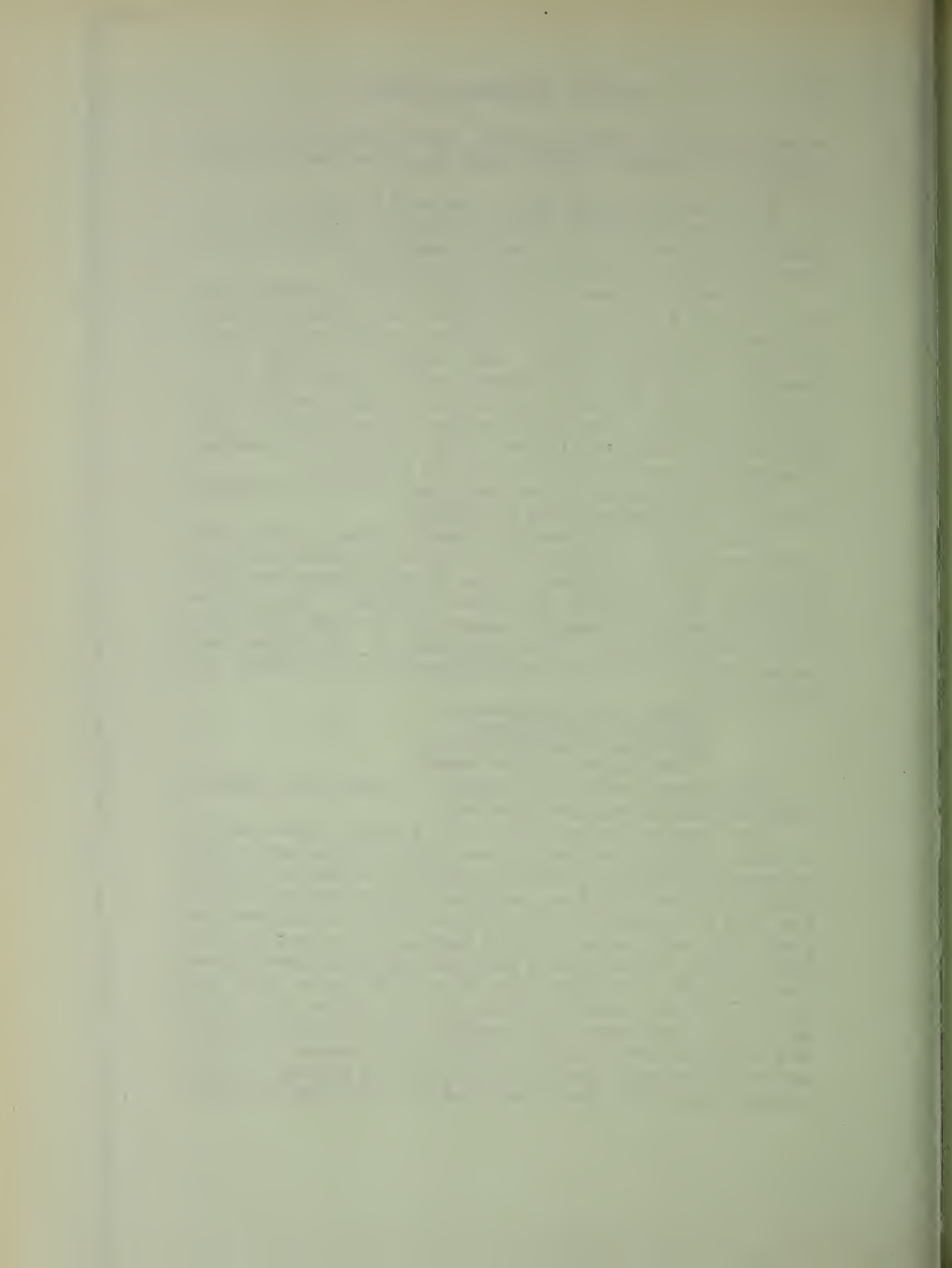
The winter brought snow and great numbers of beautiful birds, most brilliantly colored but songless.

About eight miles down the mountain was a small group of miners working a prospect; the combined agglomeration being known as "The Gold Camp." One of these miners was a Mr. Ramsdell, who came to our house frequently, the principal attraction being my daughter, though Mr. Ramsdell often went hunting with Mr. Dyer. Deer were plentiful. We had so much venison that we felt as my grandfather did about rabbits. He used to say:

"Rabbits young and rabbits old,
Rabbits hot and rabbits cold,
Rabbits tender and rabbits tough,
Thank the Lord, I've had enough!"

Time flowed gently and happily by until the spring of 1886, the time of Geronimo's last raid.

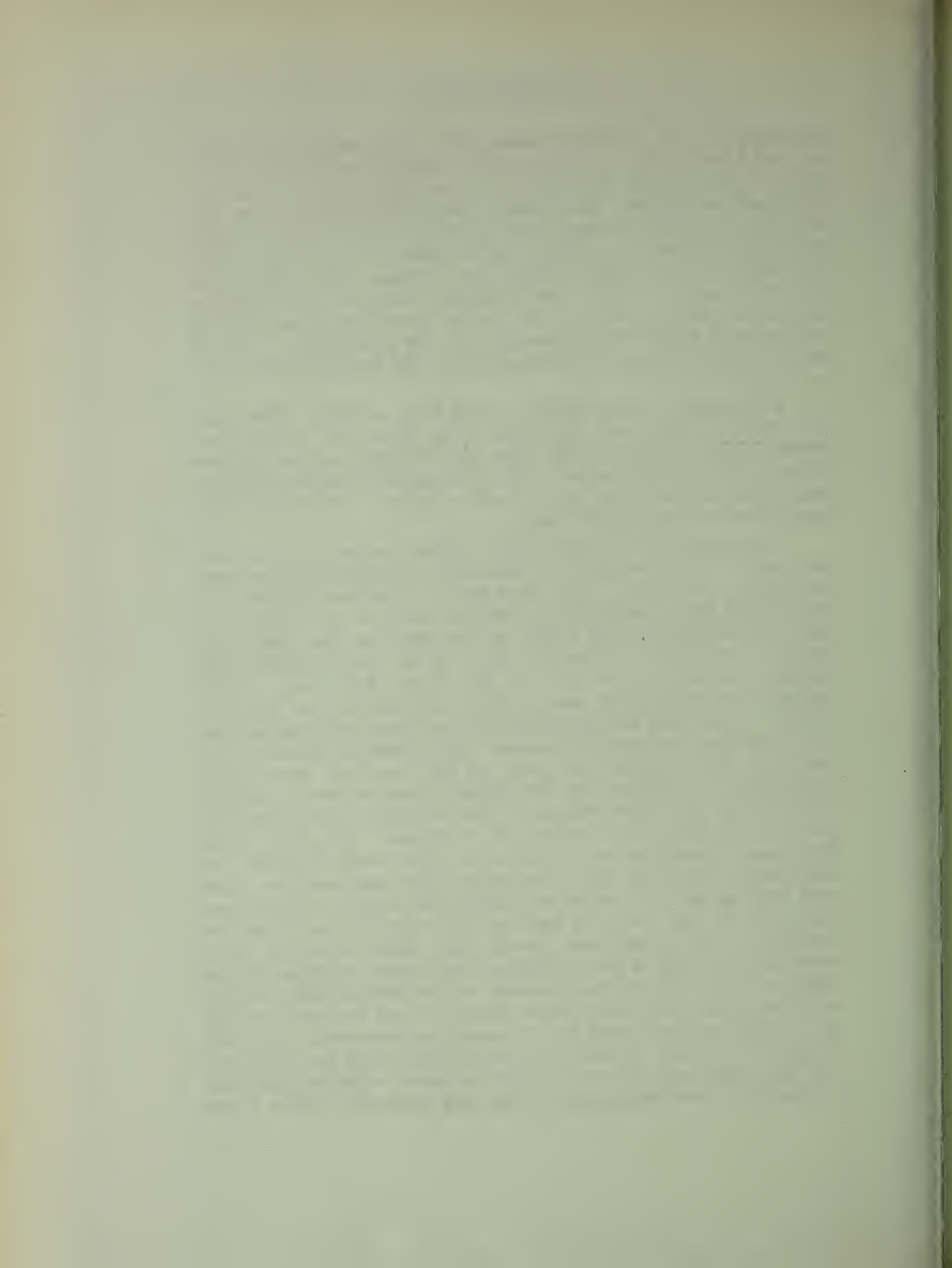
The Apaches had not been in the Catalina Mountains for so many years that we felt not the slightest uneasiness, though we knew of Geronimo's raids and atrocities. A band of Apaches lived on the San Pedro River, about sixty miles from us, but they had long been peaceful. The United States Government had given them such inducements to remain that no one had any fear of them. At the head of this band was an old rascal named Es-kim-in-zeen. In early times he and his braves were very friendly with the cattlemen along the San Pedro, often being fed at the ranch houses. One morning Es-kim-in-zeen and some of his Apaches went to one of these ranch houses. After the cattlemen had eaten breakfast they had the Indians sit down and eat, after which the Indians rose from the table and killed



every man there. Es-kim-in-zeen said: "My heart burst within me and I had to do it; any coward can kill his enemy but it takes a brave man to kill his friend." As a mark of appreciation of this noble sentiment, the United States Government gave this brave man and his followers a tract of land and a band of cattle on condition that he would keep his heart in order and would not allow it to "burst within him" again. To finish with Ex-kim-in-zeen. While the Apaches were in the Catalina Mountains, he, or some of his braves were often seen driving wagon loads of beef to the renegades in the mountains. He did not dare let his heart burst again but he did his little bit as well as he could.

Life passed uneventfully by until May of 1886. The mine and mill at Mammoth had been shut down for repairs; no timber being needed for the mine the Mexicans at the Copper Camp had been discharged. Our little family of three, together with Charles Gooding and Charles Quitty, constituted the population of the Copper Camp.

One night about eleven o'clock Minnie came into our room and said: "Oh, father, Mr. Ramsdell is outside and he says the Indians are here." Mr. Dyer got up, went to the door and found that Mr. Ramsdell had become confused and could not find the crossing of the brook, so he stood on the bank and yelled "Indians!" When he came in he was shaking with fright—not for himself but for us. There had been a fight between some ranchers and a band of Apaches on the San Pedro. After dark that evening two men came on horseback to the Gold Camp to warn the miners. Mr. Ramsdell wanted them to go up the mountain and warn us but they said they would not for fear of running into the Indians; that we were probably all killed by that time, anyway. Mr. Ramsdell then seized his gun and ran the eight miles up the mountain. Mr. Dyer went down and roused the two young men. They arose, dressed and came up to our house with their guns; there was nowhere to go and nothing to do. Our house being made of logs was the best place for defense. We sat and waited, expecting an attack at daylight. We afterwards found that eight Apaches, four wounded in charge of four well ones, had passed our house in the night on their way to some deserted cabins several miles farther up the mountain. They knew about us and intended to kill us on their way out, after the wounded had recovered. We had no way of leaving. Minnie had been ill and could not walk far. Mr. Ramsdell and the two young men made a sleeping place on a small hill, overlooking our house and spent the nights there



until we went away. Two days after we were first warned, Mr. Weedin and Joe Phy came from Florence to warn us but could think of no way to get us out on account of Minnie's ill health, so after staying a night and day they went down to Mammoth. Mr. Johnson, the superintendent at Mammoth, had not known we were in danger. He looked about the camp to find a man and conveyance to send for us. He found that a man named Ezekiel had a good two-seated spring wagon and a pair of fast horses. When the matter was explained to him he said at once he would go. He started the next morning and drove the sixty miles with his gun on his knees, keeping one eye on the road and the other on every clump of rocks and bushes. After his arrival we made our preparations and left for Mammoth early the next morning, driving rapidly and expecting at any moment to run into the Indians. Nothing happened, however, and we arrived safely at Mammoth.

We had taken with us only a few things, as the wagon could not be heavily loaded. Mr. Dyer and Minnie, being from the east, could never understand the danger from the Indians and would not have left the Copper Camp if it had not been for my fears. I was in terror. I had lived in the West nearly all my life, and besides had had an uncle killed by the Apaches.

The next morning after we arrived at Mammoth, Mr. Dyer hired a heavy wagon and driver and went back to the Copper Camp to bring away the stuff that had been left there. When they left Mammoth the driver was so drunk he could hardly sit on the seat. That evening we could see the Indians' signal fires on the peaks of the mountains. A flame would dart up and down several times and would then be answered in the same way from another peak.

Just after Mr. Dyer had gone, Mr. Wallace, the superintendent of the mill, came in and told us that the body of Dr. Davis had been found in the road over which Mr. Dyer would pass. Dr. Davis and his family lived on a cattle ranch on the San Pedro. He had taken his family into Tucson for safety and was returning to the ranch when the Indians waylaid and killed him. My feelings during the days Mr. Dyer was gone may be imagined; however, he returned safely without seeing anything of the Indians.

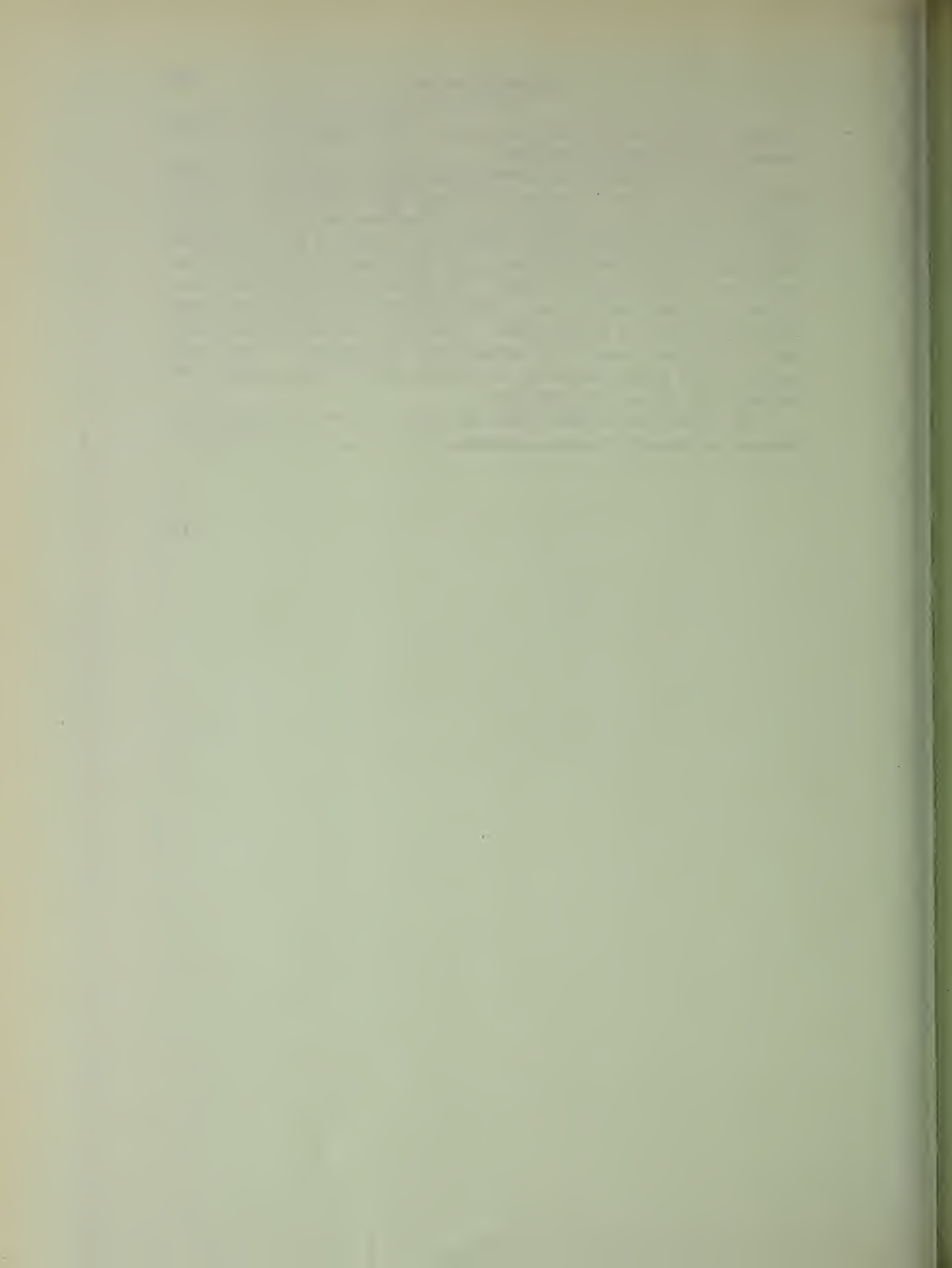
We remained at Mammoth about two weeks, hoping the Apache raid would be ended and we might return in safety to the Copper Camp, but it became apparent that the end was not near, so we went to Tucson on the stage, which was considered safer than a private conveyance. Until we were out of the



danger zone the men in the stage rode with their guns in their hands, but we saw no Indians.

A year or so after this terrifying Indian experience, in which we saw no Indians, Charles Gooding met and talked with an Apache scout who told him that the Indians knew all about us; that the eight Indians who passed our house in the mountains intended to kill us on their way out, when the wounded ones had sufficiently recovered to travel. The eight lay all of one day concealed in some bushes on a little hill not far from the house. They described us to the scout. They saw we had been warned and that there were four armed men on guard. They stole away in the night intending to return with a larger party, but before they did so we were gone.

So ended the Indian scare, in which we saw no Indians, but which was terrifying just the same.



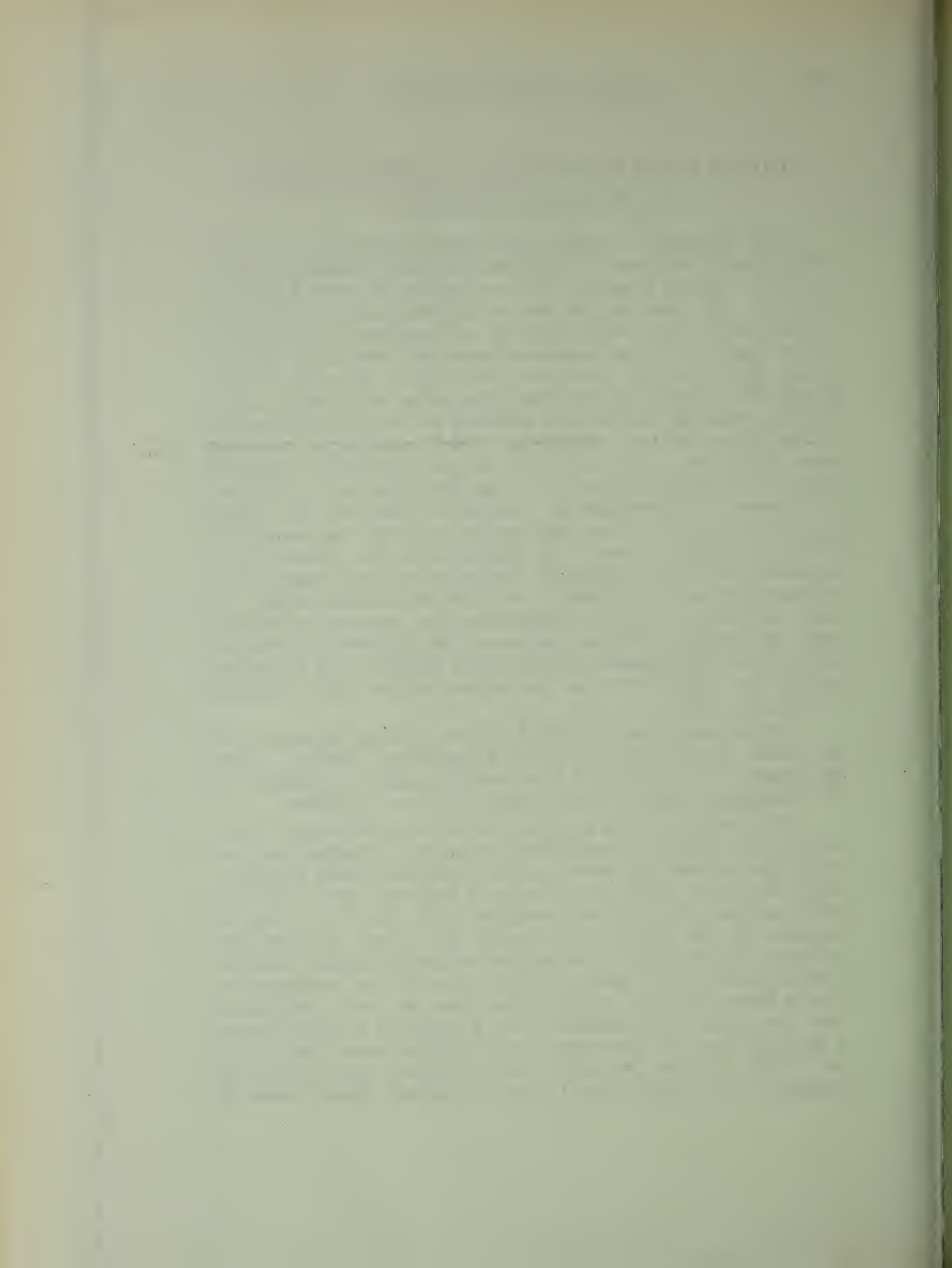
STAGES HELD UP ON BLACK CANYON ROUTE

(I. E. SOLOMON tells story)

I. E. Solomon for many years was one of the prominent citizens and merchants of Southern Arizona, residing at Solomonville, Graham County, this town taking its name from Mr. Solomon. He went to the site of Solomonville in 1876 from Clifton, where for a short time he was employed in the crude copper smelter then in operation there and owned by the Liszynsky Brothers, who were relatives of Mrs. Solomon. What caused Mr. Solomon to go to the Gila Valley was a contract for burning mesquite timber into charcoal for use in the furnaces of the Clifton smelter. At Solomonville he established a general store which grew into one of the largest mercantile establishments in Southern Arizona. He was also president of the firm of Solomon, Wickersham & Company, wholesale and retail merchants and government contractors at Bowie station, on the Southern Pacific Railroad. At Solomonville Mr. Solomon also handled government contracts, supplying hay and grain to the military posts at Fort Grant, Fort Thomas and San Carlos. To make settlement with the quartermasters' department of the army, at Prescott, was the business of Mr. Solomon at Prescott at the time of the stage hold-up incident related in the following, written by Mr. Solomon at the request of the state historian in January, 1923:

"In the early part of 1880 I had an exciting experience on the Black Canyon road, between Prescott and Phoenix, when two stages were held up, at their meeting place, by robbers, all the passengers relieved of their cash and other valuables.

"At that time I was president of the firm of Solomon, Wickersham & Company, merchants, government contractors and forwarding agents at Bowie, on the Southern Pacific Railroad, thirty-five miles south of my home at Solomonville. This firm held contracts for military supplies and the forwarding of supplies to the various army posts and camps in Southern Arizona, then infested by unconquered hostile Apache Indians. The incident I will relate occurred when I was returning to Bowie from Prescott, where I had been to make settlement with the army quartermaster. As a result of this settlement I received from the quartermaster two government checks, one for \$1,000 and one for \$960. As I needed some money for expenses of my trip home I went to Colonel Head's store in



Prescott and asked him to cash one of the quartermaster's checks. He asked me what size these checks were. I told him I wanted to cash one for \$960. He asked his bookkeeper, Mr. Cook, to cash my checks. Mr. Cook started to count the money out to me in nothing but fives and small bills, making a large pile of money. In those days one was always more or less concerned about the danger of hold-ups and it occurred to me that I should not risk this money on a trip home, a wise conclusion as events afterward proved. I then asked Mr. Cook if he had any larger bills he could give me. He said he had none, so I asked him to cash my personal check for a small amount to meet my expense to Phoenix. He said he would much rather cash my individual check as they desired to retain their own cash for which there was urgent demand in Prescott. I drew my check for \$25 and retained the draft. I started for my home on the same day, accompanied by Captain Gordon, of the U. S. Cavalry, who was stationed at Fort Grant. There was also a doctor in the stage coach with us.

"We left Prescott about two o'clock in the afternoon. As it got dark the captain, as if having a presentiment of danger, told me if I had any money with me I had better put it in my boots as we were liable to be held up along there. I told the captain what little money I had would not hurt me to lose but that he had better secrete what he had, which was considerably more than I had. I noticed the captain was getting more and more nervous. Finally he left the seat inside the coach and climbed up beside the driver, I remaining with the doctor on the inside. About one hour after the captain left his seat in the coach two masked men stopped the stage. One of them pointed a gun at me and told me to get out and, of course, I lost no time in obeying the order, as did the doctor. The captain was ordered down from the driver's seat. One of the men said "Throw up your hands!" and this order was obeyed without any loss of time. In those days I had a valuable gold watch, open face, to which was attached a silk cord. One of the men started to untie this silk cord. I asked him to cut the cord instead of trying to untie it. He cut the cord and took my watch. He also took the watches of the captain and the doctor. Next he went through my pockets from which he obtained some \$50 or \$60. The doctor had only about \$5.00 or \$10 but my friend, the captain, yielded up between \$200 and \$300 in cash. They returned what checks were taken from us, as they could be of no use to the bandits. In the meantime they ordered the Wells-Fargo box down from the seat of the stage, opened it and

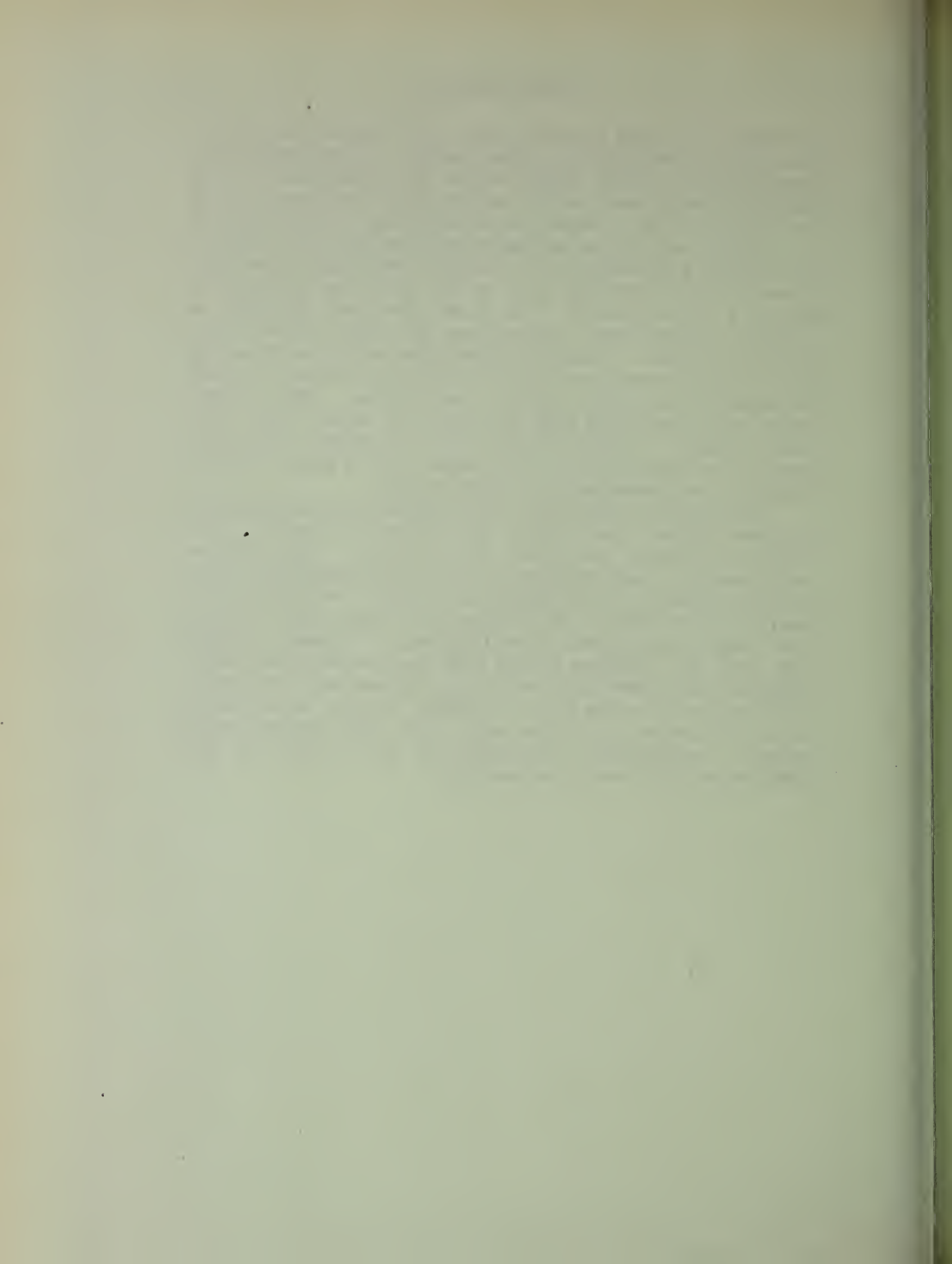
took out the contents. During all this time there was good humored conversation between the robbers and the stage passengers, I taking occasion to compliment the robbers on the success of their enterprise in getting a substantial amount of cash and other valuables without doing bodily harm to anyone.

"After the express box had been rifled the stage enroute to Prescott from Phoenix was heard coming and we, of the Phoenix-bound, were ordered to stand quietly beside the road—(this incident occurred about two miles from Gillette Station). There were six men on the Prescott bound stage, among them three soldiers, a doctor and Dick Nagle, one of the best men in the United States marshal's force in Arizona at that time and who had previously been city marshal at Tombstone. These men were ordered out of the stage, the soldiers having previously thrown their guns to the side of the road, and with "hands up!" they were relieved of their valuables as we had been—money and watches. I think one of the robbers must have known me—at least he seemed to show unusual regard for me. The robbers remained until after the Prescott stage departed. Before the Prescott stage moved away I again took occasion to congratulate the bandits on the good success of their undertaking—holding up two stages without harm to anyone, other than the loss of cash and other valuables and thanked them for their courtesy and desire to avoid inflicting bodily harm. The two men seemed to appreciate my complimentary remarks and this emboldened me to ask the man who I was led to believe knew me if he would not be good enough to hand back my watch, as I regarded it as an heirloom, it having been given me by a relative and while it would be of little value to them I prized it very highly. There was no hesitation on the part of the robbers in complying with this request, one of them producing eight or ten watches. Mine being open-faced and with silk cord I readily recognized it and received it back, thanking the man who handed it to me. Captain Gordon asked them to return his watch also. I explained to them that Captain Gordon was a friend of mine and as he had yielded a goodly sum of cash I thought they could afford to return his watch, which was done without further remark. Then Deputy-Marshal Nagle said: "Gentlemen, I hope you will also return my watch. I prize it very highly because it was given me by prominent citizens of Tombstone after I had served that city as chief of police. The names of my Tombstone friends are engraved on the watch, also my own name. If you will return to me my watch I will leave, or send, \$100 to any place in Arizona for you and never attempt to make any trouble for you on account of

my watch. You just name the place and I will send the \$100 if you return to me this highly prized watch." They hesitated for some little time when, finally, one of the robbers said "Here, take your confounded watch" and he got it back and without any instructions as to where to send the money he had promised.

"Such good fortune as had come to us with the return of the watches was hardly to be expected from stage robbers and this caused me to ask for more, so after the Prescott stage had started I again thanked "the boys" for their liberality in returning our watches, telling them that they had been very nice to our friends. I then asked that they return to me enough money to pay for my breakfast in Phoenix and drinks for myself, the captain, the doctor and the stage driver. One of them pulled out a hand filled with silver with the remark that I take what I needed. I took \$7.00 or \$8.00, remarking, "Boys, you seem to be regular fellers." We parted, but I never was sure whether I was known to one of them or not."

Mr. Solomon, after many years of prominence in business at Solomonville, and Bowie, sold his holdings and retired. He, with Mrs. Solomon, now resides in Los Angeles. Their children were Charles F., now president of the Arizona-Southwest Bank, at Tucson; Harry now residing in the Imperial Valley; Eva, who married Julius Wetzler, of Holbrook, Arizona, where she now lives; Rose, who married Dave Goldberg, of Phoenix, residing here until Mr. Goldberg retired from business here and established a home in San Francisco; Lilly, who married Max Lantin, of Globe, now residing in Los Angeles; Blanche, who married Jacob Weinberger, of Globe, who, soon after serving in the Arizona Constitutional Convention in 1911 moved to San Diego, where he is now practicing law.



INTERESTING REMINISCENCES

By COLONEL A. J. DORAN

For many years Major A. J. Doran was one of the prominent men of the Territory of Arizona. He first came into Arizona in 1862, being with General Carleton, who commanded what was known as the California Column, a military expedition sent to Arizona and New Mexico to clear the country of a Southern Confederacy force, which had taken possession of Southern New Mexico and the territory now included in Arizona, under General Baylor, who had established headquarters at La Mesilla, where he issued a proclamation declaring himself Governor of Arizona.

After his service in the California Column, Doran returned to California and engaged in mining in that state and Utah for a time. He was a millwright and bridge builder and was engaged in bridge building on the Santa Fe Railroad during its construction; was present when the last spike was driven when the two roads were connected, at Promongory. For a time he was in the employ of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, and he built the first railroad turn-table ever used in the United States, at the foot of Second Street, San Francisco. He then went to the Death Valley country and helped to build the Panamint Mill for Stewart and Jones.

In the fall of 1876 he left Los Angeles for Arizona, and resided here up to the time of his death, which occurred in the Arizona Pioneers' Home, at Prescott, he being superintendent of that institution.

Soon after arriving in Arizona he built the mill at Pinal for the Silver King Mining Company. Afterwards he was superintendent of the Silver King Company for several years.

Major Doran left the Silver King Mine to reside in Florence, where he served Pinal County in many official positions. In 1880 he was elected as a member of the Eleventh Territorial Legislature, the session being held at Prescott. At the next election, that of 1882, he was elected sheriff. After that he served two terms as chairman of the board of supervisors. He was elected a member of the Fourteenth Territorial Legislature in Prescott. He was also a member of the Sixteenth Legislature, which convened in the city hall in Phoenix. He was also a member of the council in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Territorial Legislatures and was president of the council in the



eighteenth session. He served two terms as member of the territorial board of equalization, being first appointed by Governor Lewis Wolfley in 1889. For seven years he was Lieutenant-Colonel of the First Regiment of the Arizona National Guard.

Major Doran was elected to the council of the Twenty-fourth Territorial Legislature from Yavapai County, and was chosen president of that body.

Major Doran resided for many years in Pinal County. He built the old and, later, the new court-house and an important school-house. The lumber used in the old court-house at Florence in 1878 was hauled from Prescott at the cost of \$150.00 per thousand for rough lumber. The new court-house was built in 1889.

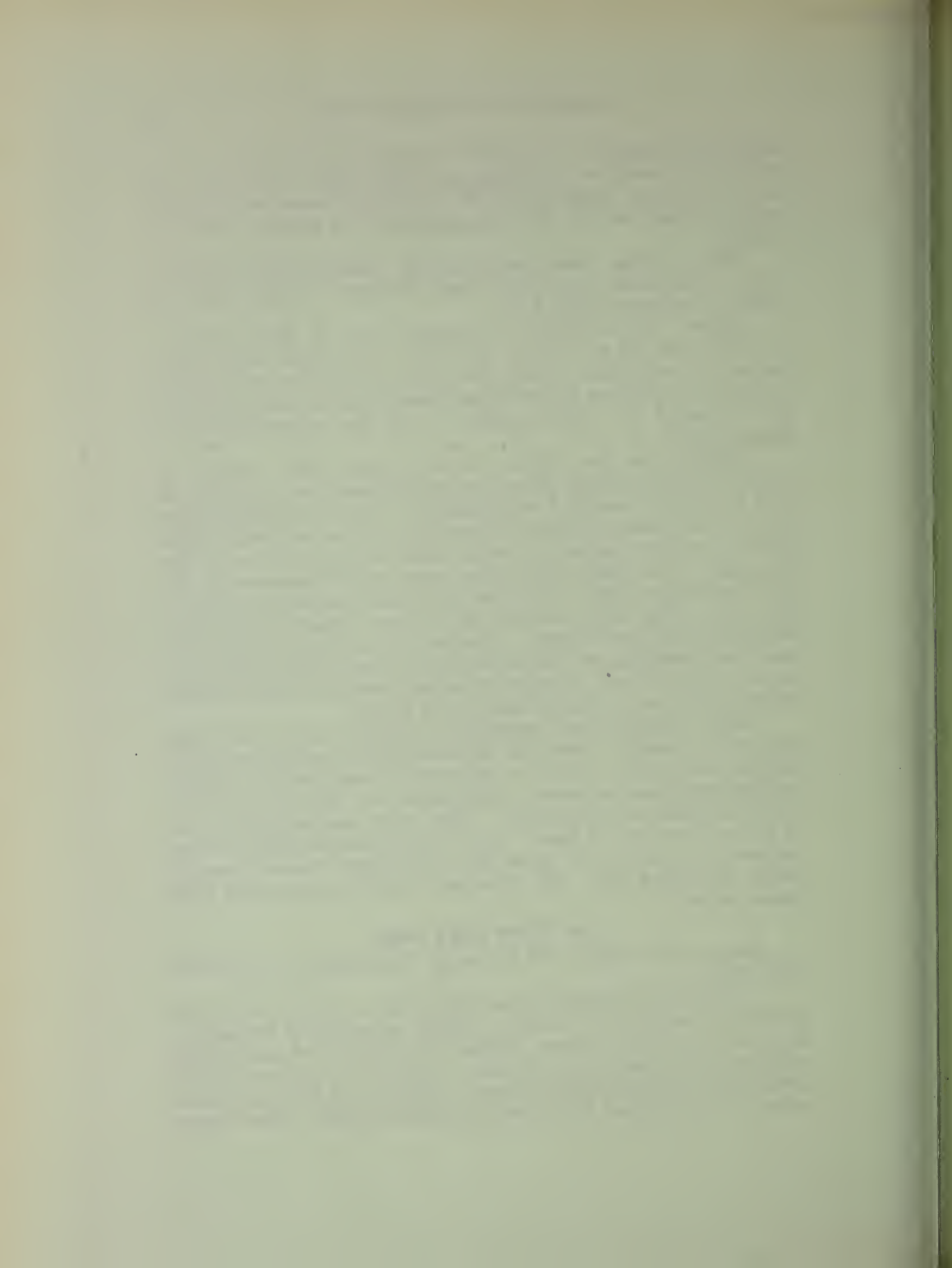
During the time Major Doran served Pinal County as sheriff, the Silver King Mine was in full operation, reducing the ores into silver bars and concentrates. The bars weighed from 100 to 125 pounds and were shipped by express to Casa Grande Station, on the Southern Pacific Railroad, and thence to San Francisco. The Stage was robbed twice while Doran was sheriff, and the bullion taken. The first time there was only one bar on the stage. The stage was held up a short distance from Pinal, where the mill was located. The bar was so heavy the robbers could not handle it, so they secreted it a short distance from the scene of the robbery. Immediate pursuit was given and a search made for the bar of bullion and it was found.

Some months later, according to Major Doran, the stage was held up again, almost at the same place, and three bars of bullion were taken. After the robbery the stage driver returned to Pinal and gave the alarm. The bullion was recovered and two of the robbers were captured. They were convicted and sent to prison for a term of years. One of these robbers Major Doran pursued for about 100 miles into the Tonto Basin Country, before capturing him. He, together with his pal, served their prison terms.

The Silver King Mine

Major Doran gave the following description of the Silver King Mine:

"The Silver King was a marvelous mine. Its ore shute was 150 feet in length and 75 feet in width, in porphyry formation. It produced about sixteen million of dollars and paid eight millions in dividends to its owners. The first ores were selected and hauled from the mine to Yuma, a distance of 350 miles, from where it was shipped by steamer to San Francisco. The wagon

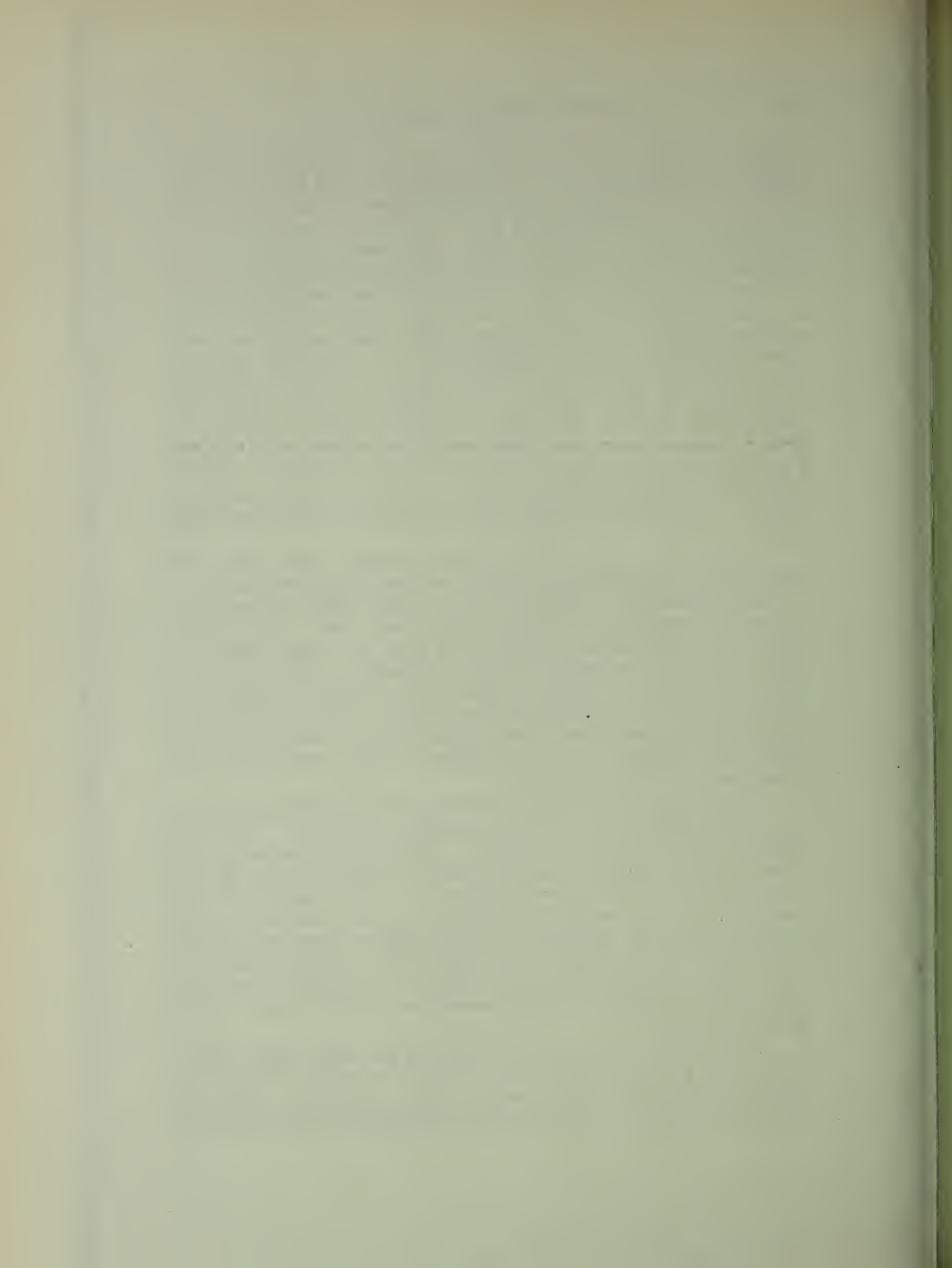


freight to Yuma was fifteen cents per pound and the steamer freight was \$25.00 per ton. This made a total of \$350. per ton. The ore ran in value from two to four thousand dollars per ton, much of it being almost pure silver. The mine was discovered in the latter part of the year 1873. The road from Silver King to Picket Post, just over the crest of the mountain, was built by General Stoneman, then in command of the military department of Arizona, and was known as "Stoneman's Grade." Two soldiers belonging to his command, and stationed at the post, were discharged and they started to go to Florence, on foot. When they got to the foot of the mountain, on the south side, they stopped to rest. One of them picked up a piece of peculiar looking ore, took it with him to Florence and showed it to Charlie Mason, who was then a resident of Florence. Mason had the ore tested and found that it was very rich in silver, being almost solid chloride of silver, known to miners as "horn silver." The soldiers disappeared, no one knowing where they went.

"After the ore was tested, Charlie Mason, Billy Long and Mr. Reagan organized a party and went on a hunt for this mine, or the location the ore came from. They made an extended search, but could not find anything, at that time. One of their animals, a white mule, strayed away from the camp about the time the party was ready to return to Florence. Billy Long left the camp in search of the lost mule. He saw him standing on a round, reddish looking hill, sunning himself in the morning sun. Long went up the hill and got the mule and discovered that the mule was standing on the croppings of what was afterwards known as the Silver King Mine.

"They made the location in 1873 and Charlie Mason became the first superintendent of the incorporated company. I relieved Mason as superintendent in 1881. The first mill erected on the mine had five stamps, erected by an old millwright well known in Arizona by the name of Comstock. The second mill had twenty stamps. During the time I was superintendent I made the heaviest single shipment from the Silver King; it consisted of 22 bars of silver, valued at \$70,000, the result of fifteen days' run, besides concentrates to the value of as much or more than the bullion shipped. The concentrates, usually, were worth \$2,000 per ton.

"The above is a correct history of the Silver King Mine, which was a rich producer for a number of years. The Silver King Company was incorporated in San Francisco, under the laws of the State of California; its capitalization being \$500,000



or \$1,000,000. Among the incorporators were J. M. Barney, Charlie Mason, Mr. Reagan and William Long. The mine was worked to a depth of one thousand feet. It was closed down in 1886 because of the decline of silver and the decrease in the value of the ore."

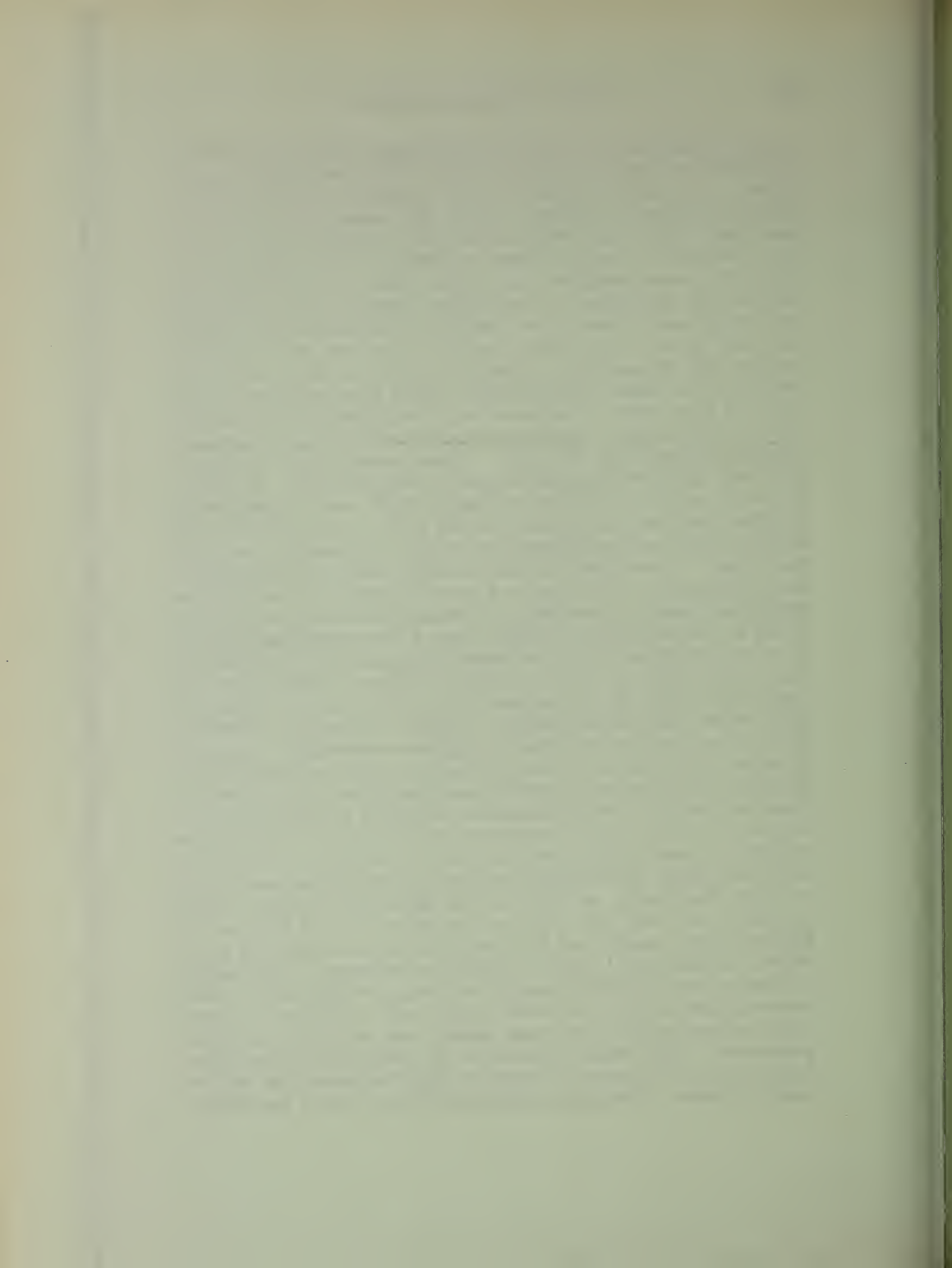
Robberies and Murders

Arizona, up to 1885, was a wild country and robberies and murders were frequent. Major Doran gave an account of some of them in an interview with State Historian Thomas E. Farish in 1916:

"In the year 1882, in the month of September, a stage running from Bisbee to Tombstone, and into Tucson, was held up below Tombstone on a trip from Tucson. This was commonly known as the Bisbee Robbery. Bob Paul, who was the Wells-Fargo messenger, and had a shot-gun, exchanged places with the driver, Philpot, who was carrying the gun and Bob Paul was driving the team. The stage was attacked, Philpot was killed and the treasure taken. Around the place of the robbery were leaves from a book, and the officers hunted for months to find that book, without success, this being the only clue to the perpetrators of the robbery.

"On the 10th of August, following, occurred what became known as the Riverside Robbery. The stage ran between Florence and Globe and was held up about one-half mile from Riverside; the treasure-box was robbed and Collins, the messenger, was killed. The treasure-box was opened and the treasure taken out—about \$1,000 in gold and \$2,000 in silver. For some time prior to this robbery there was a man in Florence known as "Red Jack," whose true name was Jack Almer. He was watching outgoing stages and gave the tip to his accomplices that on this stage was a considerable amount of treasure. I was sheriff of Pinal County at the time. The two men committing the robbery were a man by the name of Tuttle and one by the name of Hensley. They took the treasure about 10 o'clock at night and rode to Redfield's Ranch, on the San Pedro River, 75 miles from the scene of the robbery and murder. On the way to the ranch the two thousand dollars in silver, being very heavy and inconvenient to carry, was cached in an arroya about thirty miles from the scene of the robbery. These men were seen and recognized as they were traveling on the road to Redfield's Ranch, where they arrived on the following morning. Hensley, after resting during the day, struck off into the Rincon Mountains, where he was later joined by Almar. Tuttle remained on the ranch, which was his home. On the day after their arrival

at the Redfield Ranch I arrived with a posse, and having gathered conclusive evidence that Hensley and Tuttle had committed the robbery, and having found on the ranch the shot-gun which Tuttle had used in killing Collins, the messenger, and also a mail sack which had been carried off, I arrested both Tuttle and Redfield and carried them to Florence. The chain of evidence was now complete, and when confronted with it Tuttle made a full confession of everything, showing that Redfield, who was a man of wealth and position, had planned the robbery and had given Tuttle and Hensley a hatchet to be used in opening the treasure-box, telling them how to do it and what disposition to make of the hatchet, which was to throw it away as far as they could. Tuttle also said that Redfield had planned other robberies and was acting as a protection to the criminals, dividing the spoils at his ranch. Under guard, Tuttle was taken to where the silver was cached and it was recovered. I made a thorough search of Redfield's Ranch, which was a small adobe building, with strong vegas and a dirt roof. In the center of the building was a post running up to the roof, apparently to support the vegas. It occurred to me that this post was unnecessary and I removed it. It set upon a board about twelve or fourteen inches wide and two feet long. I removed this board and underneath it, buried in the dirt floor, was a box containing \$14,000 in money, supposed to be the money taken from the stage at the time of the Bisbee robbery, mentioned above. I also found the book from which the leaves were torn and scattered around the place where the Bisbee robbery occurred. After the incarceration of the prisoners in Florence a vigilance committee, composed of some of the leading citizens of Florence, was organized to take the prisoners out of my possession and hang them. I doubled the guard at the jail when I learned the intention of the committee, and went to some of the leaders and told them that I had ample evidence to convict the men and that my duty as an officer was to protect them, and that they could not secure these men except over my dead body, and that in the fight some of them would be killed, and that one thing was certain—I could rely on the fidelity of my guards and that as far as I was concerned as an officer of the law, I had my duty to perform. The leaders contended that Redfield being a rich man, would have a trial in some other county and would escape just punishment. I gave them assurance that the men should not be taken from my possession. They replied that with my assurance to that effect they would not attempt to force the jail, but would let the law take its course. About ten days later Major Evans, the deputy



United States marshal, and known as a determined, fearless man, appeared on the scene with a posse of nine men—noted gun-men—with an order from Judge Pinney, the chief justice of the territory, to deliver Redfield. I was ordered to deliver the men into the custody of the marshal. This request I refused to obey. Evans threatened to take them by force and then I summoned the citizens of the town to guard the jail and to assist me in holding the prisoners. The citizens came in and the bodies of Redfield and Tuttle were found suspended in the jail from the floor beams above. I then told the marshal that I had reconsidered my action and that he could have the man, Redfield. I conducted Marshal Evans to the jail, opened the door and found both men lifeless, as above stated. Evans then said he did not want Redfield. I then requested Evans to do me a favor by making a return on the court order saying that I had offered to deliver the body of Redfield, which he did. "Now," said I, "go to the judge and tell him what has occurred; tell him that I positively refused to obey his order and everything connected with it, as far as you know. Some time after I received a citation from Judge Pinney to appear in Phoenix to show cause why I should not be punished for contempt of court. I went and had an interview with the judge. I showed him Tuttle's confession; showed him the evidence which I had obtained in reference to the robbery; showing conclusively that Redfield had planned the robbery; had received the money, and that Tuttle had done the shooting. The judge studied a few moments and said: "Mr. Sheriff, go home and attend to your duties; when I want you for contempt of court I will send for you." As above stated, Almer joined Hensley in the Rincon Mountains, one of the roughest ranges in Arizona. I went to the Rincons with a posse, being joined by Sheriff Bob Paul, of Pima County, with another posse. We chased the criminals for several days through the mountains and at times exchanged shots with them. They were finally starved out and made a break to cross the Sulphur Springs Valley to Willcox. On their way across the valley they came upon a freighter's camp, from whom they demanded food. The freighter's name was Moore, who knew of the robbery and that these men were wanted. He told them to come back in a few moments and he would put a lot of grub in the tail-end of his rear wagon and they could go and take it, so he would not see them and, therefore, not be made liable for harboring criminals. Moore put the food in the tail-end of his wagon, as he said, and hid himself and drivers in an abandoned adobe house near the road. When the robbers came for the

food Moore and his party opened fire upon them. They ran into an arroyo, followed by Moore and his drivers, when both were killed."

Major Doran tells of a very interesting and exciting experience with a stage robber, after he had retired from the office of sheriff.

The story follows:

"Having occasion to visit Florence on business, connected with the court, and having transacted the business, I boarded the stage running between Florence and Casa Grande, a distance of twenty-six miles. Midway on the stage journey, with myself as the only passenger on the stage, the stage was held up by a lone horseman. I was ordered to give up my money and whatever I had, which I did at the point of a pistol. After robbing me the man turned and robbed the driver of a like amount of money, getting exactly two dollars from each of us. He then turned to the driver, with pistol pointed at him, ordered him to throw out the mail sack, which was unhesitatingly done, the mail sack alighting on the ground close to the front wheel of the stage. He then ordered me to open the mail sack, which I did after some dilatory objections. I told him that I could not open the sack, as I had no key and did not want to open the government mail, as it might cause serious trouble for me. The man said: "You have a knife, haven't you?" I said: "Yes," and he then said: "Take your knife and open it." I then cut the sack open with my knife, all the time getting a little closer to him. The man was on one side of the sack with his pistol drawn on me, with his finger on the trigger, and I made a calculation that if the pistol was discharged the bullet would strike me in the breast. I got the mail sack and doubled up my knife to put it in my pocket, when the robber took it away from me. "Now," he said, "empty the sack," which I did and the contents fell in a heap on the ground between us. He swore at me and said: "I don't see any money in that." "No," I said, "I don't see any money either and I don't believe there is any money in it." All this time I was getting a little closer to the robber. At last with my foot I spread the mail out on the ground, concluding that the robber would look down to see what was uncovered. The robber did as I supposed he would, when I made a grab for his gun and a fight commenced for its possession between the robber and myself. I was quick in throwing the gun to one side, so that if it went off it would not hurt me, the horses or the driver. I called to the driver, saying "come quick for we have got this fellow," but the driver did not come, but left me to

fight alone with the robber. Finally the robber got possession of his pistol and ran away about two rods and threatened to kill me, which he could have done had he not changed his mind and put his pistol in the holster, jumped on his horse and rode away across the plains. I then gathered up the mail, put it in the sack and took it under my supervision and delivered it to the postmaster at Casa Grande. I gave the alarm and the officers, a deputy-United States marshal and a man who later developed into a noted outlaw, went after the robber and picked him up in a couple of days. He was brought back to Florence, where court was in session, and in seven days from the time of the attempted robbery he was on his way to Alcatraz Island, in San Francisco Harbor, with a life sentence. He served about ten years, having in the meantime been transferred to San Quentin Prison. I concluded he had been punished enough, and being in Washington, I went to the president and asked him to take such action in the case as he deemed best. The president sent his application for pardon to the judge who tried him, and to the United States attorney who prosecuted him, through the Department of Justice, saying if they would recommend it, that he would act as I had requested, which he did, commuting the sentence to twelve years of actual service. I met the robber in Los Angeles, after his release from prison, and had dinner with him, when we talked over our fight on the desert. The robber afterwards became a lieutenant-colonel in the federal army in Mexico."

Note.—At the time Major Doran was elected sheriff of Pinal County, that county was in bad shape; the whiskey men, gamblers and rough element were running the county, and under the administration of a former sheriff conditions had drifted from bad to worse, until, for self-protection, the decent element of the county organized to bring about a change, regardless of politics. Doran, who, as manager of the Silver King Mine, had displayed great courage and determination in ridding the camp of those who, as miners, were stealing the ore, was urged to become a candidate for sheriff. He consented, and although he was a republican and the county strongly democratic, he was elected as a reform officer.

Major Doran was commissioner from Pinal County to the New Orleans Cotton Exposition in 1886, and was later named as president of the Arizona Fair Commission at the St. Louis Exposition in 1894, being on the ground during the entire exposition.

In the 24th Territorial Legislature Major Doran introduced a bill for the creation of a pioneer's home for the Territory of Arizona, where pioneers in their declining years could be properly cared for, at the expense of the territory. This bill was passed by the legislature, unanimously, but did not receive the approval of the governor. In the 25th Territorial Legislature this pioneer home bill was re-introduced by George Morris, of Yavapai County, and was passed. Major Doran built the Pioneers' Home at Prescott and was its first superintendent. He died at the home.

Note.—Mr. Reagan, who was one of the owners of the Silver King Mine, as above stated, in 1884, after the discovery of the mine, before it became an active producer, was a hotel keeper in Florence and attached to the hotel was a bar. Reagan had an altercation with a man, a discharged soldier, who became very abusive and threatening, when Reagan drew a knife and stabbed him to death. Reagan then made the coffin for his victim, and being a Campbellite preacher, officiated at the funeral; delivering the sermon; leading in prayer and the general services.

FIRST TERM DISTRICT COURT HELD IN GRAHAM COUNTY

(By GEO. H. KELLY, State Historian)

On the 5th day of November, 1883, the first term of the district court ever held in Graham County was called to order by Honorable A. W. Sheldon, associate justice, presiding. The county had been created by the Legislature in the early part of 1881, more than two years before the first term of Court was held. When the county was created, Judge W. H. Stillwell, now deceased, was on the bench and he made a trip to the county and installed E. D. Tuttle, of Safford, as clerk of the district court, but Judge Stillwell never held a term of court there. The members of the Grand Jury who served the first term were E. B. Frink, Anthony Wright, W. B. McCormick, Peter Moore, Wm. Finley, Edward Merry, T. J. Neese, C. E. Stevens, D. H. Bass, H. C. Hooker, J. H. Norton, F. A. Kleinsteuber, Benton Jones, M. L. Wood, W. A. Bonnell, G. M. Bonnell, Robert Hutchinson, Albert Frye, E. A. Jones, J. M. McCormick, Cornelius Keleher, John Collins, D. L. Sayer.

H. C. Hooker was made foreman of the grand jury. Mr. Hooker was the founder of the Sierra Bonita cattle ranch in the southern part of Graham County, twenty-two miles north of Willcox. This ranch was one of the best known in Southern Arizona at that time, where Colonel Hooker took great pride in raising the best breed of cattle and horses. He moved with his family to Los Angeles in the latter 90's, and built him a splendid home on West Adams street in the coast city, where he died some seventeen years ago. Strange to say, and for no known reason, Colonel Hooker never visited Solomonville after the term of court during which he served as foreman of the grand jury, although he continued to be one of the heaviest tax payers in the county and his original ranch holdings yet constitute an important property interest in that county, his sons, Edward and Joe Hooker, having continued in the cattle business.

Colonel James A. Zabriskie of Tucson was appointed by the court as counsel for the Mexican prisoners who were without counsel, of which there were many.

Honorable Ben H. Hereford, of Tucson, had the honor of making the first motion before the District Court of Graham County. He moved that Mr. Wm. Finley, of Clifton, be admitted to practice, on affidavit that he had been admitted to

practice in the Supreme Court of Illinois. Ben Hereford was a Tucson pioneer and one of the prominent Arizona attorneys of that day. He was the father of the late Honorable Frank H. Hereford, for many years a prominent Tucson citizen and widely known as an attorney.

Edward D. Tuttle was clerk of the court.

Pedro Michelena was sworn as Spanish interpreter for the term and allowed \$5 per day.

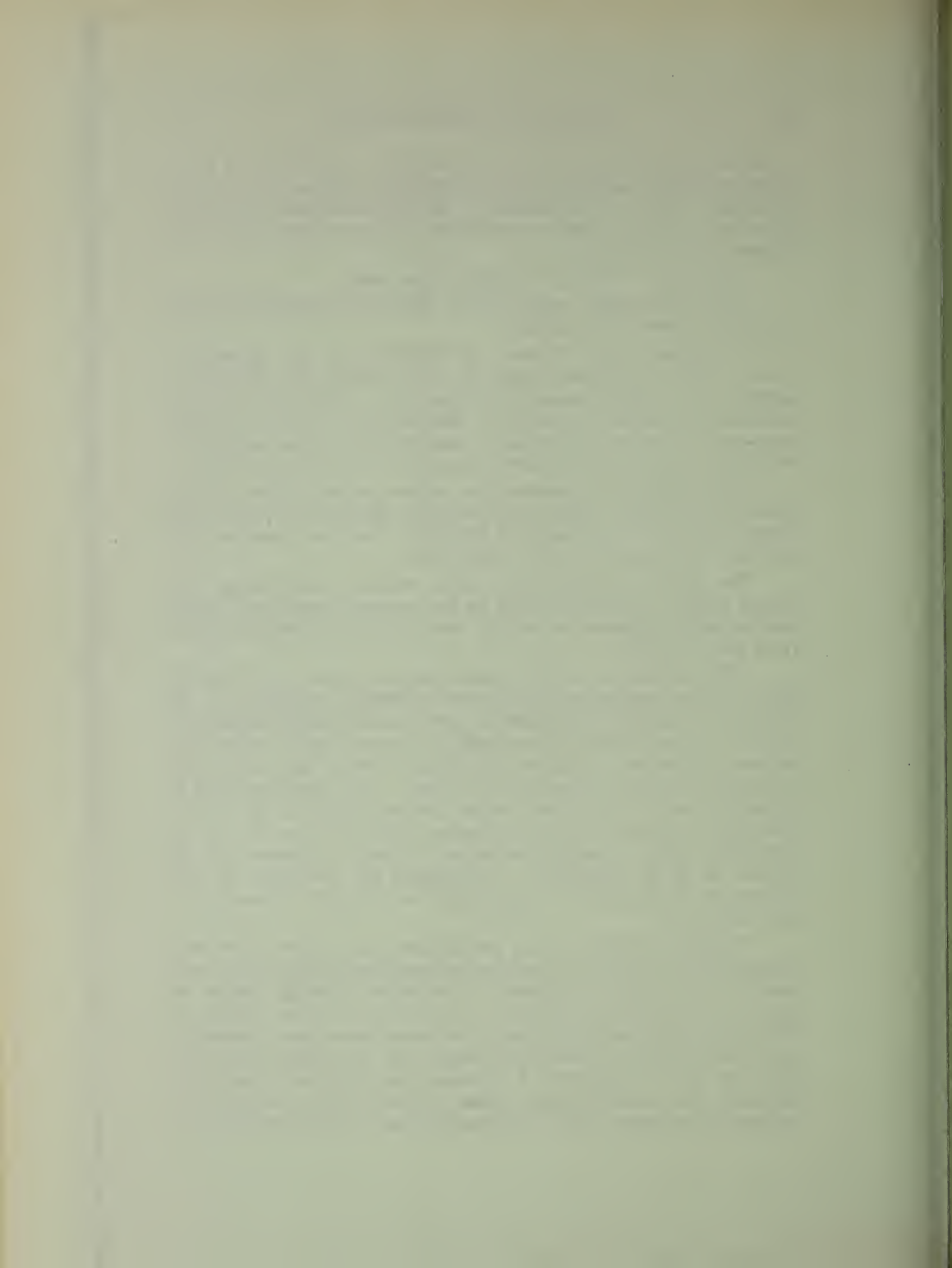
The grand jury returned 35 indictments and ignored 44 cases. The indictments found were for murder 10; burglary 1; assault to do harm 2; assault and battery 1; negligently allowing prisoner to escape 2; robbery 1; assault with intent to commit murder 3; robbery by force and intimidation 1; grand larceny 11; voluntary escape of prisoners 2; assault with deadly weapon 1.

The grand jury examined the various county offices, finding them all well kept. They found that the debt of the county had already grown to the sum of \$23,978. For the previous year \$17,276 was collected from property tax.

The grand jury did not mince matters, and things they found which were detrimental to the county were made public and remedy suggested, as will be seen by the following extracts from their reports:

"The attention of this grand jury has been very forcibly called to the negligence of our present District Attorney, A. M. Patterson, through his failure to perform his official duties in a proper manner, thereby increasing to a considerable extent the expense of this term of court, impeding thereby the due course of justice and the prosecution of crime. We further desire to condemn in the strongest terms the employment by A. M. Patterson during his recent absence from the county of an unreliable and unworthy assistant district attorney in the person of R. F. Hughson. We suggest the propriety of Mr. Patterson tendering his resignation as District Attorney in this county.

"It is the opinion of the grand jury that crimes have been committed, in which witnesses summoned before this body have failed to give proper testimony, but whether through fear or on account of being accomplices is to this grand jury unknown. We also find that several highway robberies have been committed upon the Clifton & Lordsburg stage road, and that in but one instance has the property of the stage company been molested, although the coaches have been several times stopped, an unusual occurrence, and unaccounted for by this grand jury.



"It is the opinion of the grand jury that in and about the Coronado ranch, also the ranches of Sixto Garcia and Jas. Hoxie, there has been and now is a resort of outlaws of every grade, where stolen property of every kind is concealed from its rightful owners, and where supplies are furnished to these outlaws by parties to this grand jury unknown."

Of the members of this first grand jury in Graham County only one or two are yet living. These are Charles E. Stevens who was one of the early pioneer prospectors in the Clifton district. He was a brother of the late I. N. Stevens who died last year. They were in the first party of white men that visited that district and located claims, coming there from Silver City, New Mexico.

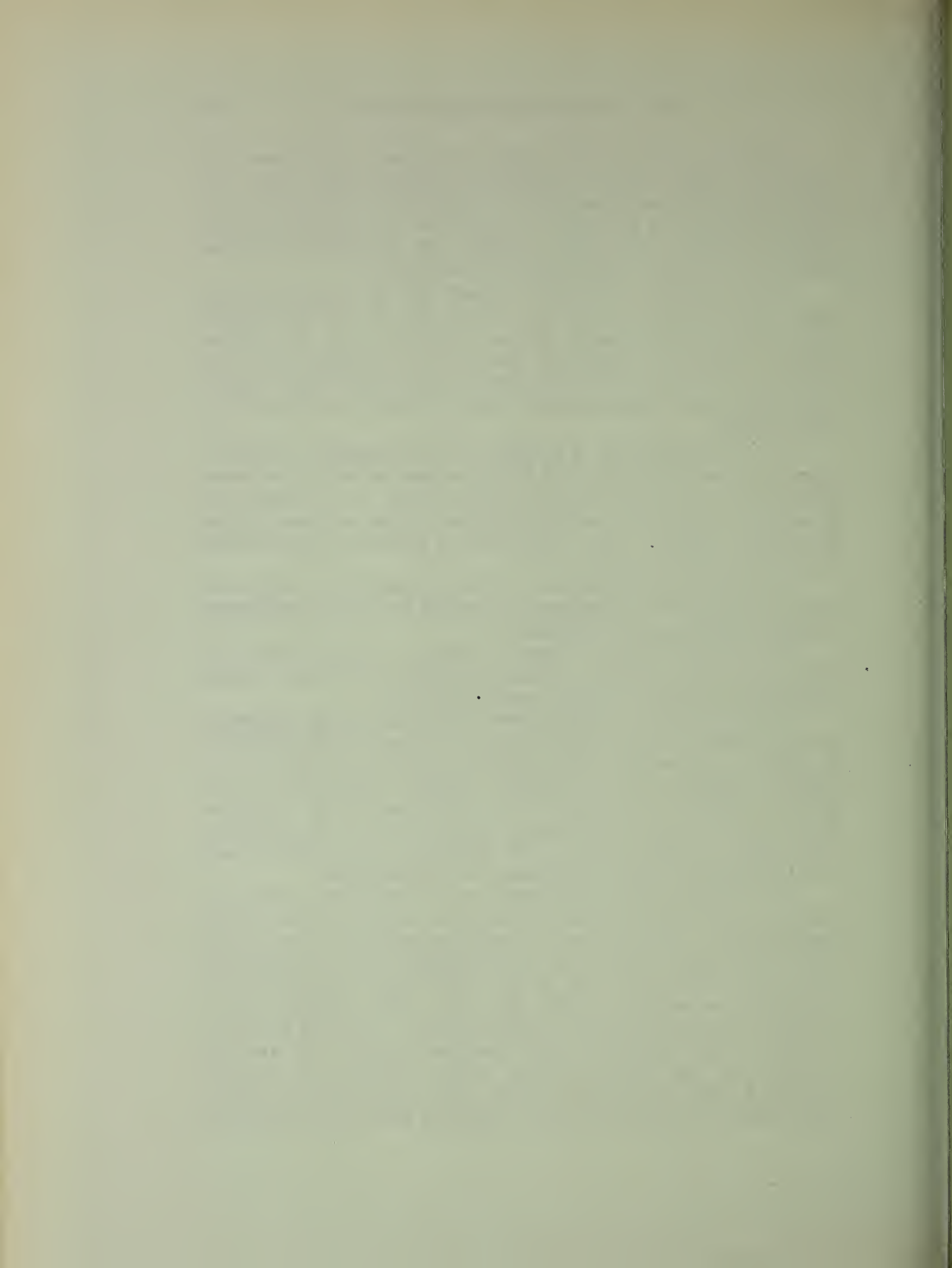
M. L. Wood is now a resident of Los Angeles. He was a pioneer in the vicinity of Fort Grant, where he resided for more than forty years. In the early days Wood was a prominent government contractor and supplied hay, grain and beef to the Fort Grant military post. He served as justice of the peace at Fort Grant for many years.

D. L. Sayer, who was editor of the Clifton Clarion when the first grand jury met, is believed to be still living and publishing a paper somewhere in California.

The county officers of Graham County, at the time of the first court term, had been elected in 1882 at the first election ever held in Graham County, were as follows:

Councilman, P. J. Bolan; Assemblyman, Adolph Solomon; Probate Judge, G. H. Hyatt; Clerk, T. E. Reymert; Sheriff, Geo. H. Stevens; Recorder, Pablo Salcido; Deputy Recorder, P. J. Bolan; Treasurer, I. E. Solomon; Deputy Treasurer, W. S. Martin; District Attorney, A. M. Patterson; Public Administrator and Coroner, Dan Ming; County Surveyor, J. D. Holladay; Board of Supervisors, S. W. Pomeroy, I. N. Stevens and A. M. Franklin; Clerk of the Board, J. T. Fitzgerald.

P. J. Bolan died in California several years ago, where he had gone with his wife and purchased a rooming house at Redondo Beach. His death was a tragic one and brought on by his falling down the back stairs of the lodging house and breaking his neck. Bolan was one of the best known attorneys and politicians in Arizona during the 80's. He originally was a resident of Phoenix where he practiced law. In 1880 he was a member of the legislature from Maricopa County and was one of the men that stood sponsor for the creation of Graham County by the Legislature in 1881. He immediately took up his residence in the new county where he afterwards served in



many positions, including deputyships in various offices. He later represented Graham and Cochise as a joint councilman in the Legislature in 1885.

Adolph Solomon was a brother of I. E. Solomon, the county treasurer, and was also a member of the firm Solomon & Wickersham, wholesale merchants and government contractors at Bowie. Adolph died some seventeen years ago in San Francisco where he had resided several years previous. I. E. Solomon, who was the first county treasurer of Graham County, now retired, is now residing in Los Angeles, California. He was for many years the most prominent merchant and business man in Graham County, but never held any office after the one term as county treasurer.

Geo. H. Stevens, who was the first elected sheriff of Graham County, had been a member of the territorial council in 1881, serving from Pima County which formerly included all of Graham County south of the Gila River. Stevens was prominent in politics and probably was as well known in Arizona as any other man in the territory. He represented Graham County several times in the council and was finally appointed on the territorial prison board, of which he was made treasurer. He left the territory without bidding goodby to his fellow commissioners on the prison board and afterwards it was discovered that he had taken away with him several thousand dollars of the territory's money. He went into the Yukon country where he remained for many years, finally returning to San Diego, California, where he died four years ago. Stevens was known to intimate friends throughout the territory as "Little Steve" and during the governorship of C. Meyer Zulick there was no man who was closer to the executive or had more influence in the governor's office than Stevens.

Pablo Salcido was killed by Augustin Chacon, a Mexican outlaw and desperado. Salcido was assisting the officers who desired to arrest Chacon. Chacon had taken a post on the mountainside above Morenci, behind some rocks. Salcido believed that his past friendship for Chacon would shield him from harm and started up the mountain to have a talk with Chacon. Chacon allowed Salcido to advance to within about fifty feet of him when he deliberately raised from behind a rock and shot Salcido dead. Chacon afterwards was hung for the murder of Salcido.

Dan Ming, who was public administrator and coroner of Graham County in 1883, had been a government scout previous to that time. After that he located a cattle ranch in the Aravaipa



canyon where he resided and was prosperous until the Spanish American War when he went with the government in charge of a pack train to the Philippine Islands. He had served under Captain Lawton, who was prominent in the capture of Geronimo and he accompanied Captain Lawton to the Philippine Islands. Lawton was killed in the Philippines and Ming remained there for several years thereafter. He returned to Arizona during the World War and had charge of the pack trains at Fort Huachuca, from whence he went with the Pershing Expedition into Mexico after Pancho Villa had made the raid on Columbus, New Mexico. Ming died some two years ago at Presidio, California, where he was still in service in the military arm of the government.

A. M. Franklin, who was a member of the first board of supervisors in Graham County, is now a resident of Tucson and is engaged in the real estate and insurance business.

E. D. Tuttle, who was clerk of the court of Graham County in 1883, died recently in Los Angeles where he had resided for the past twenty years. Judge Tuttle, as he was always known, was a member of the first Arizona territorial legislature, having been elected as a member of that body from Mohave County. He was at that time a lieutenant in the United States Army, stationed at Fort Mohave. After his election to the Legislature he secured a leave of absence during the forty-four days of the session. Judge Tuttle was one of the first settlers in Safford, the present county seat of Graham County, he converting a homestead entry into the original Safford townsite. During his long residence in Graham County he filled many positions of public trust and was ever regarded as one of the most efficient public officers who ever did serve in the state of Arizona.

INCIDENTS OF BUILDING A RAILROAD— BOWIE TO GLOBE

(By GEO. H. KELLY—written in 1898)

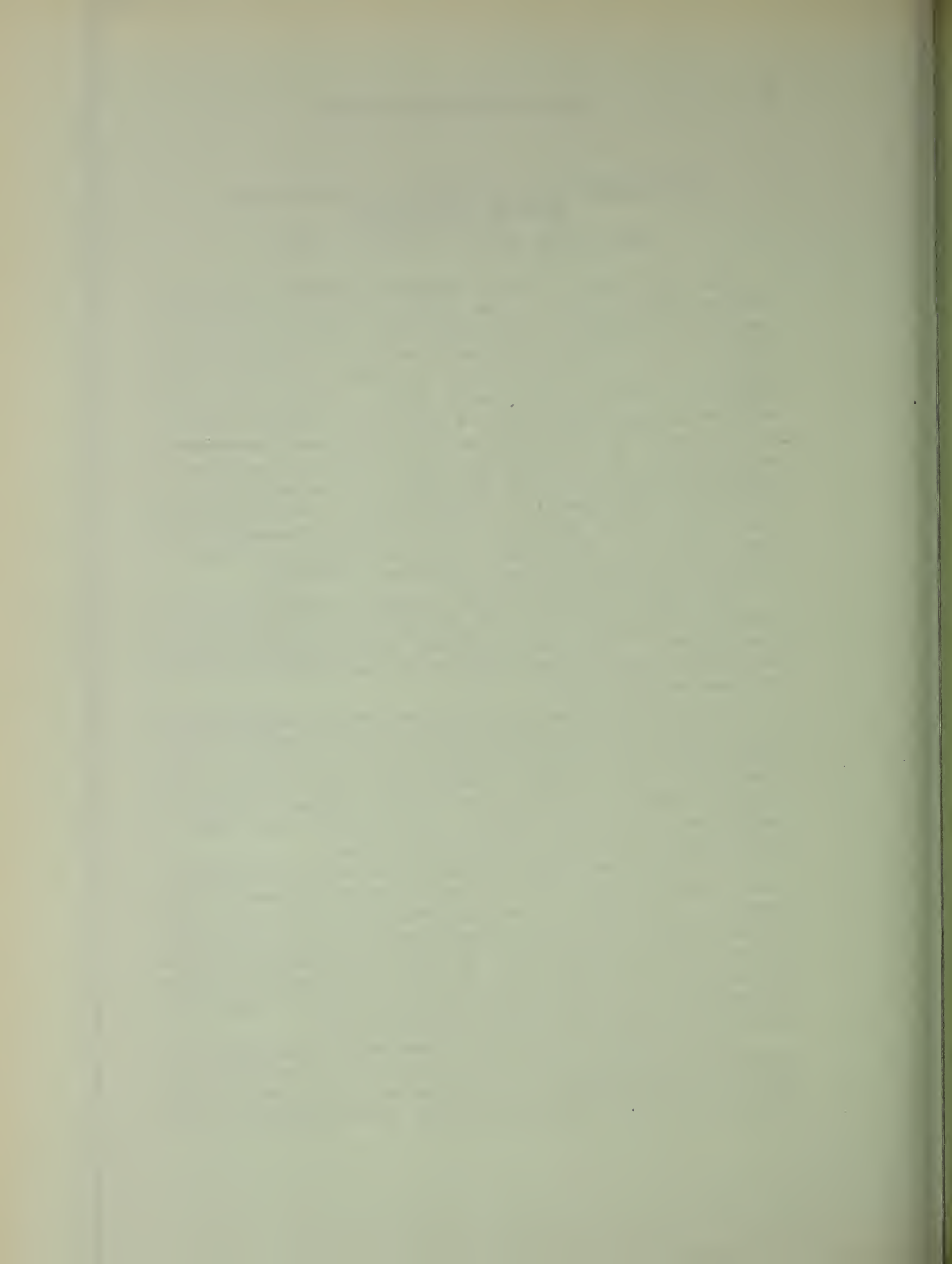
The Gila Valley, Globe & Northern Railway was built by William Garland, now of Los Angeles, California. Very little preliminary preparation had been done, such as sounding the various towns and communities for subsidies or aid and encouragement. Mr. Garland and his secretary established headquarters at Bowie, and actually began grading for terminal switches and side tracks before a great many residents along its route through the Gila Valley knew anything about the proposed new railroad. The necessity for such a line had long been recognized at Globe and in the Gila Valley, in Graham County, as a means of stimulating the mining industry in the Globe district and adding to its profit by removing the inconvenience and heavy cost of the long freight haul from Wilcox and Bowie, on the Southern Pacific Railroad a distance of 125 miles.

Following the arrival of Mr. Garland at Bowie soon came grading outfits and material for the road and construction work was started. This work proceeded without special incident through the year 1894, and early in the year 1895 the track had been laid as far as Pima.

Of course there had been the usual work of negotiating for and securing rights-of-way for the railroad through the cultivated area of the Gila Valley through which the survey passed. One right-of-way incident I shall relate here because of the unusual method adopted by one Patrick Sullivan to bring the railroad company to a settlement on his right-of-way claim for damage done to a tract of land owned by him:

On Monday morning, the first in the month of February, 1895, when the train from Bowie arrived at the tract of land owned by Mr. Sullivan, it was discovered that Sullivan had built a board shanty across the railroad track and put a wire fence across the track on the line of his land, about twenty feet from the shanty. Mr. Sullivan and his wife had taken up a position between the wire fence and the improvised house where, with guns, they awaited the coming of the iron horse.

On the arrival of the train a good many neighbors of the Sullivans had gathered to see the result of the impending conflict at "Fort Sullivan." The train came to a stop a short distance from the wire fence in front of the bailiwick of Mr.



Sullivan. Mr. Garland, president of the road, was aboard and he alighted from the train, went forward and began to loosen the wire fence. At this time Sullivan leveled a double-barreled shot gun at Garland and ordered him to keep hands off his property. Garland after looking for a short moment into the mouth of the ugly weapon, returned to the train and caused it to be backed to Solomonville where he swore out a warrant for Sullivan, who was arrested by the sheriff and brought before Justice of the Peace, W. J. Parks. Sullivan was released on bond, but while he was detained in court Garland and his train crew razed "Fort Sullivan" from the railroad track and proceeded with the train to the end of the track, near Pima.

On Tuesday morning, when the train again arrived from Bowie, it was found that "Fort Sullivan" was again an obstruction to undisturbed progress, the garrison showing as much determination as on the day before, but the sheriff being present no hostilities occurred and the trainmen soon razed the shanty.

This, it was thought, would end the trouble until the court docket was adorned with sundry damage suits, pro and con. But it was not to be so and when the train arrived Wednesday "Fort Sullivan" again loomed up to bar its passage. Mr. Garland was on board and again he went to Solomonville and procured warrants for Mr. Sullivan and also his wife. The officers and train arrived at the seat of war about three o'clock where a great crowd had assembled to see the outcome of this second engagement. Sullivan and his wife stood just inside the improvised wire fence and when Sheriff Wight read the warrant Sullivan said he would not go unless he was literally carried off his land by the officers. This was a ridiculous proposition. It placed Sullivan in the position of resisting an officer, and when his attention was called to that fact he became more reasonable and allowed the sheriff to lead him gently away, as did Mrs. Sullivan. The belligerents out of the way, the house was again torn down by the trainmen and the train proceeded to Pima. Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan were taken to Solomonville again and gave bonds for their appearance in court.

There were two sides to this controversy. On the one hand Mr. Sullivan claimed that the railroad company went on his land without permission; that he promised to give the right-of-way if the road ran straight on the south line. He was away in California when the graders reached his land, when instead of building on the line, as agreed, they made a curve through the 160-acre tract, greatly to his damage and inconvenience. He claimed that he had done all in his power to secure recompense

for the damage done to his land. He says his letters to the company remained unanswered. Garland's claim was that Sullivan demanded unreasonable pay for the right-of-way.

This ended hostilities over the right-of-way, Sullivan being restrained by a court injunction from further interference with the operation of the railroad.

The criminal cases were dismissed, and on a trial of the injunction case Sullivan was awarded damages, not as much as he claimed, but more than Garland thought he ought to have to pay.

More Right-of-Way Trouble

Getting a right-of-way from Patrick Sullivan was easy compared to the trouble encountered by Mr. Garland when he asked for permission to build his railroad across the possession of Lo, the Redman, then located on the San Carlos Indian Reservation. As construction neared the reservation, Hon. Mark A. Smith, then Arizona representative in Congress, secured the passage of a bill through Congress granting a right-of-way through the San Carlos Indian Reservation. The measure passed both house and senate by unanimous vote, but when it was presented to President Cleveland it was vetoed with the statement that it would not be approved until a clause had been included providing for the Indians on the reservation giving their consent for the building of the railroad through their domain. The bill was so changed and re-passed and signed by the president. Afterwards this law was interpreted by the Secretary of the Interior to mean that the consent of all the Indians was required. Here was an insurmountable obstacle. The bill passed Congress in the year 1895. The road was completed to the reservation line and a terminal town known as Geronimo was of some commercial importance for three years.

A good many white men, who had friends and influence among some of the Indian leaders, at once began to prepare for a railroad "hold-up" in the matter of the reservation right-of-way, but Mr. Garland foresaw the futility of going against such an unfavorable condition and patiently waited for a more favorable turn of affairs, which came as a result of the election of McKinley as president. The McKinley administration decided that the railroad right-of-way bill for the Gila Valley, Globe and Northern Railway only required that the consent of a majority of the Indians on the reservation should be given.

In a short time Lieutenant Sedgwick Rice, Indian agent at San Carlos, received instructions from Washington as to how to handle the matter of securing an expression from the Indians as

to their desires concerning the building of the railroad through their domain. In the meantime, Mr. Garland had been creating favorable sentiment for his road through a number of civilian white men, who had extended acquaintance and influence among the Indians, including James Stevens, of the Indian Traders' Store, at San Carlos, and W. O. Tuttle, a former government scout.

Finally, Agent Rice set a day when the Indians should gather at San Carlos and vote on the right-of-way proposition. This date was on Tuesday, February 9, 1898. President Garland, Vice-President E. A. Cutter, of the new railroad, Wm. Hood, chief engineer of the Southern Pacific, and the writer of this article, then editor of the Graham County Bulletin, arrived in San Carlos on Sunday before the day for the right-of-way election.

Indians Have Great Feast

Indians were already arriving at the agency on Sunday and on Monday they came from every direction, in carts, wagons, on horseback and on foot. President Garland had provided for a grand entertainment for the Redman, his family, and his sisters and his cousins and his aunts. Beef, flour, beans, lard, sugar, coffee and tobacco were without price, and given freely to the Indians. Such a feast had never before been provided for the Indian tribes on the San Carlos Reservation, and there has been none such since.

Soon the mesa northwest of the agency buildings was covered with Indians gathered around camp-fires where the squaws were cooking according to Indian fashion. Monday night was a scene of gaiety. A large space was cleared between the camp-fires and the agency, and while the older squaws continued their cooking the younger ones, with the Indian bucks, devoted their energies to "tripping the light fantastic toe." A number of the older men provided music by beating on a rawhide stretched over tin pans and sounding like a muffled drum. The dance consisted of moving backwards and forwards a distance of ten feet or more to the time of the crude music. "Sets" of four were formed, two bucks and two squaws, the squaws facing one way and the bucks facing the opposite direction, so when the squaw was moving forward the buck was stepping backward and vice-versa; squaws and bucks alternated in the line.

This dancing, cooking and eating lasted till near daylight Tuesday morning. Many of the civil employes of the agency and several visiting whites took part in the dance; all of the

visitors no doubt would have done so had they received an invitation. The squaws chose their own partners and anyone not in their favor was shut out.

Chauncey Depew, the great after dinner speaker, said once that he never felt more agreeable or in better humor than just after being well-fed, and President Garland, of the railroad, no doubt concluded that he could find no better way to gain the good will of the Indians than by feeding them. To make success doubly sure, he caused to be distributed another "ration" of good things at Tuesday noon.

In the afternoon all arrangements were ready for taking the vote "yes" or "no" on the proposition to grant the railroad right-of-way.

Lieutenant Rice, as agent, through his interpreters, explained the details of the proposition and several tribal chiefs spoke. Among these were Chil-chu-ana, chief of the Tonto tribe; Saba Mucha, Antonio Nal-goda and Bailish. The latter was regarded as one of the shrewdest Indians on the reservation and did most of the talking. He told of trips he and Chil-chu-ana had made to Washington, where he declared he saw rich Indians buying whiskey by the drink like gentlemen; and a great mill which ground out money by the bushel and said he did not think money was as scarce with white men as Mr. Garland would have the San Carlos Indians believe. Then Lieutenant Rice fully explained the right-of-way proposition to be voted on, and the various chiefs marched their tribes in front of the council table where they answered in response to the call of their names. The voting lasted for two hours and of all present there was only one "no" recorded, showing that Garland and his campaign managers had been successful in their work.

Immediately after the voting, Lieutenant Rice called all the chiefs into council with President Garland to fix the amount of compensation to be paid for the right-of-way. Garland offered \$6,000; the chiefs demanded \$10,000. \$8,000 was agreed upon. As finally settled, the right-of-way was secured by the railroad on the following terms:

1. The Indians to receive \$8,000 as a tribe.
2. They to receive, in addition to the tribal money, pay for all improved land taken and pay for all damages to buildings, fences, roads and ditches; these amounts to be adjusted by the agent and the individual owners.
3. The Indians to have the privilege of riding free over the road for a period of thirty years.

Mr. Garland lost no time in starting construction work

through the Indian reservation and trains were seen running to Globe in less than one year from the date on which the right-of-way agreement was reached with the Indians, but three years later than it would have been had Mr. Garland not encountered the delay caused by his being barred from crossing the San Carlos Indian Reservation.

KILLING OF JUDGE AND MRS. MCCOMAS

By ANTON MAZZANOVICH

926 Seward Street, Los Angeles

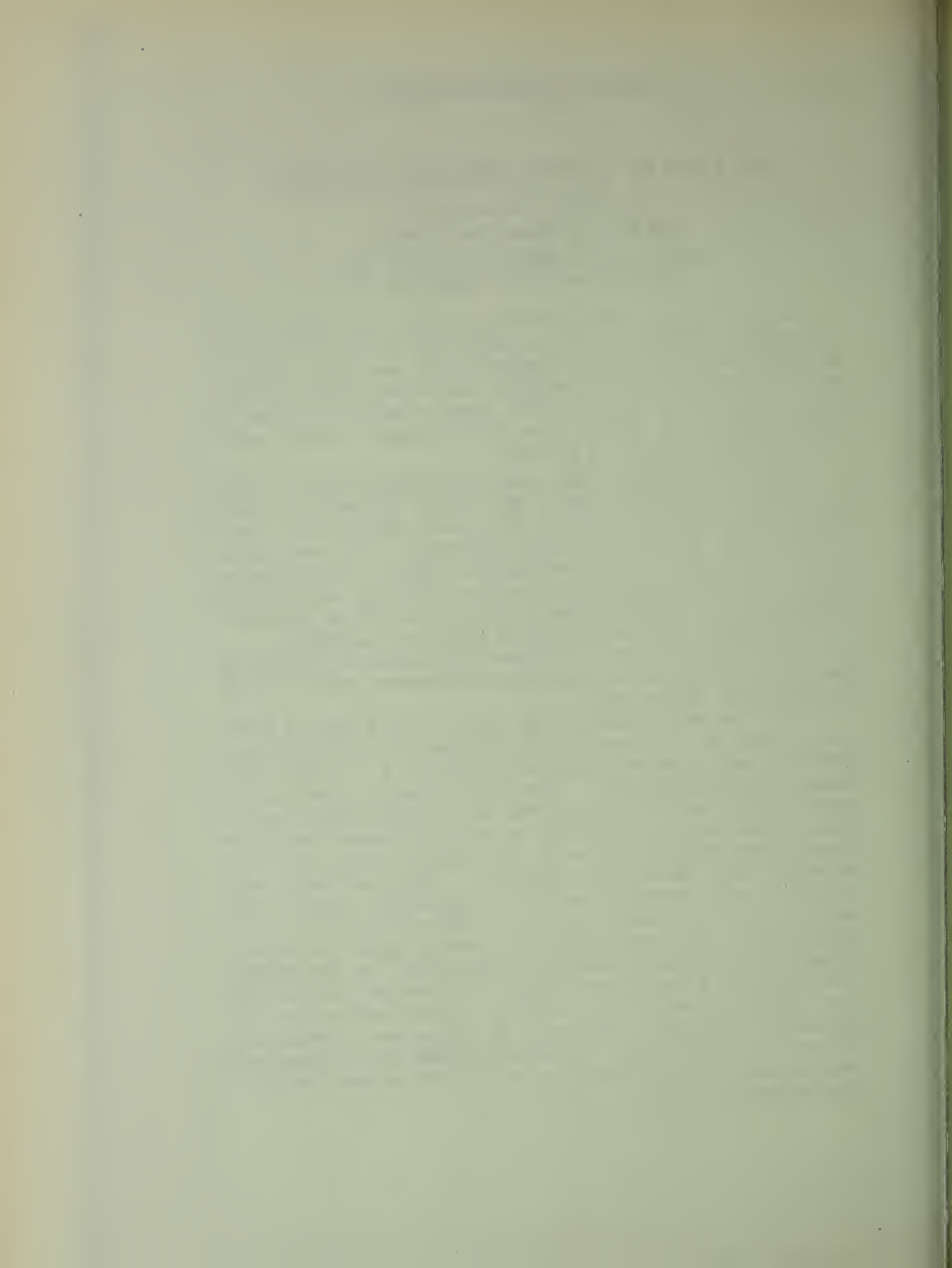
(Author of "Trailing Geronimo," and
"True Stories of the Southwest.")

In the spring of 1883 all the Apaches remaining on the reservation went out on the warpath. Geronimo, with part of his band, was in Sonora. General Crook was there, but was unable to round him up. Geronimo sent several bucks over the line. They got to the San Carlos Reservation and induced the rest of the tribe to start for the Mexican border, killing people as they advanced towards the line.

About that time in 1883, Judge McComas started to drive from Silver City, New Mexico, en route to Leitendorf, a small mining camp near Lordsburg. The route offered much scenic charm, lying through the Burro Mountains. He was accompanied by his wife and six-year-old son, Charley. For them the trip was intended as a pleasant outing. The night of March 27 was passed at a resort called Mountain Home, an attractive spot about half way between Silver City and Lordsburg.

Leaving the Mountain Home on the morning of March 28, the judge had driven about ten miles to the point where Thompson's Canyon hit the trail.

Here he was overtaken by one of the bands of Chiricahua Apaches, variously stated to number from ten to twenty warriors, under the leadership of one Chatto, a sub-chief under Nana, Juh and Geronimo. That this unhappy encounter was purely by chance may be inferred from the fact that, had the Indians been waylaying the road in wait for victims, the canyon three or four miles back into the mountains is very precipitous, affording ideal places for ambuscade. This particular band evidently was traveling towards a previously agreed upon rendezvous in the Sierra Madre Mountains in Mexico, where early in May they were captured by troops under command of General George Crook, called the "Grey Wolf" by the Indians. The judge and his wife were murdered on the spot, and the little boy, Charley, carried into captivity. Their bodies were discovered by Joe Baker, who drove the stage from Lordsburg to Silver City, New Mexico. He made all haste to the nearest cow ranch, from which couriers were sent out to spread the alarm throughout the valley.





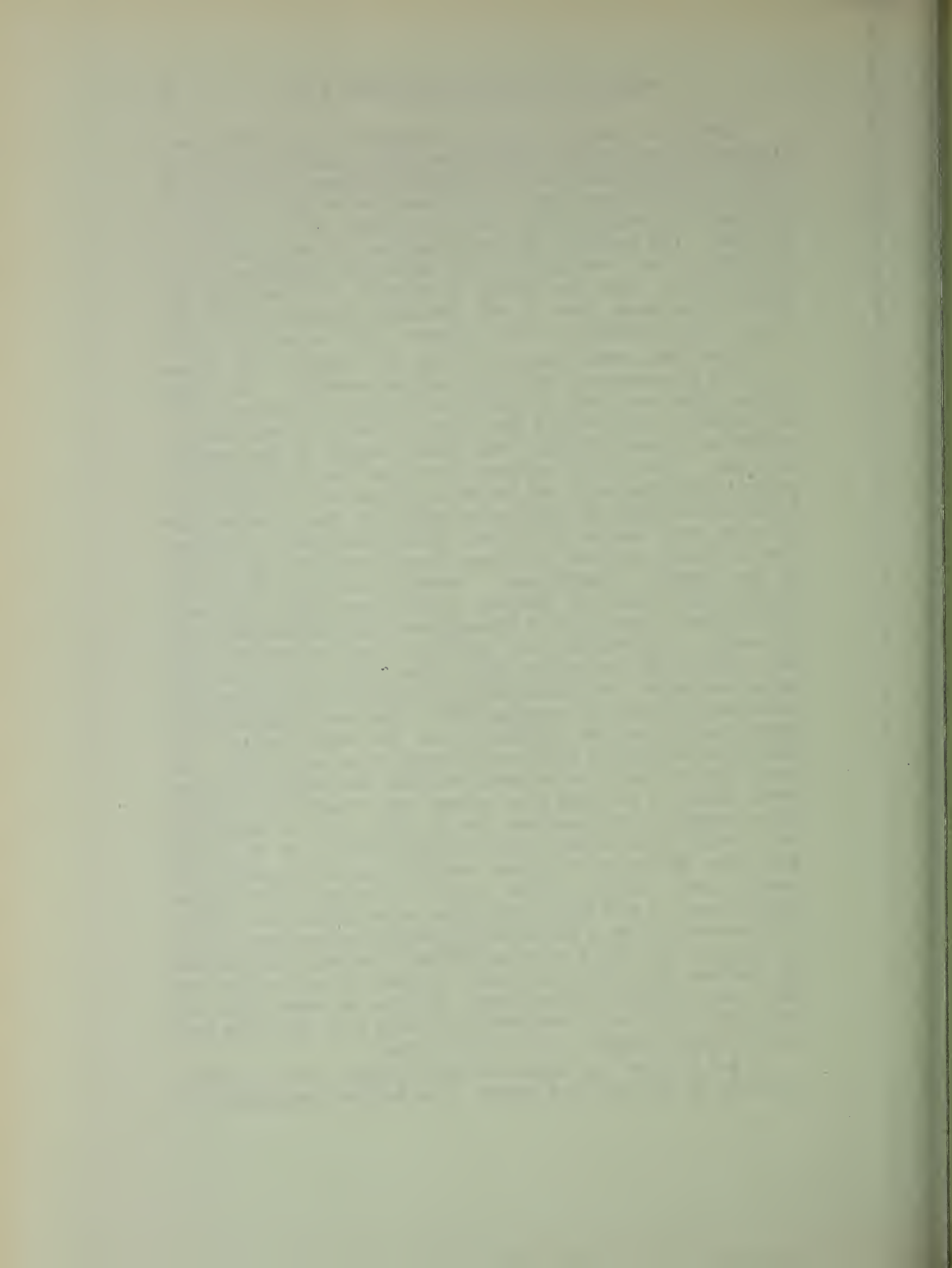
JUDGE McCOMAS



Posses for pursuit, and the recovery of the bodies, were arranged as soon as the news of the killing reached Lordsburg. Captain William Black, of New Mexico Rangers, detailed B. B. Owmy and George Parks and several more men to proceed to where the judge and his wife were killed, also to pick up the trail. The bodies of the judge and his wife were stripped of everything, but contrary to the barbarous practices of the Apaches, they were but slightly mutilated. The fact that the assault was made upon a well travelled highway, where discovery was imminent at any moment, may account for this.

From the mute remains of this sad tragedy, the details could be reconstructed with approximate accuracy. The body of the judge was found behind a small clump of bushes, about seventy-five yards beyond the point at which the buckboard in which they were travelling was found—turned in the opposite direction. This would indicate that upon being attacked the judge turned the team and leaped to the ground, in the forlorn hope that he might be able so to engage the cruel Apaches that his wife could escape by driving on the back-track. Between the buckboard and his body were found three exploded shells, of the peculiar "bottle-neck" cartridge used in Winchester rifles, Model 1876, now obsolete. Four more shells were found near his body, showing that he made a running fight to the cover he sought. Meanwhile, the buckboard had proceeded about fifty yards from its turning point, when one of the horses was slain, whereupon the frantic mother, taking the boy in her arms, attempted to escape by running afoot. She was overtaken about thirty yards from the buckboard and her skull crushed by a blow from the butt of a rifle or the stock of an army Colt. Her body disclosed no bullet wounds, whereas the judge was struck seven times. I am sure that present day readers will shudder after reading of this outrage, yet in those bygone days there was a class of nuts back east who said that we of the southwest were ill-treating the poor wards of our government, and insisted upon placing civilian agents in charge of the Indian reservations. I will flatly state that when Lieutenant Charles B. Gatewood, Britton Davis and Captain Crawford were placed in charge at the San Carlos and White Mountain reservations, the Indians got what was coming to them on ration day, and they were contented and peaceful. But just as soon as the nuts and dumbbells I have mentioned got their way, they, the poor and ill-treated Indians, took to the warpath.

I got that off my chest, so will continue with my story. No trace of the boy was found. The Indians proceeded in a



southeasterly direction, crossing the tracks of the Southern Pacific Railroad at a point a little west of Separ. Captain Black had a hard job to mount his rangers, but finally rounded up enough horses to mount his men. He cut the Indians trail just south of Separ, and followed it for over twelve hours through the western portion of the Animas Valley, but lost it when the Indians scattered southward through the mountains.

There were twenty-one men in the posse under Captain Black and First Lieutenant John R. Phillips and Second Lieutenant T. A. Wood. I think they belonged to the Fourth United States Cavalry. Lordsburg, Lightendorf and Shakespere furnished the following named men: J. C. Bartlett, Johnny O'Brien, George Sherrier, Neal McGinnes, Peter Irshum, William and Tod Holmig, Rubin Hadden, Josh Ruthland, William Knox, William Sterns, Frank Douglas, Gus Tompkins, James Harper and Charles Thomas.

When the rangers got to Plays Valley, they were joined by Davenport and one of the Whiteman brothers, of Lordsburg. The rest were volunteers. R. B. Owmbly and John Parks, with their men, brought the bodies of Judge McComas and wife to Lordsburg. They were sent to Fort Scott, Kansas, for interment. Fort Scott was the home of Hon. Eugene F. Ware, prominent politically and professionally, and Pension Commissioner under the administration of President Roosevelt. Mrs. McComas was his sister. The tragedy aroused universal indignation and regret throughout the entire southwest, since the victims were prominent in its professional and social life.

No trace of little Charlie was ever found, although search parties were organized. Photographs, with offers of a large reward, were distributed throughout Southern New Mexico, Arizona and the northern states of Mexico, but without results.

General Crook rounded up the Indians in the Sierra Madre Mountains, of Sonora, in May of the same year. Geronimo and Nana had a pow-wow with General Crook. They promised to come back to the reservation. At that time I was chief of pack train and scout at Fort Grant, Arizona; was ordered to proceed to the Mexican border with supplies. General Crook arrived at the line with all the Indians he had rounded up. The whole outfit was held there by the Mexican Government, on account of some stock the Indians had. I got there several days after with supplies, and during the time I questioned a number of the Indians, as well as my friend, Juh, sub-chief under Geronimo, hopeful of ascertaining some news of the whereabouts or of the fate of Charley McComas. But none was forthcoming. The





CHITTO
Apache Indian Renegade

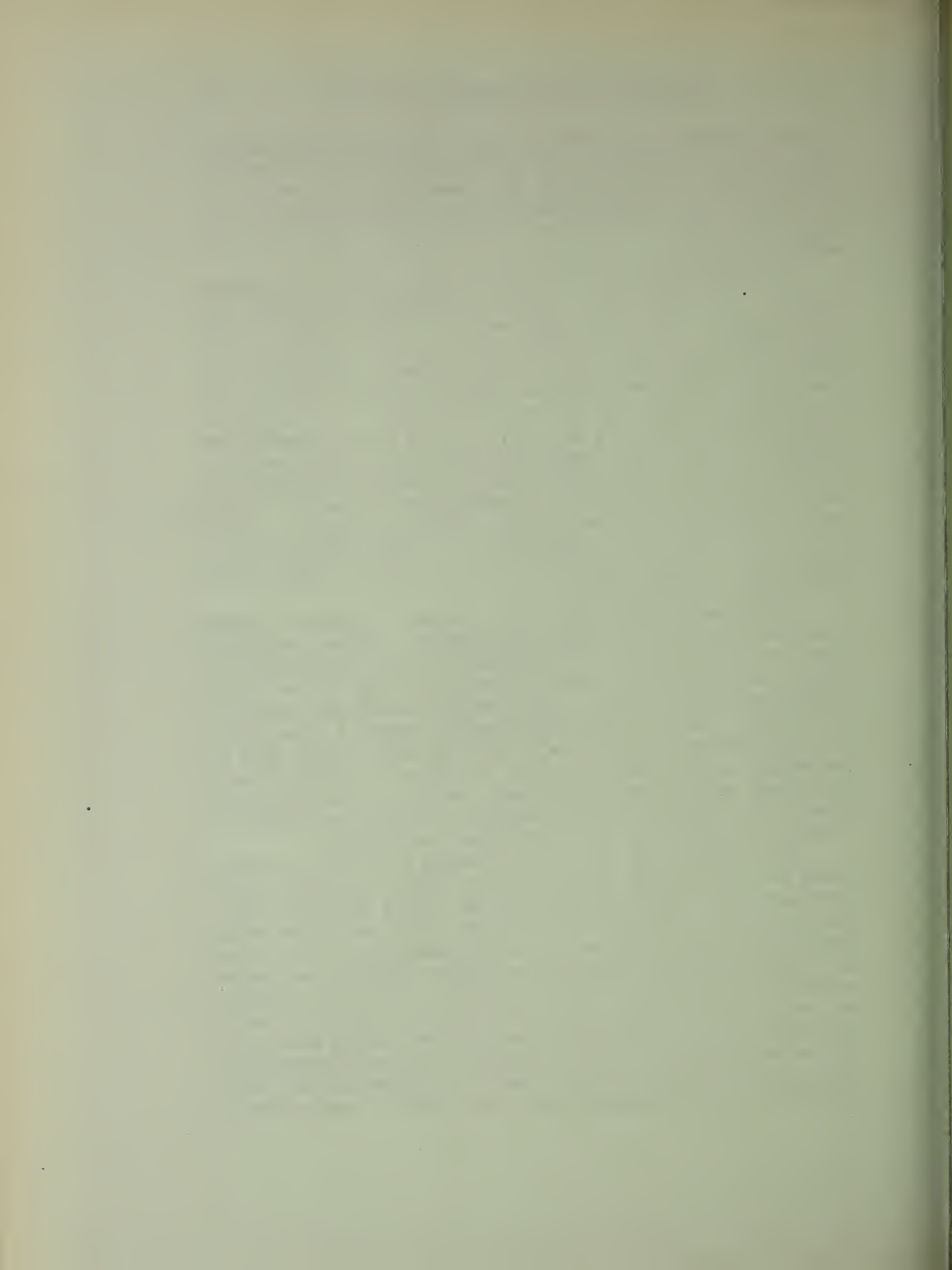


Indians professed ignorance of him. Subsequent information, gleaned from Indians in exile in Florida and North Carolina, indicated that sparing his life was a passing whim, contrary to all of their usual practices, and that as he became querulous on the trail, while pursuit became vigorous, they killed him soon after his capture.

Lieutenant Britton Davis has the following to say regarding Charley McComas' fate: "When Lieutenant Gatewood and his company of Apache scouts jumped Bonita's camp, in the Sierra Madre, at the time of General Crook's expedition, the child was in that camp. But in the excitement of the fighting, the little fellow either wandered off and starved to death in the mountains, or was killed by one of the squaws. The latter we believe to have been the fate, as it was the practice among the Indians." The writer obtained the following information from an Indian scout: After killing Judge McComas and his wife, the small war party lost no time in getting across the border. They were attacked by a detachment of Mexican troops. In their rush to cover the boy commenced to cry, which angered one of the bucks. He took him from the squaw, who had charge of the little fellow, and killed him.

It was late in May when the command was allowed to hit the trail for the San Carlos Reservation. Before we broke camp on the morning of our departure, it was discovered that Nana, one of the Indian chiefs, skipped by the light of the moon, with about twenty bucks. They must have made their getaway in the early part of the night, thereby getting a good start. Scouting parties were sent out to pick up their trail as soon as we found out that they were gone. Our start was delayed until our scouts returned with the report that they could not locate their trail, owing to the fact that they scattered, no doubt, to meet at a spot arranged by them before they started.

Our progress was slow, only making from ten to fifteen miles per day. When in camp for the night, the Indians built fires and danced to the beating of their drums, up to the early morning hours. While in camp, all the chiefs were kept under guard, our Indian scouts acting as the guardsmen. We arrived at Croton Springs, in the Sulphur Springs Valley, some twelve miles east of Willcox, Arizona. John M. Wright, law partner of Judge McComas, accompanied by the two grown-up sons of the latter, came to our camp, hopeful of ascertaining some news of the whereabouts or fate of Charley, but were disappointed. However, some of the personal effects of the judge and his wife—a watch, a pair of bracelets and other trinkets—were recovered

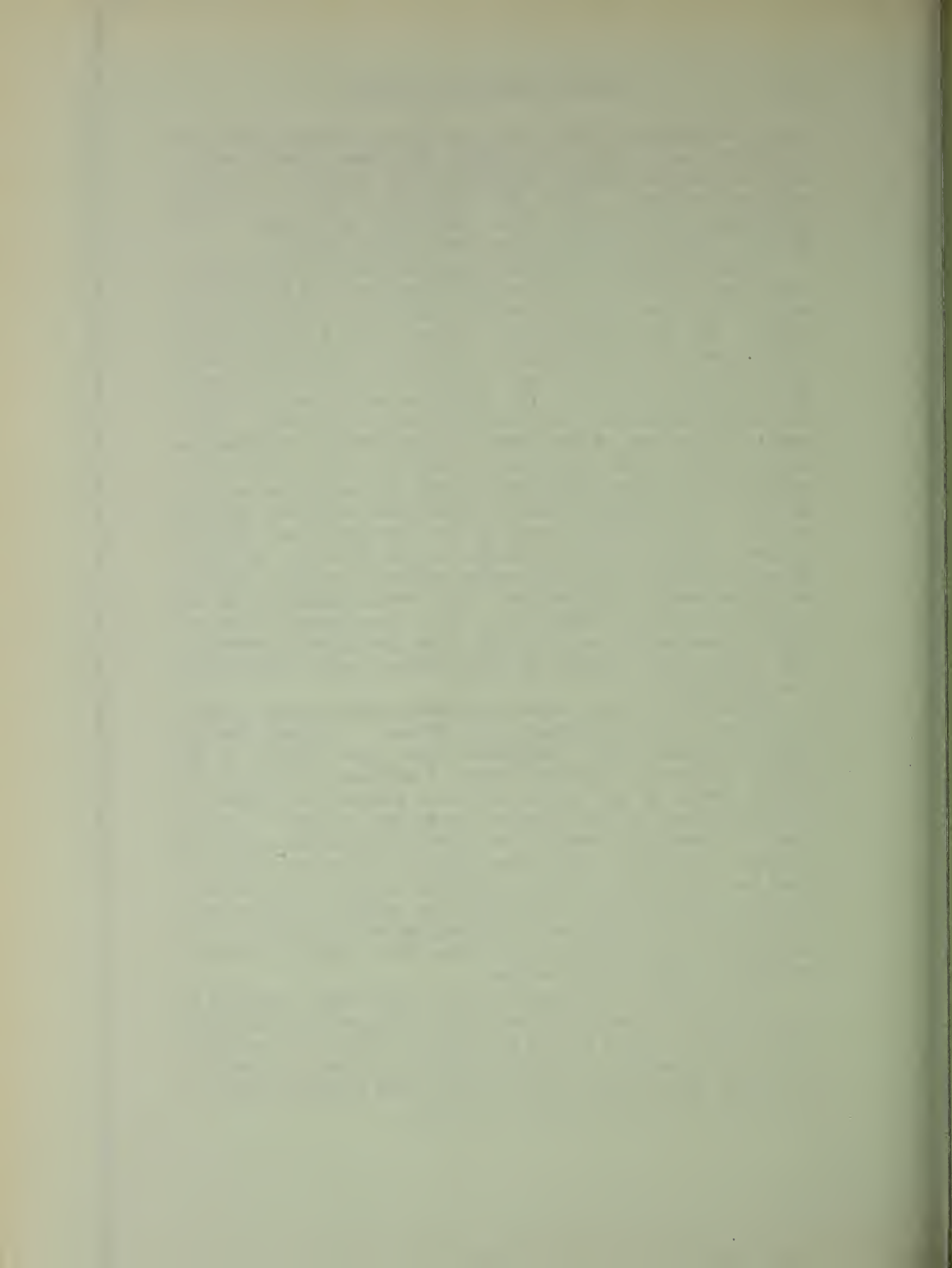


from the Indians, through the good offices and intervention of Al Sieber, noted chief of the White Mountain Apache scouts, who led General Crook's expedition into Mexico. I was introduced to them. Later, the youngest of the two died at Lordsburg, New Mexico. The other, Will McComas, is still living. From that time we have been lifelong friends.

Croton Springs was about seven miles north of Fort Grant. Everybody at the post, including the officers and their wives, came to our camp. In fact, we had visitors from all parts of the valley. For this occasion the Indians built a large bonfire. They staged a wonderful dance. I don't know what they called it, but to my way of thinking it sounded to me like a war-dance. Many squaws joined in. You would be astonished to witness the antics performed by the warriors and young bucks. They dashed in and out of the circle around the fire. The Indians composing the circle danced continually, in perfect time to the beating of tom-toms, chanting in high and low notes as they danced. The wonderful feats of torture and endurance enacted by the star performers were indeed interesting to everyone present. Several bucks got tanked up on firewater, no doubt given to them by some of the cowboy visitors from H. C. Hooker and other nearby cow-ranches. They were rounded up by the troopers and placed under guard. The dance lasted almost all night, consequently we got a late start the following morning. The whole outfit reached the San Carlos Indian Reservation four days later.

When the Indians broke out again, in the spring of 1885, the writer was in Lordsburg, New Mexico. I joined Captain Black's company and experienced some hard service in the Animas Valley and the San Simon. I still have a voucher for \$36.50, issued to me by the adjutant general and signed by Governor Ross, of New Mexico, for service rendered. At the time the territorial treasury was down to bedrock, hence the voucher. And up to this date, neither the territory nor the state has ever made good this obligation of forty-two years ago, in spite of the fact that Governor Ross mailed to each one in our company a circular letter advising us not to dispose of our vouchers, as the territory would cancel the obligation as soon as sufficient funds were available.

B. B. Owmbly, John McCabe and John Muir, members of Captain Black's company, New Mexico Rangers, are still living at Lordsburg, as well as Bill Blackburn, but I don't remember if he was a member of Captain Black's company. The rest, no doubt, have crossed over the long, dim trail from time to time, since those stirring days of long ago.



"Congress must be aroused to action by a public demand for better army housing," General Charles P. Summerall, Army Chief of Staff, was quoted in the SAN DIEGO SUN, as declared in a speech before the chamber of commerce. "We have the makings of the finest army in the world. And we have treated them disgracefully in this respect." If the writer had occasion to deliver an address, it would read as follows: "We have always had the finest army in the world, and we have treated the old veterans disgracefully in regard to pensions. Particularly the men who served on the frontier during our Indian wars. And it is about time the government takes some action to reward this class of men who helped to win this vast empire of the west from hostile bands, both red and white, as in the case of the Territory of New Mexico, mentioned in this story in regard to vouchers sent to the members of the New Mexico Rangers. Mind you, this handful of men had to furnish their supply, arms, ammunition and mounts, and no doubt saved many lives, spreading the alarm throughout the Animas Valley, New Mexico, and the San Simon Flat, in Arizona. They were out June and July, 1885, and all they have as a reward for service so faithfully performed to the present day are the vouchers for \$36.50. When the territory was admitted to the Union, all such claims were outlawed. A compliment towards the hardy pioneers who made it possible for the present generation to settle in this vast empire of the west. There are some living who are entitled to draw a pension under the Leatherwood Pension Act, but their applications have been rejected by the pension office as no record was kept by the adjutant's office at Santa Fe. However, none are available for the months of June and July, 1885."

The writer came across the following, while reading "The War Chief," by Edgar Rice Burroughs, the noted author:

"Geronimo waited until the blue line was well within range. Then the hostiles opened fire with all their rifles. A few men fell. The command to charge was given and up the slope the soldiers raced yelling. In twos and threes they fell beneath the withering fire of the hostiles. It was a useless sacrifice, and the retreat was sounded."

A sergeant, beneath a hail of lead, brought in a wounded officer. Twenty-five years later he was awarded a Congressional Medal, which arrived in time to be pinned on his breast by an attendant at the poorhouse, before he was buried in the potter's field.

There is yet time for our lawmakers to reward the men living today, before they reach the poorhouse or potter's field, forgotten by Uncle Sam for doing their bit many years ago.

THE THIRTEENTH ARIZONA TERRITORIAL LEGISLATURE

In the year 1910, M. M. Rice, better known as "Mike" Rice, to his numerous Arizona friends, wrote the following account of the Session of the Thirteenth Legislature and incidents connected therewith. Rice was a brilliant newspaper man, and during the session was a reporter for the Prescott Courier. The results attained by what was afterwards designated as the "Bloody Thirteenth" and the "Thieving Thirteenth," brought rebuke from many in Arizona, because of its extravagance, but it must be said that this session did much which has since proved as greatly beneficial to Arizona. The Thirteenth Legislature passed the bill appropriating the first money for the Arizona University, at Tucson, and for the Arizona Insane Asylum.

By M. M. RICE

The Thirteenth Legislative Assembly of the territory of Arizona, held in Prescott in 1885, has been dubbed with many ungracious names by thoughtless critics and commentators. One of the pet appellations is the "thieving, bloody, fighting Thirteenth."

Much can be adduced for and against the body of solons assembled on that auspicious occasion, to draft and insert in the statute books, measures for the weal or woe of the commonwealth of Arizona.

Many impediments prevailed ere members-elect assembled together from their various constituencies, as transportation was not so well perfected 25 years ago as it is today, and as storms and washouts were the order of the day during that eventful winter. Every possible method of transportation was adopted to reach the capital.

Well does the scribe of these lines remember seeing one of the prominent statesmen of old Pima County, emulating the Man of Sorrow, by journeying into Prescott on the back of a jackass.

The organization of both houses was an episode full of strenuousity and holds the territorial record for endurance and pugnacity.

The political and combative complication of both houses was equally divided between the two parties. Thomas A.

Weedin of Pinal County was the caucus nominee of the Democrats for the presidency of the council, and Dr. Frank Ainsworth of Yavapai county the Republican standard-bearer. Colonel John Dorrington of Yuma was temporary president, and on the first ballot of 6 to 6 a battle was precipitated that lasted for six days and away into many of the nights. Once during balloting C. C. Stephens and Bob Leatherwood of Pima were acting as tellers. Leatherwood, in the excitement of his grave responsibility, forgot to cast his vote, and on the result being announced Ainsworth, by all parliamentary rules, was elected president; but the colonel would not permit a mean nor technical advantage, and another ballot was ordered, resulting in the usual tie. Many such instances, serious and humorous, transpired in the council chamber during those six days.

Although the political pot bubbled uncompromisingly, the best of goodfellowship prevailed, and organization was at last accomplished through Weedin's diplomacy in securing the chairmanship of the most important committees, coupled with a fair division of the clerical force, for himself and adherents, by relinquishing claim to presidential honors to the physician of Yavapai. Fay, the editor of the Flagstaff Champion, was elected chief clerk.

The Democrats presented Levi Ruggles, who was elected as an independent (although a dyed-in-the-wool Republican), as their standard-bearer for speaker of the house; the Republicans naming H. G. Rollins of Pima for that honor.

This brought about one of the bitterest contests in the annals of Arizona Legislatures.

Bartering Votes

Sam Purdy of Yuma forced the endorsement of Ruggles in the Democratic caucus, and loyally the Democrats supported their nominee through a battle lasting 12 days. If the inside history of this issue were published, many men whose heads were held high, and were esteemed by their fellows, would be branded as traitors, bribe givers and takers. It was Purdy's vote that defeated Ruggles and his perfidy destroyed the usefulness of a brilliant man during the session. There are many men alive today who know what Purdy received for that vote, also that the man giving the bribe was a high carpetbag federal official.

John Marion of the Courier unmercifully flayed the Yuma county member for his dastardly delinquency, and there came near being a serious meeting between the two men, but while

Purdy could orate, his early fiasco with Pat Hamilton proved that he could not fight, and he swallowed Marion's invective as he would one of his much-loved cocktails.

Purdy's treachery gave the Republicans full control of the organization by the election of General Rollins as speaker, and to their credit, be it said, they were generous to their opponents by an equal division of the spoils in the appointment of the committees and the clerical force. Morris Goldwater was elected chief clerk; Harry Carpenter, assistant clerk; Charley Shibell, journal clerk, and Salvation Army W. A. Cuddy, sergeant-at-arms.

The council conceded nothing in the line of appointments that was not absolutely wrung from them by the persistence of Weedon and his supporters, although they wanted to be reasonable in the allotment of clerk hire.

Both houses were exceedingly liberal as to the number of attaches necessary to transcribe the proceedings, each member having at the ratio of a clerk and a fraction per capita, the roster standing 36 members and 42 clerks. As the members had the undisputed right to choose their personal attendants, some embraced the opportunity of making it a close corporation family affair; one councilman from Pima placed his handsome young wife and his son on the payroll, for which, among other indiscretions, he was afterward publicly rebuked by his constituents and narrowly escaped being mobbed at an indignation meeting called for that purpose at the opera house in Tucson. A few members were shameful in the appointment of unsavory females, who performed no duties other than to cater to their owners and sign the vouchers.

Epoch in Arizona History

Organization having been at last accomplished, the sagacity of assembled learning settled down to a legislative program that has created an epoch in Arizona's history, never antedated, and impossible of duplication.

There were many measures of merit passed into law by the Thirteenth and some of the most vicious measures imposed upon the people. The famous Mickey Stewart of Flagstaff has to his credit the paternity of some of the shady propositions that marred the records and created many a good old row.

Stewart was a character impossible of conception. He had many admirable qualities that made him a hail fellow in a social way, but was entirely devoid of the attributes that tended to create confidence in any measure he might espouse; his sole

desire in legislative life, and as a lobbyist, was the introduction of "coinch" bills, and his palm always itched for the "mazuma" of corporate influences, yet he had the merit of a genuine "stand-patter" and would carry his aggression to the extent of physical attack on his opponents.

One case in point that came near ending in a tragedy. He had an issue with Tom Weedin of Pinal county on the floor of the council, in which severe recriminations were bandied. During recess one day, as Mr. Weedin, accompanied by Captain Bridwell, the member from Graham, was turning the corner on Cortez street, Stewart secured possession of a wrench used in a city hydrant, and rushing up behind Weedin attempted to brain him with the three-foot bar. Only Weedin's agility saved him from serious injury or perhaps instant death. Stewart had several contests during the session of lesser moment.

Stewart had many friends in the territory, as his later nomination for delegates to congress proved, and he died, as he lived, callous to the opinion of God or man, as his dying remarks to his attending physician—the late Dr. Brennen—were ample proof. When he was informed that his demise was only a matter of minutes, he replied: "Well Doctor, if God Almighty had nothing better on hand than trying to make an angel of Mickey Stewart I have no further protest to make," and poor Stewart turned his face to the wall and gave up the ghost.

Legislator Pugnacious

Captain Bridwell of Graham county was another of the militant members of the council worthy of mention in these memoirs. Without having the traditional "chip on his shoulder," he was ever ready to resent a wrong and thrash an aggressor. He did so on one occasion when a French professor of Clifton cast insinuations on his name and reputation. In Bridwell's life in the territory he was known as "Beauford," and was a famous Government scout. He had his name changed, as many of the "old-timers" did, by the infamous "divorce legislature." This the Frenchman learned and he cast it up to the Captain in a public resort in Prescott. It was soon that the Frenchman and the floor met, eyeglasses were smashed and "Frenchy" gathered himself together considerably dilapidated, but still in the ring. The denizen of Patee challenged Bridwell to a duel, according to code, the member from Graham accepted the defi, and chose his well known weapon, the Colt. Here the professor flunked. He drew the line at a gun play, but agreed to fight with his favorite "poignard" in French style. As no such weapons were to be

had short of his native Paris, friends interfered, the Frenchman's wrath was appeased, and the matter ended by explanation and apologies.

The house had its combative members who exercised their prerogatives in fistic endeavors to a considerable extent. One of the most serious conflicts was that between the Hon. Lafayette Nash, now justice of the peace in Miami, but at that time a representative of Yavapai, and Representative Brown of the same county. The trouble originated over some local measure that the gentlemen disagreed over. The mixup happened on the floor of the house, just as a recess was announced. Who the aggressor was in this affair I cannot recall, but I witnessed the conflict and it looked for a time as if it would result in bloodshed. Speaker Rollins had just proclaimed a recess after a heated debate, and the members were dispersing when loud words rang out through the chamber, and two powerful men were engaged near their desks in a hard fight, both striking and clinching. Cuddy, the sergeant-at-arms deserted his post, and ran down the stairway, leaving the combatants to finish their controversy in one of the most finished battles of the session of battles of fisticuffs and ballots. The speaker tried to restore order and the dignity of his position, but it was useless. Finally some members acted as peacemakers and the gentlemen were separated and expressions of apology smoothed over what for a time appeared a very serious conflict.

Satire Starts Battle

A near fight occurred between one of the newspaper correspondents from the South and the "Old War Horse of the Huachuachas," General Wardwell. The cause was a letter to a Tucson paper, satirizing the member for his speech on the Woman's suffrage bill of which he was the advocate and introducer. The lobby was filled on the occasion of this debate, by the ladies of Prescott, and the General was primed for the occasion, being somewhat of a ladies' man. He was, several times called to order in the heat of his advocacy. Sam Purdy was a bitter opponent of the bill and took the floor against its passage. A page was called to the reporter's desk and he was instructed to hand a communication to the member from Yuma as follows:

Great Genii of Parnassian love
Come forth from out your sacred realm,
And guide the legislative craft
Through breakers that do overwhelm,

Guide her o'er bars and reefs,
To any port, e'en that of Hell,
But steer her not along the coast,
That's cruised by Mariner Wardwell.

Purdy, after glancing at the note, faced the speaker, and in stentorian tones read the phillippic. Wardwell dropped to his seat nonplussed by the rhyme and its manner of delivery; the effect of his speech was lost on the house and lobby, and, crest-fallen, he succumbed to peals of laughter.

The next day the general sought out the author of the rhyme, with a blacksnake whip, even carrying it to the floor of the house, threatening a severe castigation, but in this instance better counsel prevailed, and the dear old general accepted an apology and the matter ended, as was intended, in a mirthful meeting. Of course there were bar-room mixups, engendered by muddlers and men who had axes to grind, but this is a record of the so-called fights that gave rise to the combative reputation of the "Bloody Thirteenth."

Laws Enacted

The measures that affected the prosperity of the Territory, and became laws, were many; although at the time of their passage they were severely condemned by the howlers interested in their defeat. Who would say today with any degree of sincerity, that the Territorial University bill; the Normal School bill; the Insane Asylum bill; the Phoenix & Maricopa Railroad bill; and bills improving roads and the building of bridges across turbulent streams; were vicious measures although protest against all measures were numerous at that time?

True, a great debt was heaped up against the people, that at the time seemed short of bankruptcy; but the future proved this legislature gave an impetus to capital, as prior to 1885, very little foreign investment existed in Arizona; every measure passed that session was of some advantage to the people in the end.

Our insane patients were maintained in California at enormous expense in transportation and support. The young men and women of the Territory who desired an education above the A. B. C. standard, were compelled to seek that boon in other subdivisions of the nation; or eke out a semi-scholastic course in unsanitary school rooms presided over by tutors, many of whom were incompetent, and others who had no heart in their work caused by pitiable surroundings of adobe walls and dirt floors.

Our ranchers, miners and freighters were compelled to cross unfordable streams, and many drowned in bridgeless mountain and valley torrents, and even the princely "Burro-Puncher" was annually obliged to add to his already overloaded "associate" a riata and a mesquite pole to extricate his ship of the desert from mud and mire.

Encouragement was given to the construction of proper methods of transportation by the enactments of this notorious Legislature; the railroad measures were all good; had not grafters and confidence men butted into the same and used the bonds appropriated for their development. The Phoenix and Maricopa Railroad accomplished more towards the development of our greatest valley than all other agencies combined.

The bill creating the Prescott and Seligman Railroad in Yavapai county was a worthy measure, but the people lost all benefits to be derived from that proposition, by later legislation exempting future railroad construction from taxation, giving certain combinations power to utterly destroy this enterprise and obliterate it from the map. The history of this road and its destruction smells in the nostrils of the people of Yavapai to the present day.

Shady Bond Deals

The Tucson and Globe bonds while conceived in a proper spirit, were manipulated by a band of pirates, who have not been brought to justice to the present time; many of them are past prosecution but some still cumber the neighborhood. No attempt was made to construct the road according to the terms of its legislative creation, but the people are still paying interest on the bonds.

During the progress of these enactments, the people of Yavapai, Pima, Maricopa and Globe, had their representatives at the capital, and urgently pressed the bills. Committees of the whole, from day to day, heard pleadings and remonstrances, and members were even threatened with bodily injury on their return home if they did not incorporate them into law. I have seen the late governor, F. A. Tritle, appear before both houses sitting in committee of the whole, and with tears in his eyes plead eloquently for the passage of the Prescott and Seligman railroad bond bill.

Colonel A. E. Head, a leading merchant of Prescott, pledged his fortune and business future to the successful construction of this road; Bashford, Goldwater, John G. Campbell, and many other leading men of the city and county not only pleaded for, but demanded the bill. They got it—but, oh, what a sad

awakening! In a few years the property was absolutely destroyed, the ties and rails were removed by Senator W. A. Clark who purchased the material from a bankrupt company, the operating material was sold or consigned to the junk shop. Faro dealers and sure thing men became millionaires, through their original relations with this defunct enterprise, while the sons and daughters of the original founders were peoned for years to pay interest on the bonds.

One of the best measures enacted by the 13th Legislature, was the creation of the office of Commissioner of Immigration, and the installation therein of Patrick Hamilton, one of the ablest writers that the West ever produced. His salary of \$5,000 a year was honestly earned; his compilation of the resources of Arizona was an able work, and has done more to attract the attention of the world to the undeveloped wealth of the Territory than all the literature since produced. It is a classic and ought to be adopted as a textbook and placed on the desk of every pupil in every school in the territory. Hamilton held the office for two years, when it was abolished by the succeeding legislature, who were as radically economical as the 13th appeared extravagant.

Fourteenth Economical

I will here digress to state that this body of Solons were so honest with the people, that they performed their own clerical work, and in thanks for their assiduous retrenchment and parsimony, they have been dubbed the "Measly, Stingy 14th," so it can be seen that this body of citizens who performed their duty according to their lights, have passed into history "unknown, unhonored and unsung."

The next important measure I recall was the futile attempt to create a new county out of the counties of Cochise and Graham and named by its sponsors, "Sierra Bonita," with Willecox as the seat of government. Captain Bridwell was Councilman from Graham, but resided at Aravaipa, hence his interests were with the new county hence he strongly supported the bill. This left Graham in an unenviable position as the only home votes she possessed, were Jim Sias and Tom Hunter, members of the lower house; but Graham did not respond over votes, as she held up her sleeve the wherewith to acquire them, in the shape of an all powerful "third house," and a corps of lobbyists that had no superior in any legislative body in the history of the territory.

Judge Egan—then and since—the able attorney of the Arizona Copper Company, was assisted in this enterprise by

Judge T. J. Fitzgerald of Camp Thomas, as suave a gentleman in convincing a "doubting-Thomas," as any man who ever cajoled a dubious legislator with his palm up. Peter J. Bolan, the district attorney of Graham county, "THE MAN WHO WENT TO SCHOOL WID PARNELL," was there, and the French "professor" from Clifton, added to the gaiety of the occasion, by his presence as a master entertainer. Rooms were equipped in elegant style; elaborate spreads occupied the mahogany, and the sideboard was continually adorned by the choicest brands of wet goods and imported Havanas.

The presiding genius at this caravansary of good cheer, was Judge Sias, dubbed by his admirers "Tooth-Pick Jim." The ever smiling countenance of Judge Egan beamed cordially on the guests and the mottoes, "no heeltaps" and "may good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both," were the slogans of the daylight and midnight hours. Banker, beggar, dolt and scribe, were on equal social footing in the enjoyment of the good things of life provided by the founders of this home of mirth.

"Damn Expenses—We Want Results"

The Cochise delegation opposed to the new county, conjointly called the place their home. Billy Harwood, senator from Cochise, led the southern county van in opposition to "Sarah Bonita" as the approaching infant was facetiously named. Whoever supplied the funds to maintain this resort were not parsimonious, as there was no stint, the chief sentiment expressed was "damn expenses, we want results."

Madison W. Stewart, of Willcox, and Fort Grant, as good a man as ever engraved his name on the roster of Arizona Pioneers or of Territorial progress, with his lieutenants, Bridwell, Percey and Nichols, were leaders in advocacy of the new county. They, with others, also held their levees, though not so ostentatiously as the Graham crowd, nor with such final effectiveness, although parsimony in entertainment could not be accredited to them.

The bill was introduced in the early part of the session in the lower house, and after numerous complications, it finally passed that body by a small majority.

It was in her advent to the Council that the poor babe "Sarah" was denuded of her accouchment vestments. The success in the house allayed any fears that Stewart might entertain as to unreliability of promises—being a man of honor himself he judged others accordingly—the house action in this matter was strictly "on the square" with Stewart. He had ample assurance of a majority of one on final passage in the Council, so the

enemies of the bill appeared crestfallen, and Stewart's backers equally elated; but the surprise of the session was great, when the Council member whose vote was depended on showed absence on final roll-call and was not to be found by anxious seekers. Thus "Sarah Bonita" was strangled by eleven vigorous men, six voting against and five for the baby county.

Bucky Won a Watch

"Bucky" O'Neil has been credited with the defeat of the new county bill. It was said that it was "Bucky's" entertaining qualities that led to its defeat, but he always modestly disclaimed any participation in the disappearance of the recreant member. But it is of record that the famous "Rough-Rider" was later presented with a handsome gold watch by the opponents of Sierra Bonita county, Billy Harwood making the presentation speech.

The final measure of moment that engaged the attention of the session was a bill providing for the issuance of further bonds on Maricopa and Yavapai counties, for the purpose of connecting the Seligman & Prescott and the Phoenix & Maricopa lines, from both terminals to the county line. Yavapai was strongly in favor of its consummation, but the people of Maricopa were opposed to incurring a further bonded indebtedness. Ex-District Judge De Forrest Porter was a member of the house from Phoenix. He was plied with lobbying protests from the people of the valley, and telegrams threatening him with dire results, came to his desk in the final days of the session if he permitted the passage of the bill.

As he was personally compromised through other matters in the early legislation, to its support, and he personally desired to see its passage, the protests and threats placed him between the "devil and the deep sea." The friends of the bill held the club of previous promise over his head, while his constituents held the knife of political and social menace at his throat. He presented on that closing night of the session a pitiable spectacle, tears rolled down his cheeks like a whipped baby, he appealed again and again in his masterful periods, to his merciless tormentors, to release him from his promise to vote for the bill, but the Yavapai fellows were obdurate. The third reading and final passage came up about 10 o'clock on the night of adjournment, and the appropriation bill was still to be considered, and there were too many interested in that important document to let any other consideration impede it. There were howls and catcalls for final disposition of the bond bill.

Walks Out with Bill

Porter again and again used his eloquence to stave off the passage, and when completely exhausted he resorted to subterfuge to get possession of the bill; asking as a special privilege, to examine it before final vote, that he thought he detected an error in its final form. The clerk was instructed by the speaker to hand the document to the judge, and as soon as it was placed in his possession he deliberately walked into the lobby, and disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him.

This bold and brazen act aroused the house to a man and pandemonium prevailed. The speaker, shocked by the act, called on the sergeant-at-arms to immediately produce Porter before the bar of the house, and appointed a number of assistants to enforce the mandate of the chair.

The history of this search was never written before, by any of the participants, but it is a fact that every resort that Porter was known to frequent and every private residence where he was known to be socially entertained, were diligently explored from cellar to attic—even the private apartments of his sleeping wife were invaded by the sleuths—but to no purpose, except the humiliation of a good woman. When the sergeant at arms reported his failure to locate the judge, the feeling became intense, and by a unanimous vote DeForrest Porter was expelled from the house, this act forever debarring him the right to hold an office of trust or participate in the rights of citizenship.

After cooler thought a few members regretted their haste in the matter of expulsion, as it not only outlawed the distracted man, but it cast an irreparable reproach on his innocent family. The Honorable Selim Franklin of Tucson, in the most eloquent and pathetic speech of the session, succeeded in convincing the members that expulsion was too drastic and by appealing to the most sacred feelings of the body, the degrading resolution was rescinded and Porter was let down with a vote of censure.

Disappearance Killed Judge

It was afterwards ascertained that the judge was within earshot of the whole proceedings, having, with the assistance of some confederate in his escapade, climbed into the attic of the building where he lay concealed until morning. DeForrest Porter made good to his Phoenix friends, his action killed the bill, but it also killed the judge, as he never appeared the same man again. He lived but a short time after the event recorded.

Captain Watkins, the one-armed member from Gila county—and the most incorruptible man in that body—withdrew from the house with indignation, after making one of the most scathing speeches on the session's delinquency.

The appropriation bill was finally passed, and the sergeant at arms, Cuddy, went rushing through the lobby, exclaiming "The Lord bless the people from the page with his little fist up to the Governor with both hands; we are all up to our shoulders into the sack." The passage of the appropriation bill restored the good humor of the solons and Bob Connell, a member from Yavapai, donated a number of jugs of good old Kentucky bourbon and an abundance of good Havanas, and with Pete Bolan keeping back the hands of the clock, the song and story, expressions of good fellowship, regrets for hard feelings created in the heat of debate, the Thirteenth Legislature adjourned sine die, some members returning to their homes, honored for their records, and others to receive the disapprobation of their former friends and neighbors.

With all their failings the Thirteenth Legislature created more beneficent laws than any of its predecessors or successors.

The Bloody Thirteenth, was born in a turmoil and deep travail, and expired in a halo of glory.

The Third House

The third house, or lobby, is an institution without authority of law; yet it is one of the appendages of every legislative body in every state and territory of the union, and even to the Congress of the nation. From its first inception to date the greatest reformers and thinkers from sanctum, rostrum and pulpit, have hurled anathemas at its head in futile attempts to eliminate it from the body politic. It is as thoroughly organized, and part of our political system, as the law creating, or any of the established departments of government. It is vicious, inexcusable and intolerable, yet it is tolerated. In its ranks are to be found the profoundest mind and the most despicable degenerate. It fattens on duplicity and prospers on the cupidity of man. Many states are penalizing the lobby, and Dakota has a clause in its constitution eliminating it from her boundaries.

The Bloody Thirteenth had her third house, but not in the sense to fit the above application. It was a social club and not devoted to the purpose of predatory incursions on the rights of the people.

Like all organizations instituted for purposes of entertainment and good fellowship, some undesirables crept in and by individual acts tended to discredit the whole. The few survivors can challenge one mean or corrupt act to be truthfully laid at its door.

Its roster contained the names of the most reputable men of the territory, of a quarter century ago. It was accused of being an organized lobby, but was not devoted to that pernicious system in any form. It was known as "The Arizona Press Club."

In anticipation of the convening of the legislature of 1885, the people of Prescott, who are traditionally known for their hospitality, secured the spacious residence of former Governor John C. Fremont, renovated the same and installed every convenience for the comfort of their anticipated guests, with card rooms, chess rooms, and reception rooms, grand piano and other paraphernalia of entertainment. Ex-Chief Justice French was the chairman of the committee having the place in charge.

Arizona Press Club

It was here that Governor Tritle and wife gave their receptions and levees. It was in this environment that the "Press Club" was organized. The Thirteenth Legislature contained a number of newspaper proprietors and attending it were many correspondents of the coast and territorial press.

The charter members of the club were Pat Hamilton, "Bucky" O'Neil, Thomas F. Weedon, John Marion, John A. Dorrington, Charley Beach, George W. Brown, R. C. Brown, George W. Tinker, Sam Purdy, M. M. Rice, W. T. Burke and W. A. Cuddy. These were the newspaper owners and correspondents at the capital.

The honorary members were: General George Crook, Captain Bourke, Governor F. A. Tritle, Ex-Chief Justice French, Ex-Chief Justice Sumner Howard, John C. Herndon, Chief Justice Wright, Clark Churchill, Frank Hereford, Morris Goldwater, Harry Carpenter, Joe Dauphin, Judge Mark Egan, Ned McGowen, Will Nash and Billy Harwood, and others whose names have passed the writer's memory.

Pat Hamiltor was made president, "Bucky" O'Neil secretary and M. M. Rice treasurer. An assessment of \$20 per capita was levied on the charter members to defray incidental expenses and secure quarters for the club, but this was found unnecessary, as the "Press Club" was tendered the use of the citizen's retreat for all social purposes, so it was able to start with \$300 in the treasury.

Containing as it did many legislators in both houses, it wielded a powerful influence on the proceedings of the law makers, and many vicious enactments were strangled in their conception by the vigilance of its members, and many meritorious ones, that would have gone to destruction, became laws, through its hearty support.

The "Press Club" had its individual failings, in that some of its members would stray from the straight and narrow path of "beastly sobriety," as Purdy coined the quotation, and adorned the surroundings with the Celtic poet's conception of earthly pleasure:

"Fill the bumper fair,
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of care
Smooths away a wrinkle."

This was the extreme extent of their erring, graciously pardoned in those strenuous times. Their practice is better illustrated in the club's adopted motto: "As we journey through life, we live by the way;" and many lived up to the motto through life with fidelity.

The officers of the Post were frequently guests of the club, and also prominent transient visitors to the capital, and here wisdom, wit and nonsense combined with the clink of glasses and wreaths of Havana smoke, whiled away many an evening, while the solons were exhausting their energies in trying to solve the intricacies of fare and freight bills, the regulation of range brands and the legal merits of sheep dip.

Arrange Regal Feast

One function for which the club became famous was the banquet tendered the officers at Whipple barracks, the federal and territorial officials and members of the legislature. No such elaborate event was ever pulled off in Arizona before, nor has it been equalled since. The recollection of it still lingers proudly in the memory of its living participants.

The affair was first suggested by "Bucky" O'Neill, and with him suggestion was action. A committee of three, consisting of the president, secretary and treasurer, was appointed on ways and means for its accomplishments.

In those days—as now—newspaper men and scribes were not round shouldered from packing an over-plus of coined metal, and the wherewith gave the committee many nights of deep thought; the number of guests to be entertained and method of entertaining was duly considered, and with less than \$300 in

the treasury, nothing very elaborate could be accomplished; however, it would be in bad form for a "Press Club" representing the thought, morals, virtues and development of a territory as grand as Arizona, to do anything in a half-hearted manner, or on a cheap and limited basis.

O'Neil stood for a feast that would go down to posterity. "Bucky" never stood for anything by halves, he was never known to split a bet. One hundred people must be seated at that festive board; the other members of the committee, carried away by his enthusiasm, coincided; but how? The thoughtful secretary says: "Let's pass the hat." His excellency the governor was consulted on this momentous question. "Bucky" presented his plan in this inimitable style. In the shape of an engrossed bill from the third house, the executive signed the bill and attached to his signature a \$50 subscription, suggesting further that if O'Neil could tax ex-judge French for a similar amount, he would double the donation. It is hardly necessary to record that the governor was not compelled to double. The judge passed us up. M. W. Stewart and Judge Egan contributed handsomely, the legislative members chipped in all the way from \$20 down to two sheep, tendered by Bill Imus, member from Mohave. Bill said he didn't care for swell chuck, but he adored mutton; and, by the way, William was the member who, after a motion was made and seconded, arose to his feet and said: "Mr. Speaker, I third that motion."

Captain Watkins informed the collection committee that he preferred seeing fellows pay for their own board, not from parsimony, for he was a generous man, but he did not like to encourage the solicitation of alms.

A certain railroad attorney who could not use O'Neil in some of his schemes, sarcastically replied when asked for a dole, that he would willingly issue free transportation to the whole club on condition of permanent emigration, but he reconsidered and came forward with a 50 spot; and so it went.

In twenty-four hours the club's treasury was swelled to the sum of \$1,500—remember readers, this was in Prescott. How long would it take to raise that sum for a simple feed in other capital cities? Well, never mind—

\$10.25 Per Plate

The funds secured, the next step was where to find a commodious place to pull off the event. While old Prescott was chuck full of get there and generosity, unlike many of its contemporaries, that was that winter decidedly short on empty

spaces. Howey Hall was at last secured and committees appointed to complete the arrangements. Frank Ingoldsby and Joe Dauphin were past masters in the art of decoration, and the result detracted nothing from their reputation. The contract on menu was given Ben Butler—100 plates at \$10.25 per plate. This supper gave Ben his start to his present financial success in Phoenix.

Flowers were imported from California; the liquids were supplied by C. P. Head, and Bob Connell, a member of the lower house, supplied the Havanas. The menu was printed on the government press at the Post through the courtesy of General Crook, "Bucky" O'Neil setting the type, which was sufficient in itself to attest to its style. It was on embossed satin and the specimens are rare today and considered by their possessors valuable souvenirs. The preparations occupied several weeks, every member contributing time and talent to make it a success.

The long expected night at last arrived and who alive today who were present can forget it. The hall was resplendent with decorations appropriate to so august an occasion.

Remember, it was a stag party; but the good ladies of Prescott were not ignored by any means. They were invited to feast their eyes on the brilliancy of the hall and decorations—brilliant for those days of oil lamps and wax candles—ante rooms were supplied with refreshments for their special use, but they deeply regretted that they could not partake in the main event, and—'twere better so.

The hour at last arrived, and what an hour, with the Fort Whipple Military Band discoursing its strains across the plaza, the principal guests of the evening assembled, General Crook and his staff in all the gorgeousness of military apparel, with decorations won on many a hard fought battle field, before the present generation of Arizonians saw light of day and when many of us present gray haired lads were young. Next came the governor and his staff, the federal officers, territorial officials and the members of the legislature—all except Watkins and the man who offered to donate the sheep. The club members were in position to receive their guests. Pat Hamilton occupied the seat of honor and acted as toastmaster. There were just 100 men who occupied a position seated in a hollow square before a well appointed spread as any epicure might desire.

Feast of Reason—Flow of Soul

The "feast of reason and flow of soul" was prolonged into the "wee sma' hours." General H. G. Rollins, Arizona's classic

orator, Captain Bourke, the most brilliant after dinner speaker in the department of the West, Sumner Howard, the eloquent jurist, Governor Tittle, a man of forcible delivery, Pete Bolan, with his exuberant Celtic wit and fascinating blarney, Tom Weedin, the irrepressible, Mickey Stewart, the facetious, Sam Purdy, whose tongue was tipped with satire, and many others capable of impromptu expression.

Harry Carpenter, Joe Dauphin, "Baldy" Brown and Frank Ingoldsby, the famous quartet—where could be found their superior? Not in the territory then, nor since—dear old friends, your strains of harmony are now mingling with the music of the spheres—and few of that night are left to write your obituary.

Such a gathering of brilliant men, soldiers, civilians and artisans and every honorable vocation then obtaining in the young and growing territory, and to think that the majority of them are no more—too bad, too bad; have we duplicated them? Perhaps.

There is hardly any pleasure unaccompanied with pain, the pleasure of knowing these pioneers of the past, and particularly on the occasion described in this record, as members and guests of the Press Club of the Thirteenth, has been sadly marred by an attack made on the club by the Los Angeles Times of that date. Otis never attacked a band of pickets in a labor strike with greater venom, than he did this generous, brave and wholesouled body of men, and I am charitable enough to think that the editor of the Times was sadly misinformed as to their character by evil designers; however, the tirade was gratuitous.

After the adjournment the "Press Club" disintegrated, each member returning to his home and his calling all to continue through life friends and brothers.

Thus ended this congregation of a remarkable body of men from every avenue of life.

It was a third house, 'tis true, but it will live long in memory's pathway, to those who knew, loved and respected the men who composed it.

(Note: In this account of the Thirteenth Legislature every line is from memory after a lapse of 25 years, no references were sought nor notes resorted to. Some names have been forgotten and some slight inaccuracies may have crept in, but the general facts and circumstances are absolutely correct.

M. M. Rice.)

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We of today in Arizona owe a debt of gratitude to those hardy spirits of a generation and more ago. They saw a vision in this once desert land. They faced great hardships. They conquered vast difficulties and started the development which we now enjoy.

There is yet much to do in Arizona. May we carry on the work of the founders of this state, so that Arizona may come to that rich heritage which nature has in store for her.

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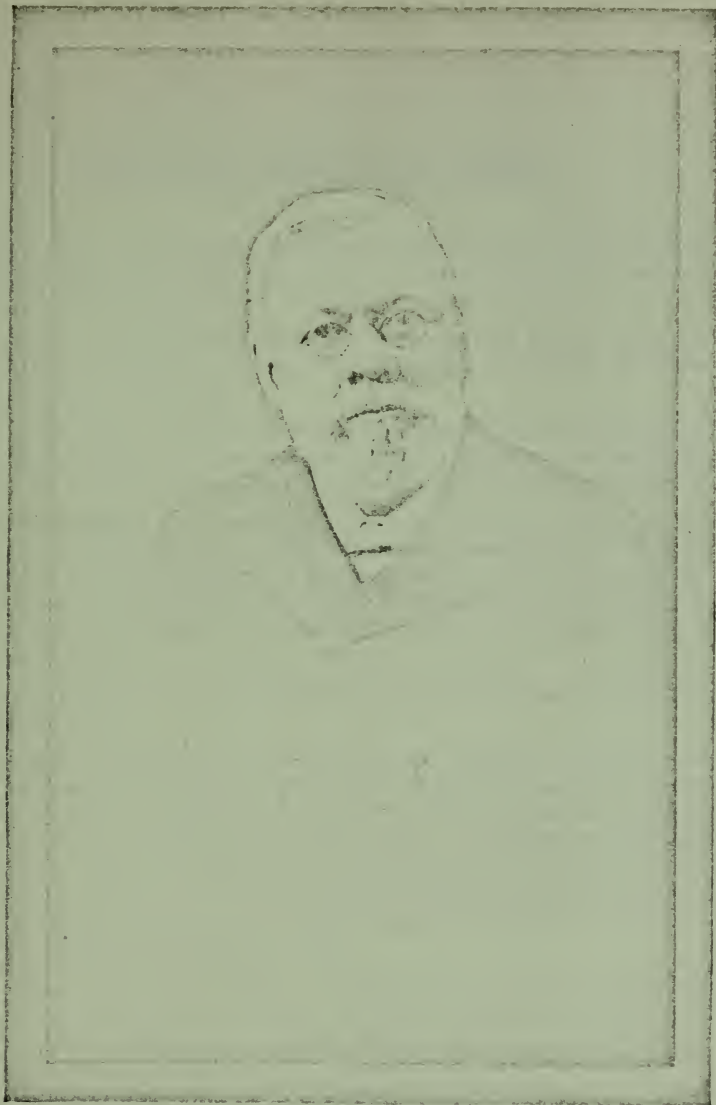
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STATE CAPITOL BUILDING



HON. CHAS. D. POSTON
"The Father of Arizona"

Devoted several years to his effort to have Arizona constituted as a territory, finally succeeding on February 24, 1863, when Congress passed an act cutting Arizona from New Mexico.

Mr. Poston was among the first territorial officials, holding the office of Indian Agent. At the first election held in July, 1864, Poston was elected as Arizona's first delegate to Congress. After his term in Congress he was appointed to have charge of and administer the U. S. land office at Florence. He died in the year 1902 at Phoenix.

Arizona Historical Data

The territory now included within the limits of Arizona was acquired by virtue of treaties concluded with Mexico in 1848 and in 1854. Previous to that time this country belonged to Mexico as a part of Sonora.

The act cutting Arizona away from the territory of New Mexico was passed by the United States congress and signed by President Abraham Lincoln on February 24, 1863.

Governor John N. Goodwin and other territorial officials reached Navajo Springs, now in Navajo County, on December 29, 1863, where, on that date, the governor issued a proclamation inaugurating the territorial government.

The first Arizona territorial legislature was convened in Prescott, the temporary capital, September 26, 1864. Territorial capital located in Tucson, November 1, 1867, under an act of the legislature. The territorial capital was relocated at Prescott the first Monday in May, 1877. On February 4, 1889, the territorial capital was permanently located at Phoenix, where it has remained since.

Arizona became a state on February 14, 1912, by virtue of a congressional act passed in 1911.

The officers appointed by President Lincoln, who were responsible for the first Arizona territorial government were: John N. Goodwin, of Maine, Governor; Richard C. McCormick, of New York, Secretary of the Territory; William F. Turner, of Iowa, Chief Justice; William T. Howell, of Michigan and Joseph P. Allyn, of Connecticut, associate justices; Almon Gage, of New York, attorney general; Levi Bashford, of Wisconsin, Surveyor General; Milton B. Duffield, of New York, U. S. Marshal; Charles D. Poston, of Kentucky, Superintendent Indian affairs.

The first Arizona State officials, elected in 1911, included the following: George W. P. Hunt, Governor; Sidney P. Osborn, Secretary of State; J. C. Callaghan, State auditor; D. F. Johnson, State treasurer; C. O. Case, Superintendent of Public instruction; W. P. Geary, F. A. Jones and A. W. Cole, Corporation Commissioners; Alfred Franklin, Chief Justice; D. L. Cunningham and H. D. Ross, Associate Justices of the Supreme Court.

. A N N O U N C E M E N T

To Our Subscribers

The first year of the publication of the Arizona Historical Review will be completed with this number, January 1, 1929.

The four quarterly numbers included in the first year were those of April, July and October, 1928 and the present number, January 1, 1929.

Practically all subscribers to the Arizona Historical Review began with the initial number in April.

If you desire to continue as a subscriber to the Review please send check for \$3 to

GEORGE H. KELLY, State Historian,
Phoenix, Arizona.

PIONEERS PASS AWAY

Hon. Sol Barth

Hon. Sol Barth, Arizona pioneer and a resident of St. Johns, Apache County since that county was created in 1879, and for a number of years prior to that date, died at his home at St. Johns on Friday, November 30, 1928, having reached the age of 87 years. He had been a resident of Arizona for 67 years. His first stop in Arizona was either on Christmas Day, 1860, or on New Years Day, 1861, when he arrived in Tucson with a freighting outfit which brought freight across the desert from San Bernardino, California. He returned to California with the freighting teams and remained there until 1862, when he returned to Arizona, going to the old town of La Paz, on the Colorado River, where he entered the service of Michael Goldwater, the pioneer merchant of that locality.

In 1864 he secured the contract to carry the government mail from Prescott to Albuquerque, New Mexico, the route passing through the Zuni Villages. He secured the assistance of the late Alfred F. Banta in carrying the mail. In those days hostile Indians were plentiful in the country, and Barth and Banta would ride at night and hide in the rocks and canyons during the day, as Indians very seldom attacked during the night. In 1869 he owned the Suttler's Store at Fort Apache, and from this point traded with Indians over a wide area. In 1874 he located, permanently, at the present site of St. Johns. During his earlier residence in Arizona, and after he acquired the traders' store at Fort Apache, he engaged in trading with Indians, carrying his goods to the camps of the Indians on pack animals, usually burros. Several times he narrowly escaped death at the hands of the hostiles, once when he went to an Apache camp and instead of finding his friendly chief, Pedro, whom he knew, he found the Apache warrior chief Cochise in charge. He lost his pack animals and his goods, including his clothing and the clothes worn by six Mexicans who accompanied him. Thus stripped, he and his companions were allowed to go and they returned to the Zuni Villages, a distance of one hundred miles, subsisting on the flesh of a dog that followed them from the Indian camp. Chief Cochise had Barth and the Mexicans tied to trees and was making preparations to dispatch them when Chief Pedro returned to the camp, and interceding in behalf of his friend Barth, succeeded in having them released.

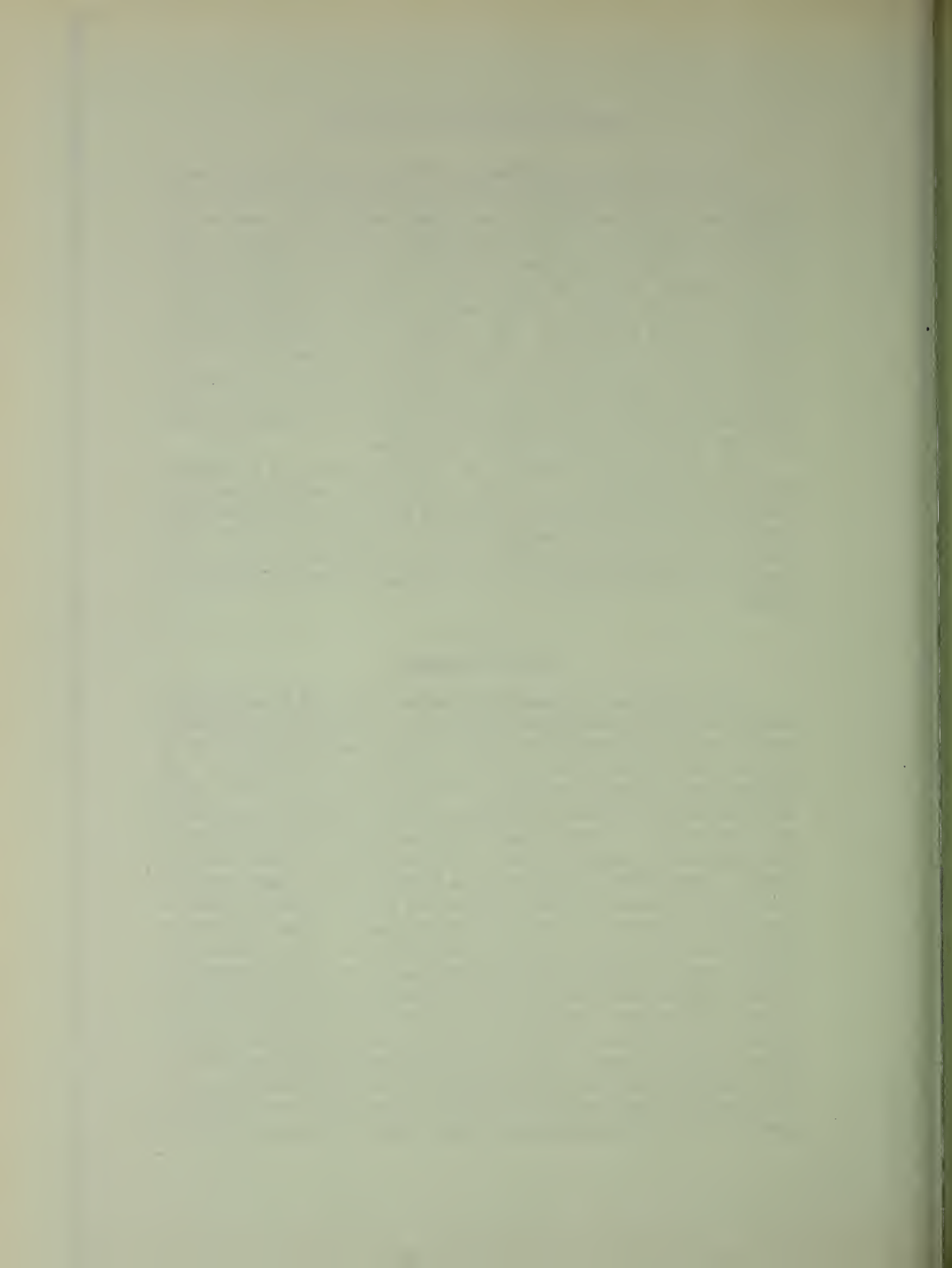


It was through the influence of Barth that Apache County was created by the Twelfth Territorial Legislature in 1879. The legislative act provided that the county seat of the new county should be located by a vote of the people residing therein. After a strenuous fight at the special election Barth succeeded in locating the county seat in his home town. Soon after he located permanently in St. Johns. Barth sold a possessory right to twelve hundred acres of land in that vicinity to the Mormon Church, negotiations for this deal being conducted by Joseph Smith and D. K. Udall, representatives of the church. Barth had a personal acquaintance with Kit Carson, meeting this famous scout when he came through the Zuni Villages as a colonel of volunteers to settle some trouble among the Navajo Indians.

Mr. Barth was a member of the Eleventh and Nineteenth territorial legislatures. He was a successful business man and continued in the mercantile and hotel business to the time of his death; in recent years assisted by two daughters and a son. The death of Sol Barth leaves Billy Fourr, of Cochise County, as the dean of Arizona pioneers, he, too, having arrived in Arizona in 1861.

W. C. Trueman

W. C. Trueman, prominent pioneer citizen of Pinal County, died at the Good Samaritan Hospital in Los Angeles, California, on Thursday, November 29, 1928, having reached the age of 74 years. Mr. Trueman was a native of the State of New York. He had resided, almost continually, in Pinal County since 1878, when he went to the old Silver King Mine where he secured employment as a carpenter. He soon became foreman of all carpenter work at the mine and remained there until the mine was abandoned in 1889. From Silver King he went to Florence, the county seat, and in 1890 was elected sheriff, and served Pinal County in that capacity for six terms, a total of twelve years. After leaving the sheriff's office he was county treasurer for one term. Soon after this he went to Alaska and remained there for several years, and while there acquired some of the original shares in the Kennebec Copper Company. During the time he was sheriff, Mr. Trueman had a correct vision of the future mining and agricultural industries in Pinal County and acquired numerous mining claims in the mining district, of which Superior is now the metropolis, and also lands in the Casa Grande Valley. Several years ago he disposed of his mining claims and later, three years ago, on account



of failing health, he disposed of his lands and retired from business activity and since then has resided in Phoenix during the winter and in Los Angeles during the summer. He left here last June. The announcement of his death caused sincere sorrow among a large circle of acquaintances throughout the State of Arizona. His last official service was in the capacity of sergeant-at-arms of the state constitutional convention. As sheriff of Pinal County he had many exciting experiences and at all times proved himself to be a man of good judgment and undoubted courage.



GERONIMO*

(Concluded)

By JOHN P. CLUM

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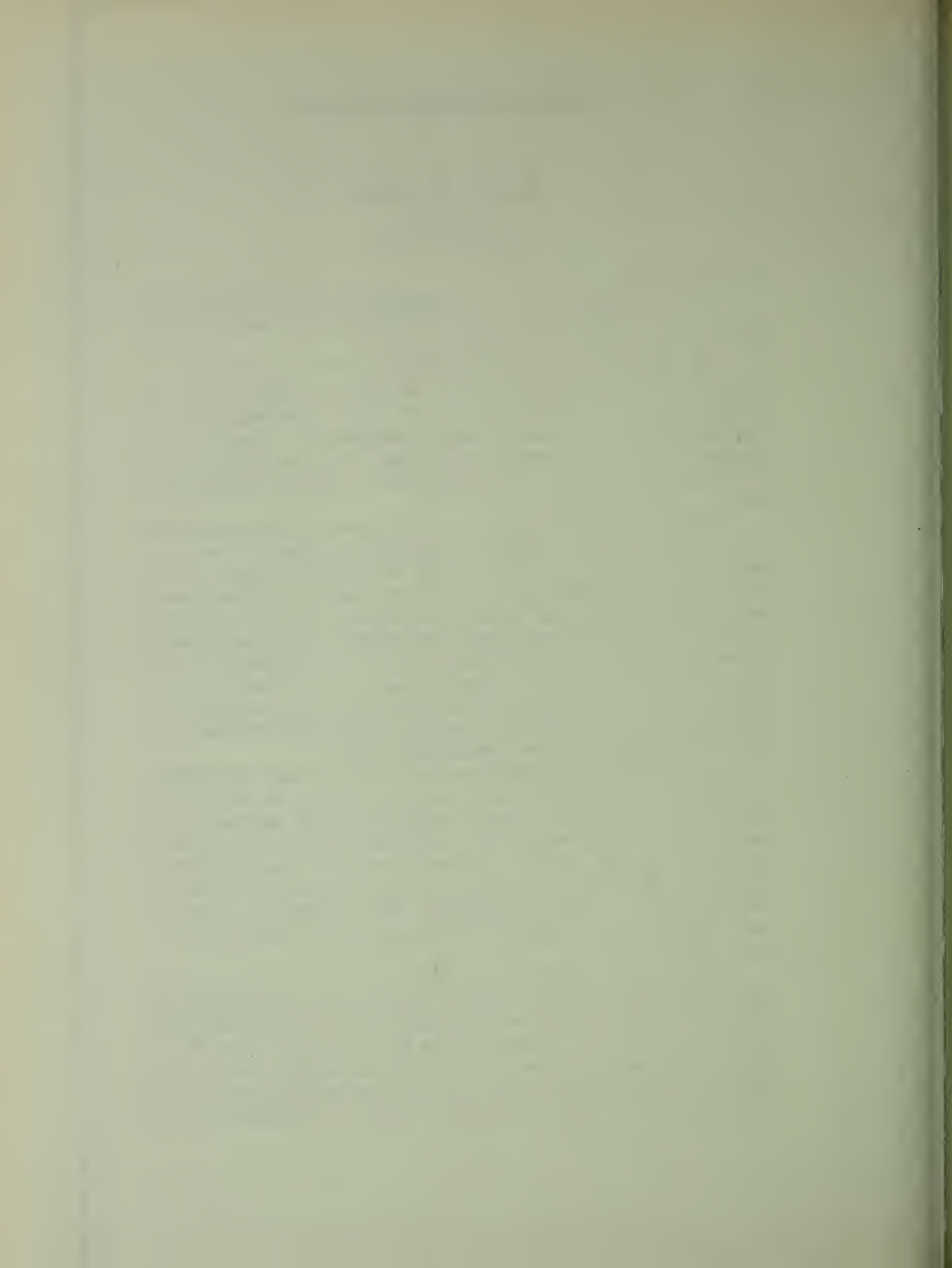
After passing Bisbee, the renegades continued into Mexico and soon were again quite safe in their favorite resort amid the fastnesses of the Sierra Madre Mountains.

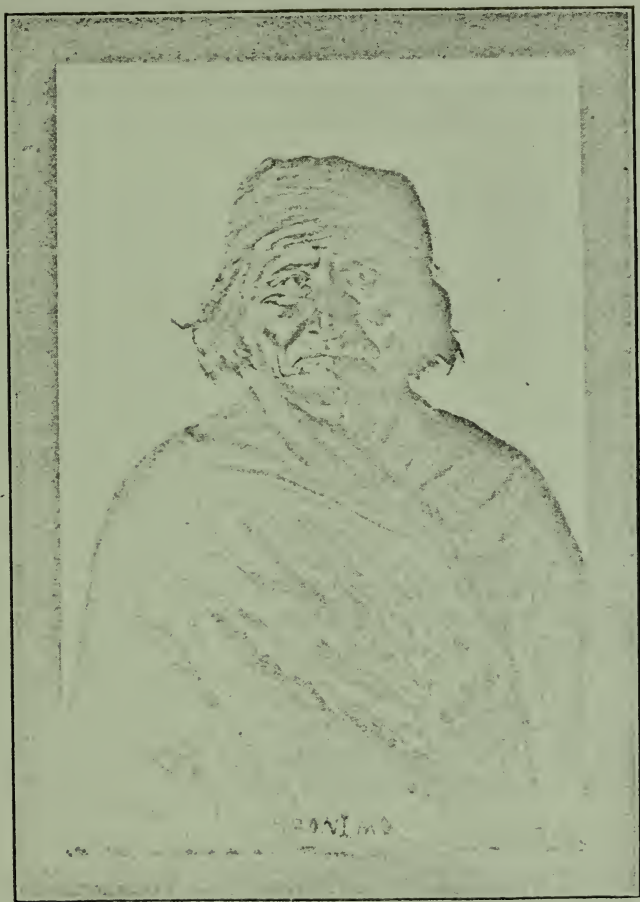
The annual report of the Secretary of War for 1886—which includes the reports of Generals Sheridan, Crook, Miles, and others—presents the official record of many exceedingly interesting details of the military operations against the Apache hostiles during the period covered by that report, the most vital of which are set forth in the following paragraphs—reduced to their lowest terms.

General Sheridan's report gives us some concise and useful facts. He says that the band of Chiricahua "prisoners" who "escaped" from the reservation on May 17, 1885, and again went on the war-path consisted of "forty-two men and ninety-four women and children"; that the area of southeastern Arizona and southwestern New Mexico was "the scene of the murders and depredations committed at various times since" that outbreak; that the hostiles "are difficult to pursue, and when attacked they disperse"; that with the aid of the Indian trailers "the troops attempt to pick up the trail, but success in this does not often go beyond the capture of a few women and children."

General Crook tells us that as soon as he learned that this desperate band of Chiricahua outlaws were again on the war-path he ordered "no less than twenty troops of cavalry and more than one hundred Indian scouts" into the field, and these "were moved in every direction either to intercept or follow the trails of the hostiles." But with the exception of "a slight skirmish with their rear guard" in which three soldiers were wounded, "the hostiles were not even caught sight of by the troops, and crossed into Mexico on June 10th."

For the purpose of preventing raids into American territory, General Crook "placed a troop of cavalry and a detachment of Indian scouts at every water-hole along the border from the Patagonia mountains in Arizona, to the Rio Grande in New Mexico, with orders to patrol the country between camps, and a second line of reserve troops were stationed at convenient points along the railroad." About 3,000 regular troops were employed in these





GERONIMO. An Apache

operations. A telegram from Washington under date of June 9th "authorized the enlistment of 200 additional Indian scouts."

During the summer two battalions of Indian scouts, one under Captain Crawford and one under Lieutenant Davis, were operating in Mexico. These came in contact with the hostiles on June 23rd, July 13th, and September 22nd, and these three engagements resulted in the killing of one squaw, two boys, and one of the Indian scouts, and the capture of thirty women and children.

In the latter part of November, 1885, Lieutenant-General Sheridan proceeded from Washington to Fort Bowie, Arizona, where he held a conference with General Crook. He reported the situation complicated and difficult, and the results to that date disappointing, but expressed the opinion that General Crook would be able to work out a satisfactory solution of the serious problems confronting him.

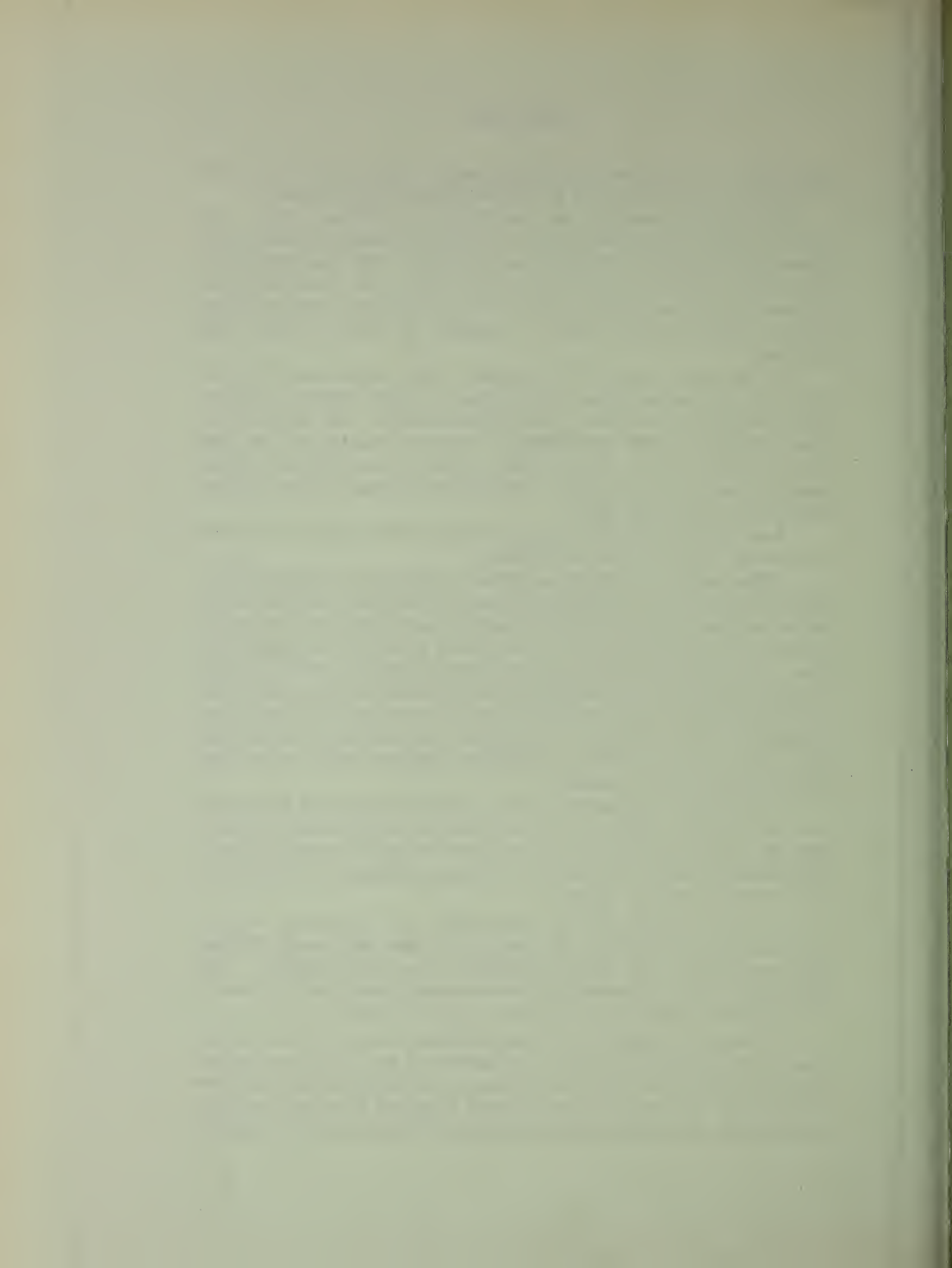
Another conspicuous event occurring in November is recorded in General Crook's report as follows:

"The raid of the party of eleven Indians who succeeded in eluding the troops on the line and went up into New Mexico by the Lake Palomas trail early in November is mentioned as showing the dangers and difficulties to be contended against from small parties. During the period of about four weeks this band traveled probably not less than 1200 miles, killed thirty-eight people, captured and wore out probably 250 head of stock, and, though twice dismounted, succeeded in crossing back into Mexico with the loss of but one, who was killed by friendly Indians, whose camp they attacked near Fort Apache."

A startling statement, indeed, and the fact that Geronimo was not with this raiding party proves what has often been alleged, that the followers of the noted renegade included several desperate characters who were far more cunning, daring, and dangerous than the wily leader, himself.

It will be noted that in this daring and disastrous raid no casualties were suffered by the troops, and that only one of the hostiles was killed—"by friendly Indians" near Fort Apache. But the citizens—the non-combatants—sustained the appalling loss of 38 killed and "probably 250 head of stock" stolen.

We need not doubt that General Crook was now doing his utmost to recapture his former "prisoners of war," but we cannot forget the ugly fact that the General permitted those desperate "prisoners" to retain their arms and supplied them with rations at an unguarded camp within the limits of the reservation until it



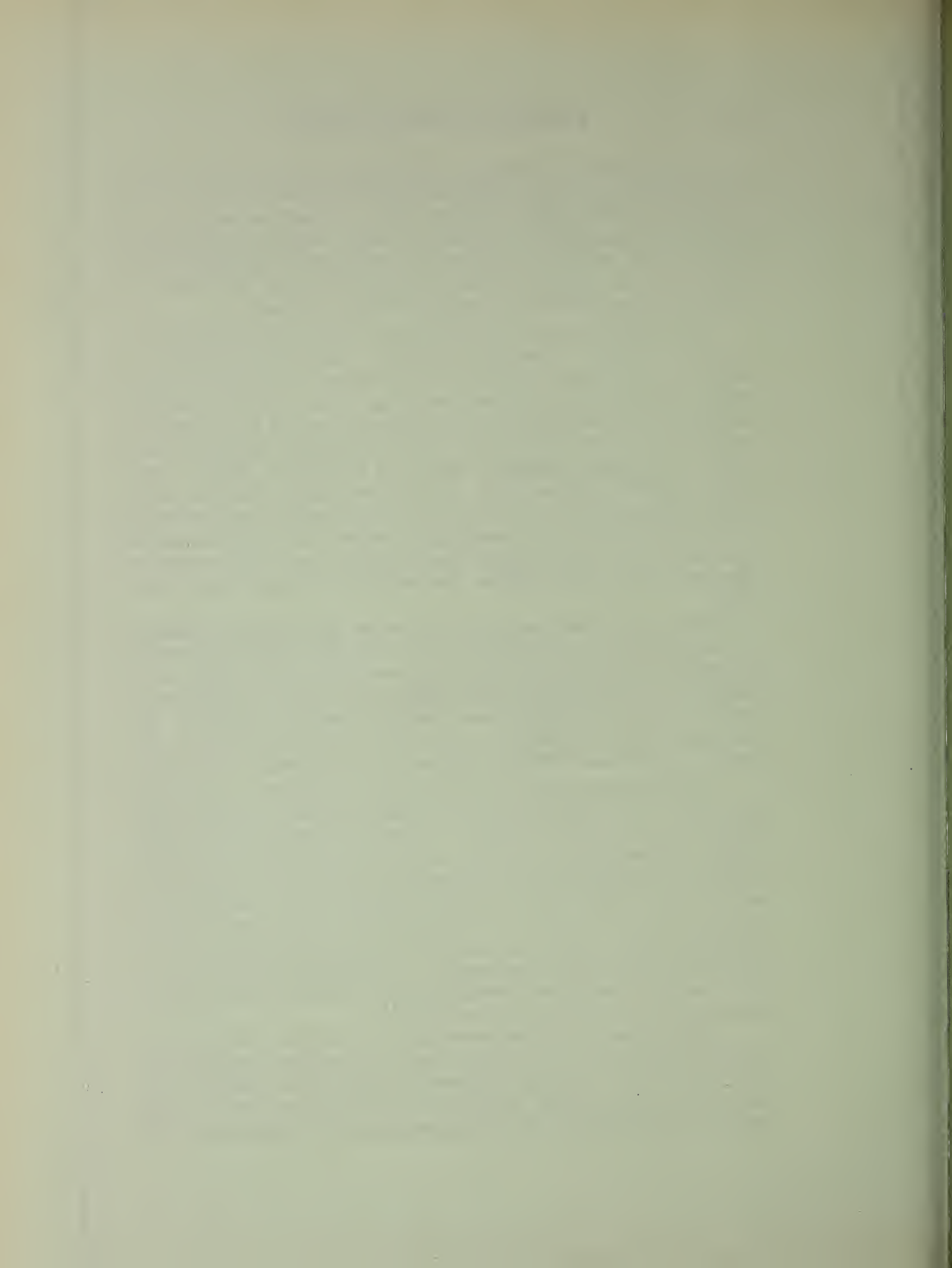
suiting their mood to "escape" to the war-path, and that his brief but thrilling tale of the "The Raid of the Bloody Eleven," with a record of thirty-eight murders, was a direct sequence of the fact that his so-called "prisoners of war" were not prisoners at all, but were, under his protection, resting and equipping themselves for the desperate deeds of the blood-red trail—some of which the irony of fate has permitted him to record.

And while penning the gruesome details of this raid of the "Bloody Eleven" General Crook must have shuddered as he recalled the grave responsibilities which he had voluntarily assumed under the provisions of that special agreement between the War Department and the Interior Department, arrived at in Washington, D. C., on July 7, 1883, and which specifically stipulated that: "For the greater security of the people of Arizona, and to ensure peace, the War Department shall be entrusted with the entire police control of all the Indians in the San Carlos Reservation and charged with the duty of keeping the peace on the reservation and preventing the Indians from leaving, except with the consent of General Crook, or the officer who may be authorized to act under him."

Through an international agreement the Mexican troops cooperated with the American forces in hunting down the hostiles, the general plan being to keep the renegades continually on the move and thus eventually wear them out. Among the officers detailed for this campaign was Captain Emmet Crawford, who, through an asserted blunder, was shot by Mexican troops on January 11, 1886, and died from his wounds at Nacozari a week later.

At this time it was reported that the hostiles were "dispirited and worn out" by pursuit, and that they had sent a squaw to Captain Crawford the day before he was shot, proposing a conference. After the skirmish in which Captain Crawford was mortally wounded, Lieutenant Maus assumed command of the battalion of scouts and within a day or two arranged for a meeting with Geronimo and Nah-chee. At that meeting Geronimo promised Lieutenant Maus that he would meet General Crook "near the boundary line in about two moons." The locality agreed upon for this meeting was about twenty-five miles south of the line and known as "El Canon de los Embudos."

The purpose of the proposed meeting between General Crook and Geronimo was to arrange terms of surrender, and this appointment for a meeting, apparently, operated as another armistice. The domineering renegade stipulated that General Crook must come to this meeting unaccompanied by soldiers, and that



he, himself, would arrive at the trysting place "in about two moons." Geronimo did not hurry. The period of the armistice afforded opportunity for rest and recuperation; therefore he extended the period and "allowed seventy days to elapse" before he appeared at the point agreed upon—on March 25th. General Crook and Lieutenant Maus with his battalion of Indian scouts had been impatiently awaiting his arrival.

General Crook says the hostiles "were encamped on a rocky hill surrounded on all sides by ravines and canons, through which the hostiles could escape to the higher peaks behind in the event of attack;" that instead of being "despirited and worn out" as reported, "they were in superb physical condition, armed to the teeth—with all the ammunition they could carry," and that in manner they were "suspicious, independent and self-reliant." He further states that "Lieutenant Maus with his battalion of scouts was camped on lower ground, separated by a deep, rugged canon from their position, and distant five or six hundred yards. The hostiles refused to allow any nearer approach:" that "Geronimo told his people to keep their guns in their hands and be ready to shoot at a moment's notice:" that the slightest suspicious circumstance "would be the signal for firing to begin; that they would kill all they could, and scatter in the mountains."

Again "Crook had run himself into a perilous situation"—quite similar to that of 1883. Lieutenant Maus had eighty Indian scouts in his battalion, while the hostiles numbered thirty-five—including Geronimo and Nah-chee,—all desperate characters in a defiant mood. General Crook says the situation was similar to that in which General Canby lost his life at the hands of the Modocs. He realized the hazards of the undertaking, and, while we may be skeptical as to the wisdom of the General's methods in dealing with renegades, his dauntless courage compels our admiration.

General Sheridan tells us that: "General Crook demanded their unconditional surrender. The only propositions they would entertain were these, which General Crook states:

- "(1) That they should be sent east for not exceeding two years, taking with them such of their families as they desired.
 - "(2) That they should all return to the reservation on the old status.
 - "(3) Return to the war-path with all its attending horrors.
- "He (Crook) was obliged to decide quickly, and accepted their surrender on the first proposal."

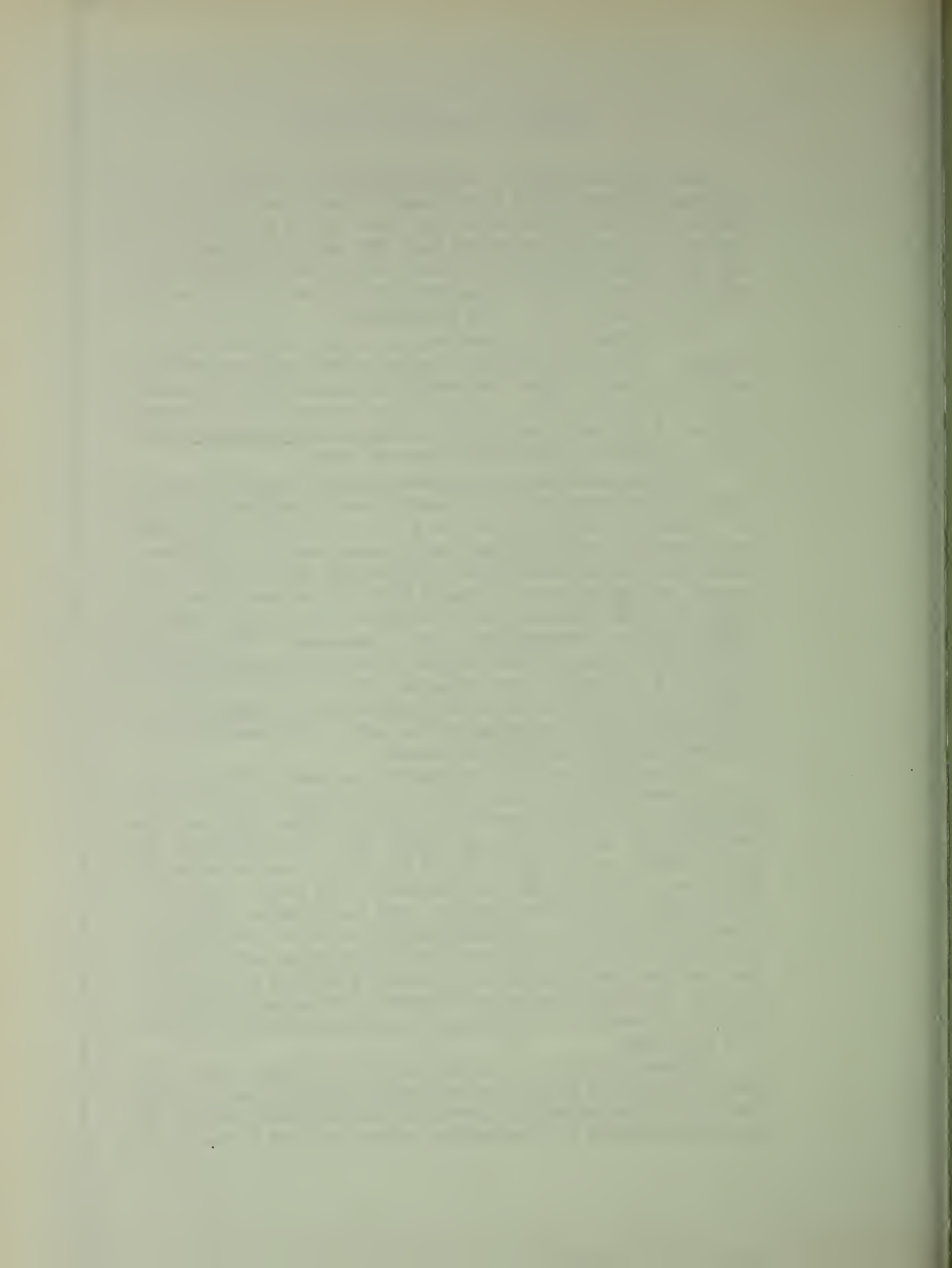
But this was another "verbal surrender" in which none was disarmed, or even placed under guard. 'Once more this bunch of ruthless Chiricahua marauders had consented to be designated as "prisoners of war"—provided only that all were allowed to retain their arms and their freedom. Let us read General Crook's pathetic picture of his humiliating situation as recorded on page 153 of his annual report. The General says:

"Even after they surrendered to me they did not cease their vigilance. They kept mounted men on watch, and even after the march northward began the hostiles scattered over the country in parties of two or three. At night they camped in the same way, and, had I desired, it would have been an absolute impossibility to have seized more than half-a-dozen of them."

It will be noted that, notwithstanding the fact that these Indians had "surrendered" to General Crook, he still refers to them as "hostiles"—which, in fact, they were. Finally it was agreed that Geronimo and his band should accompany the battalion of scouts under Lieutenant Maus to Fort Bowie, and the march commenced on the morning of March 28th and proceeded until the night of the 29th without special incident—except the alleged activities of some "bootleggers" from Tombstone. "On the night of the 29th," General Crook tells us, "the hostiles were apparently sober, and no trouble was indicated, but during the night Geronimo and Nah-chee with twenty men, fourteen women, and two boys escaped" and stampeded to the hills. Lieutenant Maus immediately pursued, but without success.

The remainder of the "prisoners" continued to Fort Bowie, having been joined en route by two of the men who fled with Geronimo. The actual surrender of these Indians occurred upon their arrival at Fort Bowie, where they were disarmed and placed under guard, and on April 7th all of these prisoners left Fort Bowie for Fort Marion, Florida. This party consisted of fifteen men, thirty-three women, and twenty-nine children—a total of seventy-seven, and included the two wives and three children of Geronimo and the family of Nah-chee, as well as Chihuahua and his brother Josanie, who led "The Raid of the Bloody Eleven" during November and December, 1885, and who were reputed to be among the ablest and most dangerous of the Chiricahua renegades.

Although Geronimo and Nah-chee with eighteen other renegades were still at large, General Crook's final campaign against the hostile Apaches was not devoid of most beneficial results. He had demonstrated to these defiant marauders that it was the de-



terminated purpose of the United States to pursue them relentlessly and ultimately to destroy them—unless they capitulated. This fact, together with the removal of the families to Florida—particularly those of Geronimo and Nah-chee—caused a psychological reaction in the minds of the renegades which made it comparatively easy, six months later, for General Miles to persuade Geronimo and Nah-chee to consent to join their exiled families in Florida.

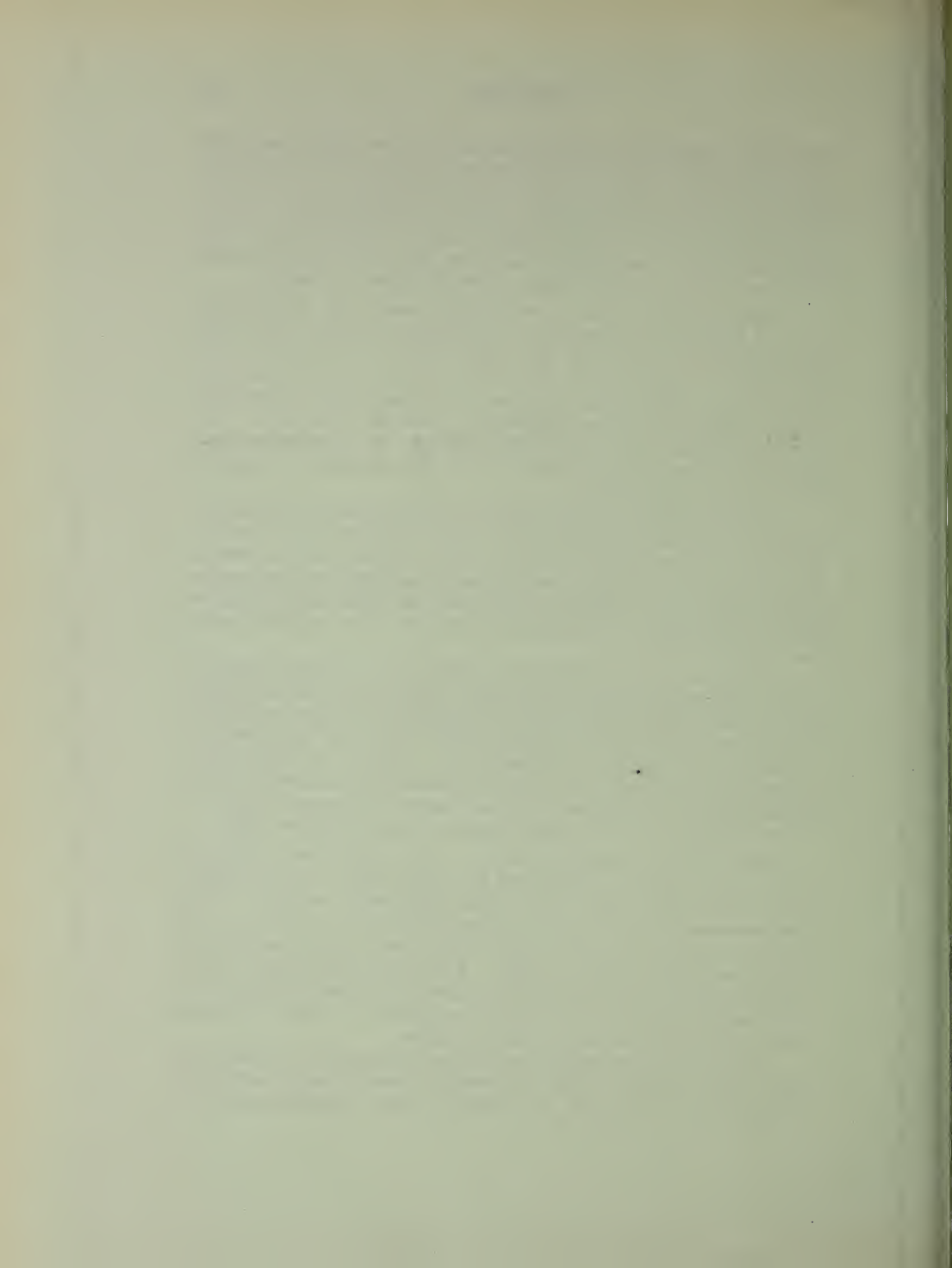
Although the "terms of surrender" had been accepted by General Crook at El Canon de los Embudos on March 26th, this information did not reach the authorities at Washington until March 30th. Immediately, General Sheridan took the matter up with President Cleveland, and later on the same date (March 30, 1886), General Sheridan telegraphed General Crook that "the President could not assent to the surrender of the hostiles on a basis of two years' imprisonment in the East and then a return to the Arizona reservation."

Meantime Geronimo and Nah-chee with eighteen men had returned to the war-path, and, after due consideration, it was decided that the remainder of the hostiles who had surrendered to General Crook, and who were disarmed and placed under proper guard upon their arrival at Fort Bowie, on April 2nd, should be sent to Fort Marion, and they left Fort Bowie on April 7th as before stated.

It appears that at this time a difference of opinion arose between General Sheridan and General Crook as to the efficiency of the Indian scouts, and it is not improbable that General Crook was somewhat depressed because of the failure of his efforts to "manage the Apaches in his own way." Be that as it may, General Crook, at his own request, was relieved of the command of the Department of Arizona and was succeeded by General Nelson A. Miles, who arrived at Fort Bowie the latter part of April, 1886.

Referring to the achievements of his predecessor, General Miles says: "General Crook had for years been trying to subjugate them (the hostiles) and bring them under control." The new commander ignored the fact that the citizens of Tucson had tendered a banquet to General Crook in honor of his capture of Geronimo and his band in 1883. Four years later there was a spirited controversy in the eastern press between these two veteran Indian fighters in which each commented on his rival's campaign against Geronimo in caustic fashion.

At the time General Miles assumed command in Arizona the latter part of April, 1886, the hostiles then at large numbered twenty-three. Geronimo and Nah-chee had eighteen men with

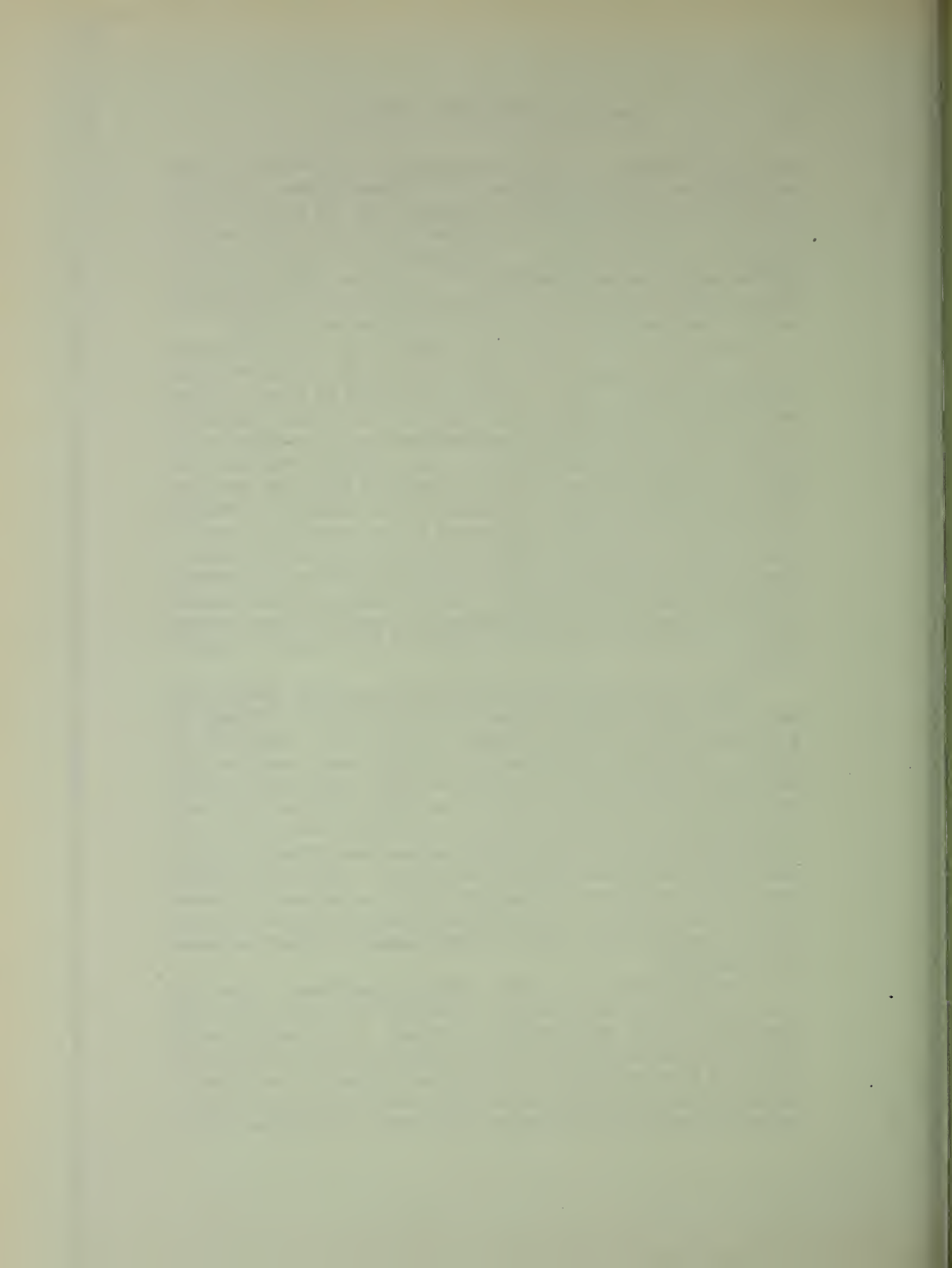


them, and Mangus, who had separated from Geronimo in August, 1885, had two men with him. But General Crook states that at this time the whereabouts of Mangus and his followers were not known, and there was "no evidence that his band had had any part in the recent outrages." Therefore it may be said that the hostiles numbered only twenty, for it was the party under Geronimo and Nah-chee who were the potent factors in the campaign, and who lent zest and action to the operations in the field.

General Miles fell heir to the 3000 troops and 300 Indian scouts recently commanded by General Crook, and immediately he started another "drive" against this band of twenty valiant warriors who were defying the armies of the United States and Mexico. The General announced that his plan of campaign would be that of "constantly pursuing" and "finally wearing them down,"—which was quite the same method that had been employed by General Crook. Captain W. H. Lawton, a resolute, brave officer, was placed in command of the troops that were "to take up the pursuit of the Indians south of the Mexican border." Captain Lawton started this pursuit in May, 1886, with a personal command of thirty-five cavalry, twenty infantry, twenty Apache scouts, two pack trains, three lieutenants, and Surgeon Leonard Wood. The pack trains were capable of carrying two months' rations.

Early in his report General Miles emphasizes the deadly character of his foe by calling attention to the fact that "during the year the hostile Indians had killed 140 persons." Obviously his troops continued to guard every water-hole and mountain pass and Indian trail north of the Mexican line, and to this arrangement he added detachments from the Signal Service who were "stationed on the highest peaks and prominent lookouts" for the purpose of flashing messages to the various camps giving information relative to the movements of the hostiles. His plan of pursuit was that of a relay race on the part of the troops, and his general orders announced that, "commanding officers are expected to continue a pursuit until capture, or until assured a fresh command is on the trail."

The effectiveness of the "relay-pursuit-race" plan was speedily given an acid test, for General Miles tells us that after committing some depredations in Mexico, "the hostiles swept northward, and on April 27th invaded our territory, passing down the Santa Cruz valley, stealing stock and killing a few citizens." Captain Lebo was quickly on the trail, and after a pursuit of 200 miles, he attacked the renegades in the Pinito mountains, Sonora,





NAHI-CHIEF, Son of Cechise.
—*N. M. Historical Review*—July, 1928.



with the result that Corporal Scott was wounded. The trail of the retreating hostiles was soon taken up by Lieutenant Benson, who pursued "south and west." Their trail was again taken up by Captain Lebo's command, and later by Captain Lawton, and finally the hostiles were intercepted by the command under Captain Hatfield "which had been placed east of Santa Cruz, Sonora," for that purpose. An engagement followed in which twenty horses were captured. But the report tells us that "unfortunately, while passing west in a canyon, embarrassed with the captured horses," the hostiles attacked the command and killed one soldier. Thereupon Lieutenant Brown "pursued easterly with good effect"—whatever that may mean. The hostiles then separated into two parties.

Thus far the "relay-pursuit-race plan" had succeeded in reducing the number of hostiles opposing them to nineteen, for the report tells us that during the fight with Captain Hatfield one of the renegades, who had been slightly wounded, became separated from the main party and fled north to Fort Apache (250 miles) where he surrendered on June 28th. Just how the nineteen were divided between the two parties is not stated, but the activities of the troops were doubled for the reason that now there were two relay-pursuit-races in progress simultaneously.

One of these small bands moved "north through the Dragoon mountains" pursued successively by Lieutenants Brett, Hunt Read, Freeman, Watson, Hughes, Shipp, Dean, Ruthers, and Captain Norvell—and "when near Fort Apache all of the horses then in the hands of the raiding party were captured by Captain Morrison." The Indians then turned south and the pursuit was continued "by troops under Captain Smith, Captain Doane, Lieutenant Wilder and others." "They finally recrossed the Mexican border."

The other band was "followed west" by Lieutenant Brown and Captain Lawton and "north" by Captain Wood, Lieutenant Davis, Captain Lebo, and Lieutenant Clark to the Catalina mountains, where the hostiles were attacked by a company of citizens led by Mariano Samaniego and "Bob" Leatherwood (my former neighbors at Tucson), who succeeded in recovering a boy who had been captured by the Indians. The band was then "pressed south" by Captain Lebo, Lieutenant Davis, Captain Lawton, and Lieutenant Bigelow, and "finally intercepted" in the Patagonia mountains by Lieutenant Walsh, where they suffered the loss of "equipment and stock." They were then pur-

sued by Captain Lawton and Captain Mac Adams "into Sonora for the second time."

In his resume of the results achieved during these strenuous relay-pursuit-races General Miles makes the following gracious comment: "These movements occurred in the districts commanded by Colonels Royal, Shafter, Wade, and Mills, who made excellent disposition of their troops." Which is a genteel way of admitting that this "excellent disposition" of the troops failed to dispose of a single hostile—unless we must except the wounded warrior who, for forty-five days, wandered alone through their lines and around their camps and finally surrendered at Fort Apache, after having traveled an air-line distance of 250 miles.

With all of the nineteen hostiles once more in Mexico the relay-pursuit-races north of the line were at an end, and General Miles tells us that he took advantage of this period to "temporary peace" to make a personal investigation relative to the Apache "prisoners of war" interned at Fort Apache.

The reader will recall that I "discovered" Geronimo at Apache Pass in June, 1876, where, for nearly four years, he had been drawing rations with the Chiricahuas under Cochise (later under Tah-zay and Nah-chee), and that in April, 1877, I arrested and shackled Geronimo at Ojo Caliente, New Mexico, where he was "visiting" and drawing rations with the Warm Springs (Mescalero) Apaches under Victorio, and that I removed the Chiricahua and Warm Springs Indians to the San Carlos reservation and assigned them adjoining locations in the Gila valley. This record is recalled for the purpose of impressing three facts, viz: that a close friendship existed between the Indians under Cochise, Victorio, and Geronimo; that often these bands were allies on the war-path, and that in subsequent campaigns against the Apache hostiles for nearly a decade it was observed that the renegades were recruited from those three bands, as witness such names as Victorio, Geronimo, Nah-chee, Chihuahua, Nana, Chatto, Josanie, Loco, and others.

When I retired from the official direction of affairs at San Carlos there were approximately 5000 Indians on that reservation. In the reports of subsequent "outbreaks" the public has been allowed to infer that the entire mass of 5000 Indians were involved. The truth is less spectacular. Not more than ten per cent of the total were even related to the hostiles, and that percentage was represented by the Chiricahuas and the Warm Springs—about 500. And I am justified in saying that out of that 500 less than ten per cent would be found aggressively involved in any at-



tempt to instigate insubordination and hostilities. As everyone knows, the proper plan and time to quell and insurrection is to "nip it in the bud," and if, at the first signs of unrest among the Chiricahua and Warm Springs bands, the leaders—a half-dozen or less—had been promptly and properly dealt with, the chances are ten to one that an "outbreak" never would have materialized. And the safest and surest method of enforcing discipline on the reservation and subduing defiant disturbers of the peace was the employment of the San Carlos Police Force under sympathetic, discreet and firm direction.

These conclusions are the result of my experience with and confidence in the San Carlos Apache Police. This force was organized by me in August, 1874, and proved to be so dependable and efficient that within a year I felt justified in recommending the removal of all troops from the reservation. This recommendation was complied with and the troops that had been stationed in the vicinity of the agency left San Carlos on October 27, 1875, under the command of Lieutenant W. H. Carter, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A. Thereafter the Apache Police constituted our only disciplinary force, and the military were not again called upon to perform any police service within the reservation—until the sorry blunder was made in connection with the Cibicu episode in August, 1881,—a period of six years.

As soon as General Crook recognized the fact that the renegades came from the ranks of the Chiricahua and Warm Springs Indians he, forthwith, ordered the removal of those bands from vicinity of the sub-agency in the Gila valley to Fort Apache (sixty miles north), where they were interned as prisoners of war under the supervision of the commanding officer at that post. Presumably the purpose of this removal was to enable the military authorities to keep these Indians under constant and strict surveillance and discipline and to prevent them from assisting in any way, or communicating with the hostiles. In these circumstances it is obvious that the outrageous conditions existing among these Indians in July, 1886, were the direct result of contributory criminal negligence on the part of the military authorities.

Colonel Wade was then in command at Fort Apache. On May 3rd, General Miles had a conference with Colonel Wade at Fort Thomas relative to the situation at Fort Apache. As a result of that conference General Miles directed Colonel Wade, "to exert his utmost energy to bring those Indians under control." The situation as reported did not look good to the commanding general, and so on July 1st, taking advantage of the "temporary peace,"



General Miles made a personal visit to Fort Apache, and the appalling details of the astounding conditions which he found prevailing among the Chiricahuas and Warm Springs are set forth in his annual report as follows:

"I found over 400 men, women and children, and a more turbulent dissipated body of Indians I have never met. Some of them, chiefly women, were industrious, but most of their earnings went for trifles and "tiswin" drunks. Riots and bloodshed were not infrequent. These Indians were on paper prisoners of war, but they had never been disarmed or dismounted, and the stillness of the nights was often broken by the discharge of rifles and pistols in their savage orgies. The indolent and vicious young men and boys were just the material to furnish warriors for the future, and these people, although fed and clothed by the government, had been conspiring against its authority. They had been in communication with the hostiles, and some of them had been plotting an extensive outbreak."

Hello? Hello? Yes, that was General Miles, himself, speaking officially as the Commander of the Department of Arizona. What a fierce arraignment of General Crook's methods of dealing with insolent, turbulent, and defiant renegades and "prisoners of war—on paper!" And it is obvious that Colonel Wade would be able to extract for himself a mere minimum of satisfaction—or less—from this report.

The cruel injustice of this monstrous situation was the fact that its bitter penalties were visited, not upon the military who permitted it, nor upon the hostiles who fostered it, but upon the NON-COMBATANTS—the pioneer citizens and the great mass of the Apaches—none of whom had been afforded the least opportunity either to prevent or correct this barbarous menage, not only to the peaceful enjoyment of their homes and possessions—but to life itself.

On July 1, 1886, the garrison at Fort Apache consisted of three troops of cavalry and two companies of infantry, and in order to enable Colonel Wade to bring his defiant renegade prisoners of war "under control," General Miles immediately ordered one troop of cavalry from San Carlos, two troops from Fort Thomas, and one troop from Alma, N. M., to proceed to Fort Apache, thus giving Colonel Wade a force of seven troops of cavalry and two companies of infantry. With this considerable force Colonel Wade was eventually able to bring his aggregation of well armed, well mounted, drunken, riotous, insolent star desperados and murderers—his prisoners of war—"under control."



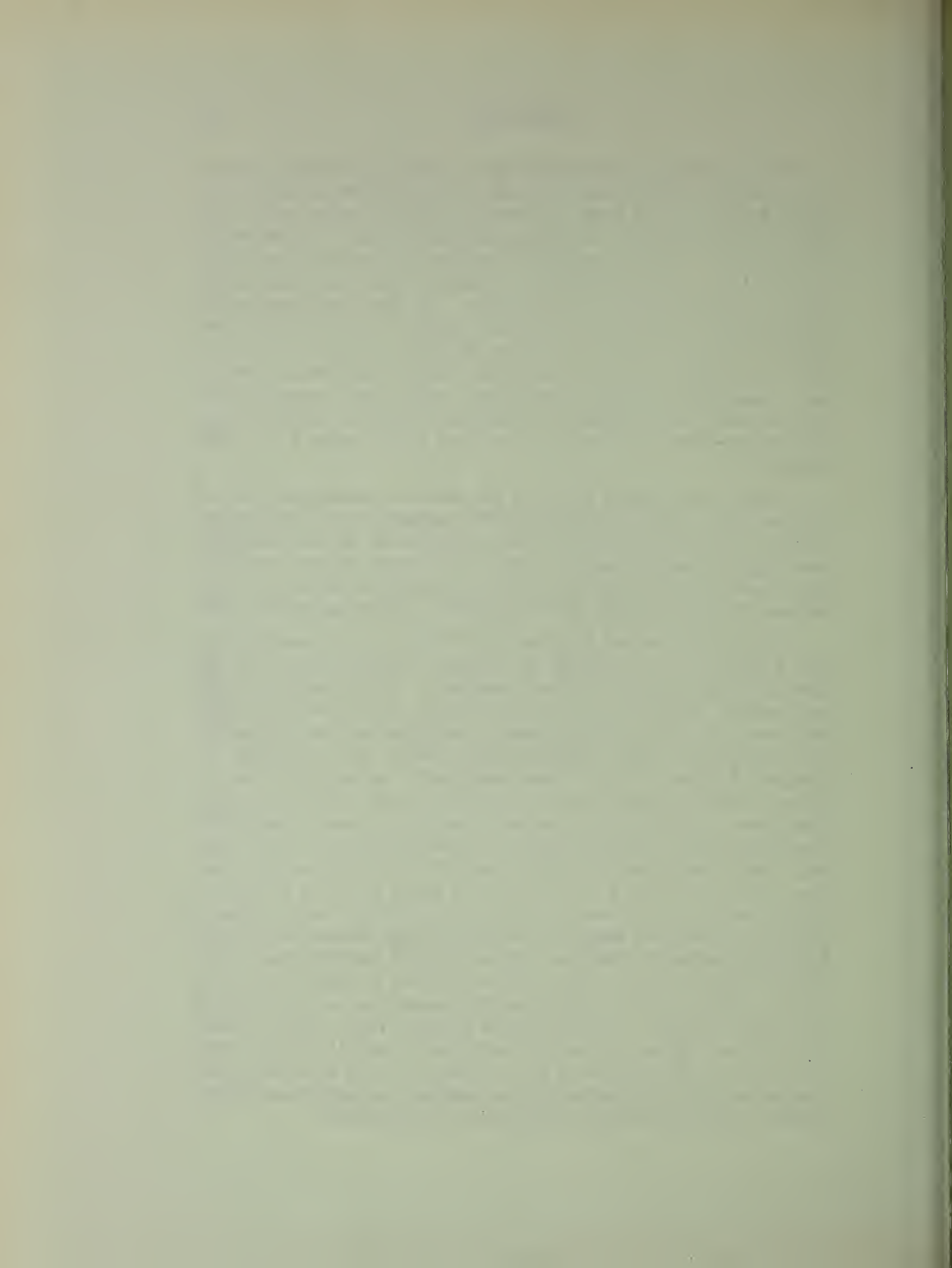
JOHN P. CLUM,
U. S. Indian Agent, with escort of Apaches, Tucson, Arizona,
November, 1874.



Fort Apache was within the limits of the San Carlos reservation, and since 1883, General Crook, or "the officer authorized to act under him," had been "entrusted with the entire police control of all the Indians" on that reservation; with "the control of all prisoners," and the duty of "keeping the peace, administering justice, punishing refractory Indians," and "preventing the Indians from leaving" the reservation. In these circumstances it is impossible to explain—much less justify—the deplorable conditions officially reported existing at Fort Apache on July 1, 1886. It further developed that some of those "prisoners of war" had "committed scores of murders," and that "warrants for their arrests were awaiting" service, and that the culprits were thus being sheltered "from the just and legal action of the civil courts."

About two months later, on the belated recommendation of General Miles and the approval of the authorities at Washington, Colonel Wade rounded up the entire population of this renegade-breeding-and-supply-camp—a total of 381 men, women, and children—and escorted them to Florida, leaving Fort Apache on September 7th and arriving at Fort Marion on September 20, 1886.

During this period, Captain F. E. Pierce was in command at San Carlos, and "in charge of the civil administration of the agency by special order of the President." If this supreme military control of the San Carlos reservation from 1883 until 1886 had been efficiently and humanely administered in the matter of "keeping the peace, administering justice, and punishing refractory Indians," and if their pampered "prisoners of war on paper" had been dismounted and disarmed and securely guarded, and those "principals" who were known to have "committed scores of murders" and for whom "warrants of arrest were awaiting," had been speedily delivered over to "the just and legal action of the civil courts"—if these very plain but very important duties had been performed with an even justice to all—then it would not have been necessary to exile the Chiricahua and Warm Springs Apaches to Florida. But in view of the deplorable situation disclosed by the visit of General Miles to Fort Apache on July 1, 1886, he soon decided that exile would prove the speediest and surest remedy. Transported to Florida, their reign of insolence, terror, rapine, and murder would be forever at an end. Simple justice to the citizens of the territory as well as to the great mass of orderly Apaches on the reservation demanded some heroic action—and General Miles finally met that demand.



Mexico was the scene of the final activities in this campaign. General Miles says that "in the encounters with the troops, the Indians were always defeated, but made good their escape." The term "defeated" seems a bit indefinite in this connection, but the admission that the hostiles always "made good their escape" is a splendid compliment to the "defeated nineteen" when we remember that they were fighting about 3000 soldiers and 300 Indian scouts of the American army, and an unknown number of Mexican troops.

The wounded warrior who fled north after the Hatfield fight arrived at Fort Apache June 23th—just in time to inform General Miles that the hostiles were "in an exhausted condition when he left." The General at once sent this Indian, in charge of Lieutenant Gatewood, back into Mexico for the purpose of getting in touch with the hostiles and, if possible, inducing them to surrender. In the meantime, the troops operating in Mexico were doing their utmost to keep the rēnegades on the move with the purpose of further "wearing them out."

Soon after his arrival in Mexico, Lieutenant Gatewood succeeded in communicating with Geronimo, and, incidentally, it may be stated that Gatewood deserved far more credit for his services in this campaign than ever was accorded him. And although ignored, much credit is also due the wounded warrior who, notwithstanding his strenuous experience in hourly dodging a multitude of armed foes bent on his destruction during his hazardous trek of forty-five days from Mexico to Fort Apache, at once, without giving himself time for rest and recuperation, accepted the commission from General Miles to accompany Lieutenant Gatewood back to Mexico, and through whose faithful services Gatewood (and eventually Lawton and Miles) were placed in communication with the hostiles.

Following a series of palavers Geronimo came into Captain Lawton's camp the latter part of August, and it was then arranged that a conference should be held with General Miles at the mouth of Skeleton Canyon, near the international line and about 65 miles from Fort Bowie.

It appears that about this time the matter of the disposition of the Apache rēnegades was again under consideration by the highest authorities at Washington, for, on August 23, 1886, President Cleveland sent the following comment to the Secretary of War: "I hope nothing will be done with Geronimo which will prevent our treating him as a prisoner of war, if we cannot hang him, which I would much prefer."



These words of caution indicate that President Cleveland had reason to fear that General Miles, in his great anxiety to effect the surrender of the hostiles, would offer them terms most inconsistent with their crimes.

The agreement to meet General Miles again operated as an armistice. Some time was consumed in communicating with the General and determining details. Then, as the report tells us, "for eleven days, Captain Lawton's command moved north, Geronimo's and Nah-chee's camp moving parallel and frequently camping near it." In this independent fashion the troops and the hostiles reached the meeting point agreed upon. General Miles arrived in Captain Lawton's camp at the mouth of Skeleton Canyon on September 3, 1886, and the records show that the renegades "surrendered" to him on the following day.

In his "Memoirs" published in the "Cosmopolitan," General Miles says: "Geronimo sent word to Lawton that he would surrender to the highest authority. I went down to Skeleton Canyon, near the Mexican line, and there met Captain Lawton's command with the Indians camped a short distance away. Geronimo came to me and asked what disposition would be made of him in case he surrendered. He said if they were all to be killed he might as well die fighting. He was told that he must surrender as a prisoner of war; that WE DID NOT KILL OUR PRISONERS, and that their future would depend upon the orders of the President at Washington. He was informed that I had directed Colonel Wade to move all the Indians at the Apache agency in northern Arizona out of the territory, and that he and his people would be removed."

The statement by General Miles that one of the conditions of this surrender of Geronimo and his followers was "that their future would depend upon the orders of the President at Washington" is flatly contradicted by the report of the Secretary of War (herein fully quoted later) which announces that "the terms and conditions attending this surrender" prevented the punishment of these criminals "as was intended by the President."

Immediately following this conference at Skeleton Canyon General Miles and his bevy of loyal press agents industriously broadcast the impression that the notorious Geronimo and his desperate band had been forced to submit to an UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER, whereas the record does not indicate that the "highest authority" even ventured to make such a caustic demand. He merely "told" Geronimo "that he must surrender as a prisoner of war," whereupon the wily renegade chieftain de-

manded to know just what the exalted pale-face warrior really meant by the phrase "prisoner of war."

Geronimo had enjoyed the rank of "prisoner of war" under General Crook for two years—from May, 1883, to May, 1885, and his status under that title had allowed him nine months for raiding in Mexico, and fifteen months for resting on the reservation; had secured for him military protection, immunity from punishment, undisturbed possession of his arms, his freedom and his stolen stock; had provided him with ample rations and sufficient clothing, and had exempted him from labor, or any regular duties whatsoever. In fact, this job of part-time-renegade-prisoner-of-war had proved very much to his liking. Now he desired to know whether General Miles concurred in General Crook's idea as to the status of a "prisoner of war?"

Referring to "the terms and conditions" involved in this surrender Colonel McClintock states in his history (page 264) that "General Miles made no concessions except that the Indians should be joined by their families," and that "after the theoretical surrender Nah-chee and Geronimo kept their arms and started independently for the border."

It must be admitted that my good friend, Colonel McClintock, recorded a mouthful, as the saying goes, in those two brief sentences. They furnish abundant food for reflection. Once more these renegade "prisoners of war" retained their arms and started "independently" for the border. Furthermore, the concession noted by Arizona's historian was, probably, the "only final" concession made by General Miles at that time, for, assuredly, he had already included far more important concessions in his "terms of surrender."

Did not General Miles assure these renegades that if they would consent to surrender to him and go to Florida their lives would be spared; that all of their crimes—that long, black record of pillage and murder—would be condoned, and that the "Great White Father at Washington" would protect them and provide for them throughout the remainder of their lives? Did not the Great White Father at Washington subsequently acquiesce in all the terms and concessions made to these renegades at this time by General Miles (with a single exception), and faithfully observe the same—even to this day? Does not this "treaty of peace" with this band of desperate Apache criminals stand out as the one conspicuous example wherein our great American government has quite literally kept faith with the Indians?

In his book, *Geronimo's Story of His Life*, the renegade says that General Miles promised him that he should join his family at Fort Marion in four or five days; that he would be given lands and houses and horses and cattle and implements, and that he, himself, would not have to work as long as he lived. Naturally, Geronimo protested that his confinement, at hard labor, at Fort Pickens for several months before he was allowed to join his family, was a flagrant violation of his terms of surrender. Granting this to be true, it must be admitted that the extraordinary privileges and emoluments subsequently granted him throughout the two decades he was detained as a prisoner of war, abundantly offset any physical fatigue or mental anguish he may have suffered during his brief exile at Fort Pickens.

The press agents had rendered heroic service to the military throughout the campaign by their graphic descriptions of the hardships endured by the troops and the desperate character of their savage foes, and General Miles sought to make the final scene in the sorry drama the most spectacular event of his military career by broadcasting the impression that he had succeeded in crushing the ferocious monster, Geronimo, and had forced him and his desperate band to an **UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER**.

At that time Major General O. O. Howard was in command of the Division of the Pacific, which included the Department of Arizona. In these circumstances it was the duty of General Miles to report to General Howard, his immediate superior officer. He also reported to Lieutenant-General Sheridan at Washington.

In his report dated from the Presidio, September 24, 1886, General Howard says: "I believed at first from official reports that the surrender was unconditional, except that the troops themselves would not kill the hostiles." * * * "Now the conditions are plain; that the lives of all the Indians should be spared, and that they should be sent to Fort Marion, Florida, where the tribe, including their families, had already been ordered." From the foregoing it is obvious that General Howard had no thought of any "terms," other than an unconditional surrender, and that, for a time, he was misled by official reports into believing that such were the terms agreed upon.

The Secretary of War in his annual report (page 13) states that advices of the surrender reached the President and other authorities at Washington on September 7th, "and from information received on that date the surrender was supposed to be unconditional." Immediately, "the President ordered that all the hostiles be kept safely as prisoners until they could be tried for

their crimes." Two days later (September 9th) the authorities at Washington were startled by the information that, contrary to the President's orders, the Indians "were already en-route to Florida." At once, by direction of the President, General Sheridan telegraphed instructions to "stop the prisoners at San Antonio, Texas, and hold them securely until further orders."

General Miles purposely allowed a dazzling aurora of the spectacular to obscure the facts in connection with the final terms of capitulation granted by him to this little band of nineteen "worn out," but "defiant," Apache renegades under the leadership of Geronimo and Nah-chee, and this willing dimming of the truth may be rated as another unpardonable sin.

Immediately preceding the final surrender of Geronimo, General Miles' startling psychology in dealing with Indian criminals was clearly recorded by himself in connection with the history of the "Lucky Thirteen,"—a delegation consisting of ten men and three women of the Chiricahua and Warm Springs Apaches from Fort Apache—who were permitted to visit Washington in response to General Miles' telegraphic plea of "strong military reasons." "This delegation contained some of the most dangerous of the Chiricahuas." They were under the charge of Captain Dorst, and were promised safe conduct to Washington and return. The purpose was to arrange for the removal of those bands at Fort Apache to some point outside of Arizona. The mission failed and the delegation was ordered back to Fort Apache. To this General Miles protested vigorously, and succeeded in having the Indians detained at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, notwithstanding the promise that they should return to Arizona. In defending his protest the general said: "They were independent and defiant, and their return to the mountains about Fort Apache would have been worse than the letting loose of that number of wild beasts."

With the "Lucky Thirteen" thus safely interned in Kansas, General Miles arranged a conference with Captain Dorst at Albuquerque, New Mexico, at which he directed the captain to "return to Fort Leavenworth and inform those Indians that they could be friendly treaty Indians, or individuals; that they could conform to the wishes of the government, and consent to a peaceable removal (of their entire bands) from these territories, or they could return and be held responsible for their crimes. As the principals had committed scores of murders, and warrants for their arrest were awaiting them, and they could not expect the military to shelter them from the just and legal action of the civil courts, the effect of this plain talk was the absolute submission



of the Indians. They agreed to go to any place I might designate, there to wait until such time as the government should provide them with a permanent reservation, and funds, domestic stock and utensils, by which they could become self-sustaining."

Obviously, the "scores of murders" had been committed by "the principals" a considerable time prior to their departure for the visit to Washington at government expense and under military protection, and, in view of these facts, the startling question arises—unbidden—: How long and to what degree had these "on paper prisoners of war" been sheltered by the military at Fort Apache "from the just and legal action of the civil courts?"

One of our ablest statesmen recently remarked that "when we are in a position to compel, we do not demand," and inasmuch as this bunch of "worse-than-wild-beasts" desperados, who "had committed scores of murders," were then bona fide prisoners—disarmed and interned at the Kansas fort—the threats and promises made to them by General Miles appear to be without justification. And yet, in his "plain talk" he warned them that unless they agreed to consider themselves as "friendly treaty Indians" and accepted from the government the many good things he promised them,—**THEY WOULD BE HANGED FOR THEIR CRIMES.** It is not remarkable that the result was "absolute submission" on the part of the Indians.

General Crook sent the leaders of the "Bloody Eleven" to Florida in April, and now, after having headed the "Lucky Thirteen" in the same direction, General Miles devoted himself to the task of formulating acceptable terms of capitulation with the "Elusive Nineteen."

The hostiles had not made any overtures of surrender, but when General Miles was informed that they were in an exhausted condition he sent Lieutenant Gatewood on a trek of 250 or 300 miles from Fort Apache to seek out the renegade camp in Mexico and induce the Indians to capitulate. Not being "in a position to compel," he "demanded" an unconditional surrender. Lieutenant Gatewood found the hostiles and delivered this ultimatum. The Indians replied that they would surrender only on the same terms granted them by General Crook—all of which meant that they would be allowed to retain their arms and their liberty and to return to the reservation without penalty of any sort. A few days later Captain Lawton repeated the same demand to the hostiles and received the same reply from them. About two weeks later the final conference was held at Skeleton Canyon where General Miles and Geronimo met for the first time. But when

the genial General found himself face-to-face with the genuine Geronimo he shifted his official gear from "high" to "second." He exercised his prerogative as "the highest authority;" suppressed the demand for an unconditional surrender, and simply "told" the defiant renegade that he must once more consent to consider himself and his followers as prisoners of war. It was then that Geronimo "told" General Miles that unless the rank of prisoner of war was given an exceedingly liberal construction, he and his followers would "die fighting."

Unfortunately, General Miles has not left us a true copy of the terms he offered to the hostiles assembled at Skeleton Canyon, but the known facts, together with the "terms" which he directed Captain Dorst to offer to the "Bloody Eleven," justifies the assumption that he addressed the "Elusive Nineteen" substantially as follows: "The United States is a great and powerful nation. Our troops and those of Mexico have pursued you relentlessly, and if you persist on the war-path the pursuit will also persist, and sooner or later you will all be destroyed. You know this will happen. Although you have eluded these troops for months, you know that your small band of only nineteen cannot successfully oppose the armies of two nations for an indefinite period. You have already endured many hardships, and you live in a state of perpetual fear and danger, and this situation will continue to grow worse as long as you follow the war-path. You know that the families of Geronimo and Nah-chee and some of the rest of you have been at Fort Marion, Florida, since last April, where they are well cared for, and I have just ordered Colonel Wade to remove all of your relatives and friends—about 400—from Fort Apache to Fort Marion. Thus you see that nearly 500 of your relatives and friends—all Chiricahua and Warm Springs Apaches—will be at Fort Marion within a very short time, where they will be protected and provided for, but none of them will ever be able to join your band, or give you any assistance. I cannot take you back to the San Carlos reservation, but I can take you to Fort Marion where you will be re-united with your families and friends. I am sure you believe that that I have spoken the truth, and that my words have sounded good in your ears, and that they have already caused a friendly feeling in your hearts—so that now all of you are in a mood to listen without suspicion to the terms I am about to offer you. Captain Lawton and Lieutenant Gatewood and I, as you know, are officers in the United States Army. We speak the truth. We are honorable men. We do not kill our prisoners. Therefore listen to my last

the first of the year 1711, the

second of the year 1712, the

third of the year 1713, the

fourth of the year 1714, the

fifth of the year 1715, the

sixth of the year 1716, the

seventh of the year 1717, the

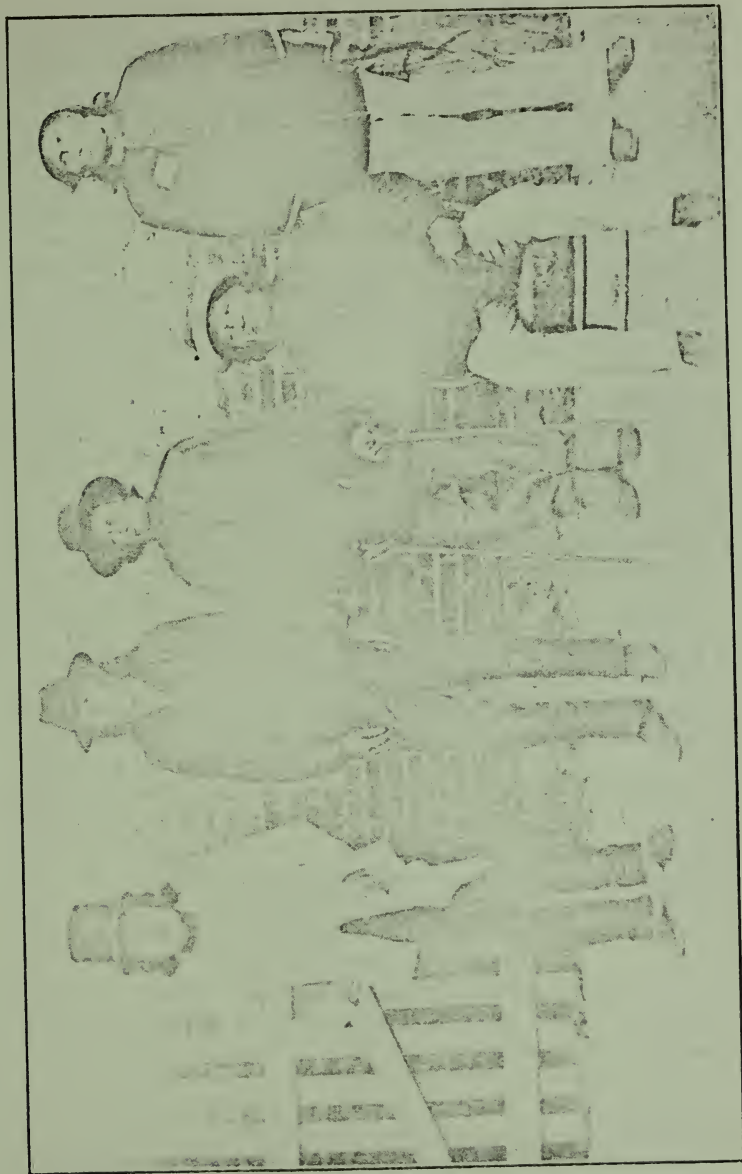
eighth of the year 1718, the

ninth of the year 1719, the

tenth of the year 1720, the

eleventh of the year 1721, the

twelfth of the year 1722, the



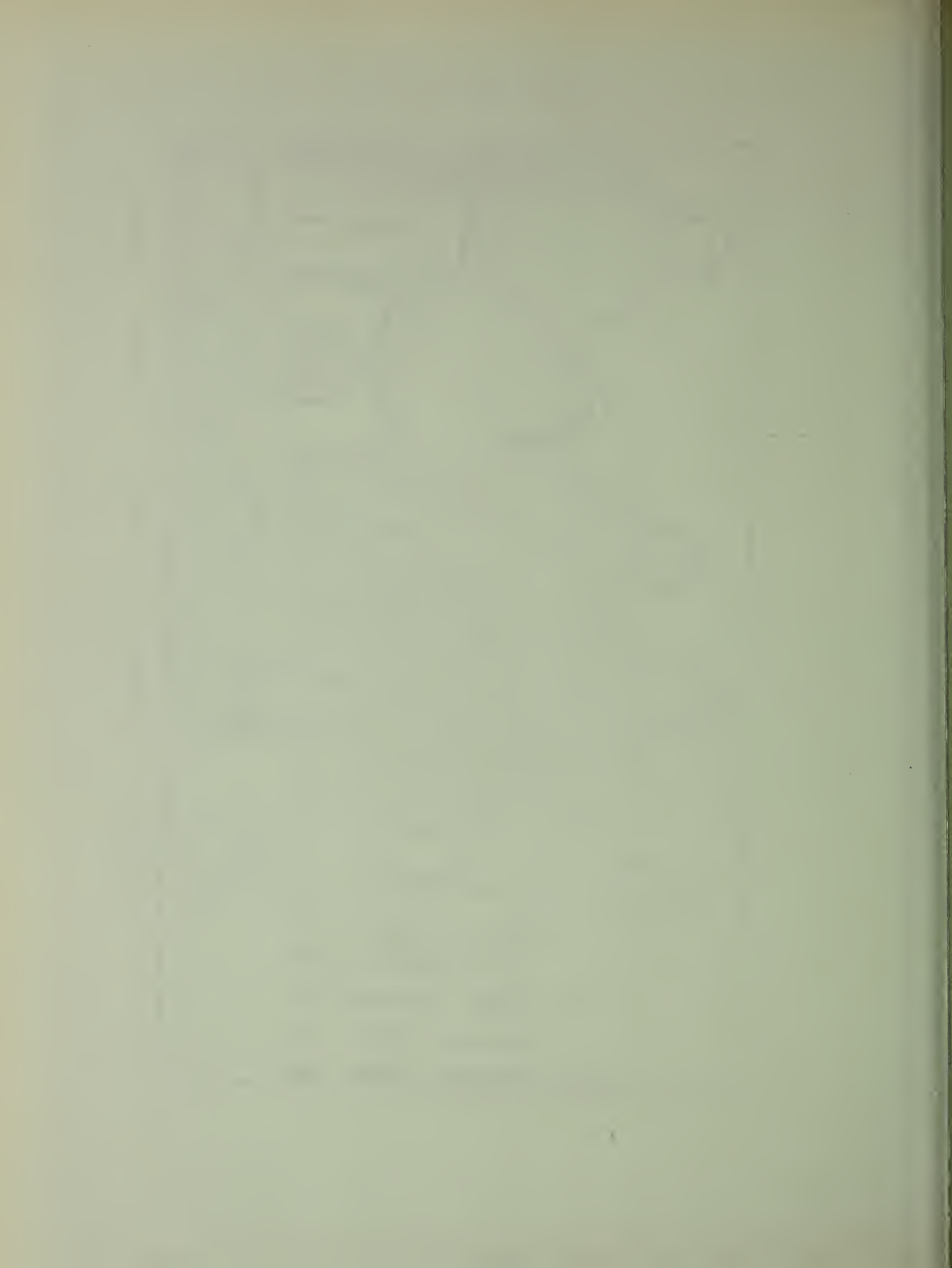
CHIHUAHUA

NAH-CHIEE

LOCO

NAH-NAY

GERONIMO



words with good ears and friendly hearts, for these are the terms I offer you. 'That you shall surrender to me here and now as friendly treaty Indians; that you shall consent to go at once to join your families and friends at Fort Marion—about four or five days' travel from Bowie station—there to wait until such time as the government shall provide you with a permanent reservation, and funds, domestic stock, and utensils by which you may become self-supporting.'

This sort of a persuasive and convincing talk would be a proper argument to be advanced by one who assumed the moral right to transform Indian criminals—multi-murderers—into "friendly treaty Indians" by a mere flash of some mystic power with which his sinuous psychology had augmented his official authority as Department Commander.

In fact, it does not appear that General Miles was inclined to be any more rude in his treatment of the renegades than General Crook had been. Nevertheless, he finally succeeded in persuading this motley band of distressed but defiant Apache renegades to consent to leave Arizona, and—when they were ready to board the train—to surrender their arms, inasmuch as they were going to a country where they would have no use for such offensive and defensive weapons.

However, in any comparison of this nature we must not overlook the fact that General Crook actually led a campaign into Mexico in person, while General Miles permitted Captain Lawton and his command to do all the hard work, reserving for himself the hazardous tasks of making concessions to the renegades, and later—accepting the gold sword.

Concerning the personalities of Geronimo and Nah-chee General Miles says:

"There seldom appeared a more ruthless marauder than Geronimo. He had the most determined face and piercing eye that I have ever seen. Natchez (Nah-chee) was the hereditary chief of the Apaches, a tall, slender young warrior, whose dignity and grace of movement would become any prince."

Geronimo and those taken with him entrained at Bowie Station, about fifteen miles northeast from Apache Pass. At San Antonio, Texas, this party was halted and removed to Fort Sam Houston, where they were detained for about six weeks, a time during which General Miles was kept very busy explaining his "terms of surrender" to the higher authorities at Washington—and the said high authorities were equally busy endeavoring to decide what they were going to do about it.

Billy Breakenridge was Deputy United States Marshal at the time Geronimo made his final capitulation with General Miles, and in his recent book he says: "Geronimo—the wily old scoundrel—before he would surrender made the general promise he would not turn them over to the civil authorities for trial for the murders committed by them while they were on the war-path. "When General Miles arrived at the railroad station at Bowie with his prisoners to deport them to Florida, I was sent there with a warrant for Geronimo, Natchez (Nah-chee), Dutchy and Chatto, charging them with murder. True to his agreement with them the general refused to let me have them, and they were deported. There was plenty of proof against them and no doubt they would have been hanged if they could have been brought to trial. This was in September, 1886."

And now let us read another thrilling chapter which is recorded on pages 13 and 14 of the annual report of the Honorable Secretary of War as follows:

"The terms and conditions attending this surrender were such that Geronimo and those of his band who had committed murders and acts of violence in Arizona and New Mexico could not properly be handed over to the civil authorities for punishment, as was intended by the President, and therefore, on the 19th day of October, orders were issued, by direction of the President, that Geronimo and the fourteen Apache adult Indians captured with him, should be sent from San Antonio, Texas, under proper guard, to Fort Pickens, Florida, there to be kept in close custody until further orders."

"The Indians had been guilty of the worst crimes known to the law, committed under circumstances of great atrocity, and the public safety required that they should be removed far from the scenes of their depredations and guarded with the strictest vigilance."

Can you imagine anything more startling? Think it over. Who sheltered these criminals from the just and legal action of the civil courts? And do you recall the situation at Fort Apache as disclosed by General Miles? There were those "principals" who had "committed scores of murders," masquerading as prisoners of war under the protection of the military, but absolutely out of control, fully armed, well mounted, dissipated, turbulent, indulging in savage, mid-night orgies, riot and bloodshed, conspiring against the authority of the government, and free at any moment to pounce upon the unprotected citizens of Arizona. Such was the situation at Fort Apache on July 1, 1886. The following Oc-

tober, when the last of the renegades had been interned at Fort Pickens, Florida, then "the public safety" demanded that they should be "guarded with the strictest vigilance." Can you match it?

Geronimo and Nah-chee and the thirteen other hostiles who were included in the final surrender reached Fort Pickens, Florida, October 26, 1886, and the eleven women and children belonging to this party arrived at Fort Marion the same date. Mangus with two men and eight women and children surrendered at Fort Apache about the middle of October. The eight women and children were sent to Fort Marion, and Mangus and one man reached Fort Pickens on November 6th,—the other man having died en-route.

The official records show that on November 30, 1886, there were 448 men, women, and children belonging to the Chiricahua and Warm Springs bands detained as prisoners of war at Fort Marion. Seventeen men were confined at Fort Pickens, and forty-four children were at the Carlisle Indian School.

The world-wide advertised campaign against Geronimo was far from being a desperate, bloody warfare. On the contrary, it was little more than a relay-pursuit-race on the part of the troops—in which but few of them ever even saw a hostile. The fighting force of the renegades was, comparatively, very small. In the campaign of 1885-1886 General Crook commanded 3000 troops and 300 Indian scouts, and was opposed by forty-two warriors. When General Miles assumed command of the American forces he was opposed by twenty warriors. The raiding parties of the hostiles were small—usually from a half-dozen to a dozen. Likewise, the pursuing troops were divided into small commands, and these, when fatigued, were relieved by fresh troops whenever possible. The hostiles simply had to keep on going. There was never anything like a decisive engagement. The Apache scouts—who always served as the faithful and efficient pathfinders and advance guard for the troops—occasionally surprised a renegade camp and exchanged shots with the hostiles, but the troops were seldom on the firing line. The activities of the troops involved a maximum of trailing and a minimum of fighting. In the campaign under General Miles the casualties among the soldiers totaled two—one killed and one wounded. The casualties to the hostiles were nil. The heavy mortality was among the citizens—the non-combatants. General Crook says the "Bloody Eleven" murdered thirty-eight citizens within four weeks. General Miles says "during the year the hostile Indians had killed 140 persons."

If the term "persons" includes soldiers and Indian scouts, these would represent an exceedingly small percentage of the total killed.

This situation furnished the drabest sort of material for the army of ambitious press agents. They craved the stuff that reeked with the dramatic, romantic, heroic, picturesque, and spectacular, and so they pictured the gruelling marches, the burning sands, the bristling cactus, the blistering sun, the rugged mountain trails, and the ferocious character of the hostile Apache demons—whom only a very few of the valiant pursuers ever had even a glimpse of. And thus during the last four decades this host of romantic press agents and their successors have persisted in broadcasting the impression that anyone in any way connected with these military campaigns against Geronimo is, automatically, entitled to recognition as an Indian Fighter of heroic proportions.

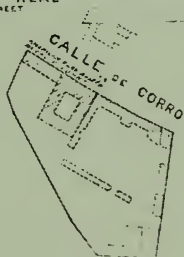
General Crook and General Miles each brought to Arizona a well earned and enviable military record, and it is most regrettable that both of these records should have been marred by fruitless endeavors to appear as a spectacular pseudo-hero in connection with the pursuit and subjugation of a small band of hostile Apaches under the renegade leadership of Geronimo. A similar ambition on the part of younger officers would be readily understood. From the close of the Civil War in 1865 until the beginning of the war with Spain in 1898, the only opportunity for an army officer to make an honest-to-goodness "military record" for himself was a "An Indian Fighter"—and, believe me, they made the most of every such opportunity. It would be highly entertaining to know how many promotions and pensions have been dealt out by our gullible government as "rewards" for "services in the campaigns against Geronimo,"—and the end is not yet reached.

It is true that, occasionally, a command in pursuit of the hostiles executed a "gruelling march," but what frontiersman has not done the same—without pay, or hope of promotion and pension? Moreover, if these troops had not been trailing Geronimo they would have been vegetating at the Army Posts—with no "opportunities." On the trail they had fresh air and sunshine and healthful exercise—and opportunities—and friendly press agents to exaggerate the "hardships," well knowing that every exaggeration was an added boost toward promotion.

Another thing. We have heard much of the "gruelling marches" and "tests of endurance" by the troops on the trail of Geronimo,—but listen! A group of hikers are engaged in a trans-



CALLE REAL
MAIN STREET



Map of the
WALLED TOWN OF
TUCSON.

continental marathon contest from Los Angeles to New York. At this writing fifty-five contestants are still in the game. They are now in Pennsylvania, 73 days out from Los Angeles, and have walked 2900 miles. This is an average of 40 miles per day for 73 consecutive days in all kinds of weather—and they are still going strong. The remarkable record established by these men on foot make the much advertised “tests of endurance” performed by the mounted troops look like “daily dozens” in a kindergarten.

Frequently it has been asked why the citizens of Arizona submitted to this system of persistent protection and perpetual pardoning of the Apache renegades. As a matter of fact, there were many vigorous—even violent—protests, but these were utterly unavailing for the reason that at that time General Crook had the authority and the force “to manage the Apaches in his own way.” In the circumstances it is not surprising that the citizens should, at times, become almost desperate.

At least once within my personal experience they reached a state of mind that was positively dangerous—when the thirst for revenge dethroned reason. As heretofore stated, I was living in Tombstone in May, 1885, when Geronimo and his followers made their last break from the reservation and fled past Tombstone into Mexico. Immediately following that outbreak there was intense excitement in and about Tombstone, and a deplorable movement developed which had for its object the organization of a strong force of citizens who were to march forthwith to the San Carlos reservation and there slaughter every Indian they met. It was not popular, nor altogether safe, to oppose this movement; but I did, and on May 28, 1885, I published a signed article in the Tombstone Epitaph calling attention to the fact that of the, approximately, 5000 Indians then on the San Carlos reservation, a large majority had been on that reservation and at peace for more than ten years, while fully half of them had not been on the war-path for upwards of twenty years. I warned my fellow citizens that the guilty parties were then “safe from any attack that might be made upon the reservation;” that the proper parties to attack were “the renegades, ‘the prisoners of war,’ and those who had thus stupidly and criminally allowed them their liberty.” The following are excerpts from my published statement:

“It is most remarkable that these desperate renegades after being held as ‘prisoners of war’ for over a year, should suddenly take the war-path better equipped than ever before. It is most remarkable, and far from creditable to the military chieftains who have thus allowed their desperate prisoners to slip away from

them almost without their knowledge. In time of actual war what would be done with the general who would thus arm (or fail to disarm) his 'prisoners of war' and allow them to escape?

I believe the majority of the Indians at San Carlos are in no way connected with or responsible for our present Indian troubles, and I as fully believe that the men—both civil and military—who have thus repeatedly given Geronimo and his followers their liberty, knowing their desperate character and the murders they have committed, are equally guilty—are accomplices before the fact—in all the murders committed by these savage renegades who could have been and should have been shot or hung six years ago.

Arizona cannot afford to massacre 4,000 or 5,000 peaceably inclined Indians because white men, whose duty it was to guard and punish renegades, have so shamelessly failed in their duty.²

² About a month after appearing in the Epitaph the statement above referred to was published in full in one of the local papers of Washington, D. C.

On one or two occasions individual communications were published advocating that the government offer a substantial bounty for every Apache scalp brought in, but such barbarous suggestions had no popular support.

The territorial press cried out against the depredations committed by the hostiles, but, as a rule, the editorials were conservative in the matter of suggesting a remedy. Occasionally, however, an editor seemingly lost sight of his better judgment and beat the air with his rantings. The most conspicuous example of this form of temporary insanity was furnished by the Tucson Star in its issue of August 12, 1882.

The record shows that on August 11, 1882, a press dispatch was sent from New York to San Francisco and quoted in the Tucson Star as follows:

"It has been learned by government officials that a secret organization of 1200 men has been formed in Arizona who are bound by oath, in case any more raids are made and murders committed by Apaches, to enter the reservation and slaughter men, women and children."

"The next day, August 12, 1882, the Tucson Star published the following editorial comment:

"When they (the Indians) kill our women and children we propose to kill theirs. It is a cruel alternative, but we are forced to it by the law of self-preservation. Are the lives of these savages worth more than the lives of white people? Does civilization and humanity require us to submit to the murder of our women and

children because the savages know we revolt at the idea of retaliating in kind? We say again that it is a cruel alternative, but it is the only one we have. The government will not restrain the savages. The people of Arizona are forced to do it themselves. But the proposition is not simply to kill the women and children of the San Carlos reservation. It is to kill every Indian on it, male and female, big and little. It is, briefly, to exterminate the tiger's brood, root and branch."

It is impossible to conceive how the editorial management of the Star could arrive at conclusions and a state of mind that would justify the sponsoring of such an inhuman and absurd proposition. That it was inhuman needs no argument. And it was absurd because it was impracticable, as well as practically impossible. It was easy enough to exterminate upwards of 5000 Apaches with a single stroke of the Star's editorial pen, but it would have developed into an enterprise of stupendous proportions if it had been undertaken with the Star's editorial gun. If the Star's monstrous proposition had actually been set on foot and a phalanx of exterminators had been organized they would have had to overcome that great mass of friendly Apaches and the available troops, as well as the armed opposition of the sensible citizens—and there was a goodly throng of citizens who would have qualified in that class—even in 1882.

Another thing. Away back in the early 60's our government assigned the very delicate job of exterminating the Apaches to the regular army, and, although the troops were aided occasionally in this deadly process of elimination by enterprising and adventurous pioneers, the exceedingly discouraging results of the gruesome undertaking are indicated in the report of President Grant's Board of Indian Commissioners dated at Washington, D. C., December 12, 1871, as follows:

"Much of the time since then (the Gadsden purchase), the attempt to exterminate them (the Apaches) has been carried on, at a cost of from three to four millions of dollars per annum, with no appreciable progress being made in their extermination."

The Star's vicious editorial will appear the more reprehensible when it is recalled that a company of fifty-four San Carlos Apache Police (en route for duty in connection with the removal of the Chiricahuas) spent a week in Tucson in May, 1876, during which time they entertained the citizens with a realistic Apache war-dance, and, as a token of approbation and good will, were presented with uniforms—the cost of which was met by popular sub-

scription. And again, on February 20, 1877, a company of sixty San Carlos Police arrived in Tucson, and within three days Governor Safford had enrolled this fine body of stalwart Apaches as TERRITORIAL MILITIA and dispatched them into southern Arizona for the purpose of apprehending the hostiles and protecting the citizens of Arizona against their depredations. These two episodes record two important pages in Tucson's local history, and the editor of the Star should have reviewed those pages before he let go his editorial of August 12, 1882.

The smallness of greatness and the fact that the human family is often actuated by emotion rather than reason are aptly illustrated by the manner in which the citizens of Tucson, Arizona, expressed their appreciation of the services rendered by General Crook and General Miles in their respective campaigns against Geronimo. After the return of General Crook from Mexico in 1883, a public reception and banquet was tendered him at Tucson in recognition and honor of his "capture of Geronimo" and his desperate gang. Again, on November 8, 1887, the citizens of Tucson celebrated another and more recent "capture of Geronimo" with a brilliant reception and banquet at which General Miles was the guest of honor, at the same time giving further expression of their exuberance of gratitude and kowtowitis by presenting the General with a Tiffany sword. In his "Memoirs" General Miles admits that the sword was an exceedingly handsome one. In describing it he says: "The Damascus blade, grip, and large India star sapphire are the only parts of the sword and scabbard not made of gold. Its beauty of design and most artistic workmanship render it a treasure as well as a valuable work of art."

"Geronimo's Story of His Life" is a blood-stained narrative. During at least a quarter of a century he was chiefly occupied with raids of murder and pillage. He had a passion for killing and stealing, and his favorite pastime was raiding in Mexico. For three decades these raids were almost annual occurrences. He admits that some of these expeditions were unsuccessful, and that he returned from one with "a very severe headache." Nevertheless, he was always eager for another dash into Mexico, and the lure of the blood-red trail evidently beckoned him to the end, for at the close of a chapter on this subject he says: "I am old and shall never go on the war-path again, but if I were young, and followed the war-path, it would lead into Old Mexico."

Geronimo says his first visit to Mexico was in 1858, with a band of Apaches under Chief Mangus-Colorado (killed at Apache Tejo, N. M., in 1863) for the purpose of "trading." Their camp

was attacked by Mexican troops who killed many of the Indians. Returning to camp, Geronimo found his mother, his wife, and his three small children among the dead. Thereupon he vowed a revenge that was never satiated. No matter how many Mexicans were killed by his raiding parties he was still eager to slay more. He records one fight with two companies of Mexican troops (about 1875) in which every trooper was killed. Again "about 1880," (?) their camp south of Casa Grande was attacked by twenty-four Mexican soldiers. The Indians numbered about forty warriors. All of the soldiers and twelve of the Indians were killed. Sometimes the Indians suffered severe losses, and sometimes they carried home sufficient plunder to last the entire tribe a year. If we believe Geronimo's own story, he delighted in the business of killing and stealing—and persisted in that business. He had no other occupation. He was many times a murderer and richly deserved the hangman's noose.

The last time I saw Geronimo was at Mount Vernon Barracks, Alabama, where I visited him in January, 1894. At that time I was connected with the Post Office Department at Washington, D. C. Soon after my return to Washington from this visit to the camp of the Chiricahuas I encountered a newspaper reporter in search of a story. That interview was published in the *Washington Evening Star* on January 29, 1894. Inasmuch as the details presented were the result of my personal observations I deem it worth while to include in this story the following excerpts from that interview:

Mr. John P. Chum, of the Post Office Department, who recently spent some time at the camp of the renegade Apaches at Mount Vernon Barracks, Alabama, was in the lobby of the Willard Hotel last night. To a reporter for *The Star*, he said: "While I was down in Alabama I took a day off and visited the Apaches, who are now held as prisoners of war at Mount Vernon Barracks. Yes, I saw Geronimo, but he was not in irons. He did not insist on retaining the manacles with which I presented him at Ojo Caliente. They were taken off soon after I left the agency in '77. You know his subsequent history. He left the reservation two or three times on raids. In 1881 and 1885 I was with parties of citizens who followed his trail to the Mexican line. In 1886, he made his final stand and surrendered to General Miles, when he and his entire band of renegades, men, women, and children, were sent to Florida. Later they were transferred to their present location in Alabama. I have always contended that the old renegade deserved

a much severer punishment than he received ; but that is another story, as Kipling would say.

"The mortality among these Indians for a year or two after their removal from Arizona was very great, and but little was done to better their condition until about three years ago, when they were placed under the care of Captain Wotherspoon of the regular army. It is true that these Indians are exiled Apache renegades, but it was Captain Wotherspoon's duty to receive them as prisoners of war of a civilized nation, and his wise and humane management of this little colony of red men and the beneficial results already secured cannot be too highly commended. The Indians have been located in a permanent camp or settlement on a ridge about half a mile west of the military post. Seventy-five frame houses have been constructed, and each Indian family is now provided with a comfortable home. Each house is divided into two rooms, in one of which is a large cooking range, and in the other a comfortable fireplace. The furniture is plain, but suitable and sufficient.

"I was invited to inspect a number of the houses and was surprised at the absolute cleanliness required of and observed by these Indians. Every Saturday is house-cleaning day, and when the official inspection is made each Sunday morning there must not be found enough dust to soil a white glove. The women do creditable laundry work, and the bed linen and all the articles of wearing apparel are kept scrupulously clean. The Indians have adopted the civilized style of dress, and the men have their hair cut short. I was told that the hair cutting was entirely voluntary. In the matter of personal cleanliness all the Indians are required to bathe at least once a week, and I was informed that Nah-chee and one or two others of the Indian soldiers take their daily bath with as much care, regularity, and evident satisfaction as the most exquisite of the famous '400.' This is certainly a marked contrast with the wild wickie-up life of a renegade."

"By the way," said Mr. Clum, "there are some interesting pages in the history of this young chief Nah-chee. His brother, Tah-zay, is buried here in the Congressional cemetery. Tah-zay was here with me in 1876, and died of pneumonia. Nah-chee shows a disposition to pulmonary trouble. The father of these boys was Cochise, the stalwart old warrior after whom Cochise County in Arizona is named.

"Company I of the 12th Infantry, U. S. A., has been enlisted from these Indians, which is commanded by Captain Wotherspoon, and Nah-chee is the first sergeant. The company quarters,

mess hall, amusement room and gymnasium are located on the same ridge with the houses, and form a part of the Indian village. Strict military discipline is observed with this company and perfect order and cleanliness was manifest. The company drills once and sometimes twice daily, and is said to be proficient in the manual of arms and company evolutions. All commands are given in English. About once a week this Indian company drills with the white troops in battalion maneuvers.

"There is a guard house at the settlement, and all refractory Indians are arrested by the Indian soldiers and all prisoners are guarded by them. Geronimo now occupies the position of alcalde, or justice of the peace, and all cases of minor offenses are tried before him. His decisions have given general satisfaction. He has sentenced some to six months in the guard house, which is, I think, about as long a time as the old man was ever in confinement himself at any one time. There is a good school adjacent to the settlement, under the direction of two efficient teachers, where all children are afforded the advantages of an English education. About fifty of the children from this colony are now at the Carlisle school.

"These Indian prisoners of war are virtually on parole. They are not confined or guarded, and are allowed to come and go when and where they please, provided only that their conduct is proper. As I have said before, discipline is enforced by the Indians themselves. The men are allowed to work out by the day whenever they can find employment, and some of the women do washing for the soldiers.

"The Indian soldiers, of course, get the pay and allowances of regulars. Many of the women do bead and basket work, and old Geronimo picks up many a dollar by selling pictures of himself and small bows and arrows, which he embellishes with his name. He presented me with one of these bows, duly autographed, and two small arrows, but these lacked the keen-edged tip formerly used by the Apaches on the old Arizona trails. This diminutive set of toy weapons was tendered as a good will offering by "Geronimo, the justice of the peace," and was in decided contrast with the scene at Ojo Caliente, seventeen years ago, when I wrenched that deadly needle-gun from the grasp of "Geronimo, the renegade."

"Several other Indian chiefs, well known in Arizona and New Mexico, are at Mount Vernon. Among these are Nan-nay, now almost blind, and Chihuahua, who is badly shot up about the

arms, and who is recognized as the dude and politician of the camp.

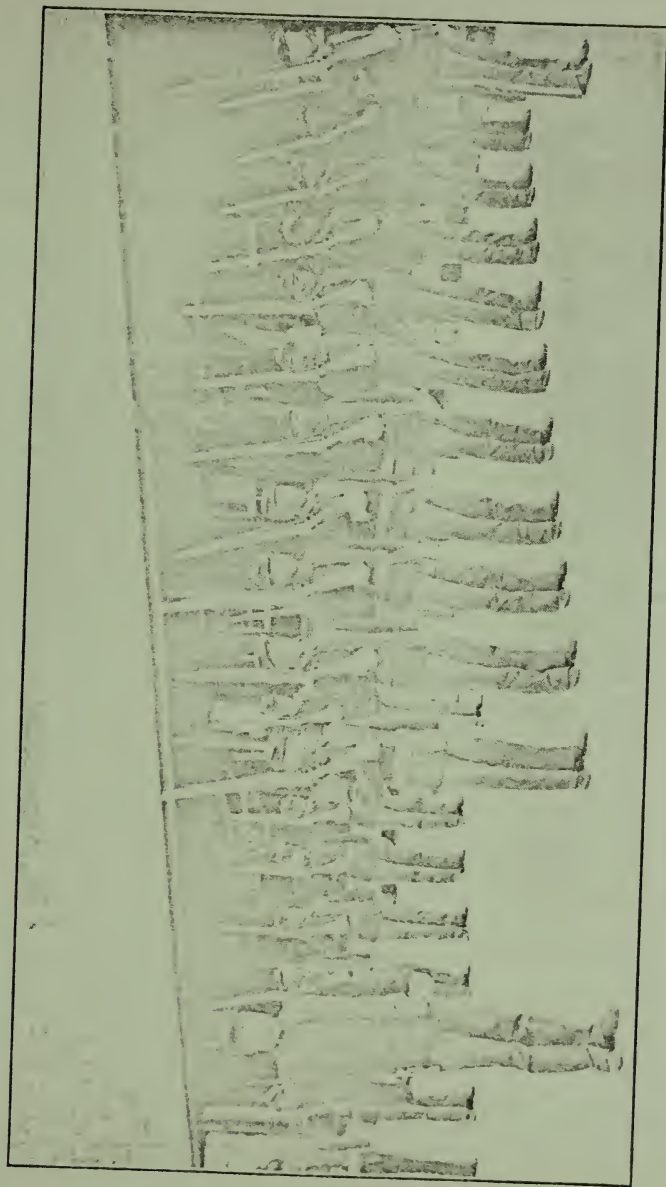
"The more recent acquisitions of the colony are Captain Chiquito and my old friend Es-kim-in-zin, whose history is as interesting as it is sad. I may tell you about him at some other time. I believe that Es-kim-in-zin is held a prisoner of war under a misapprehension of the facts, and I am satisfied that Captain Wotherspoon shares this opinion with me. Es-kim-in-zin now has charge of the Indians' gardens, and their thrifty condition reflects great credit on his intelligence and industry.

"The future of this Indian colony is a matter of much interest. The children who came with the renegades eight years ago are now young men and women, and many children have been born since. They have no possessions, no responsibilities, no obligations, excepting that of orderly personal conduct. This isn't a satisfactory or desirable condition. They ask for farms in order that they may apply themselves and acquire possessions and independence. Some step of this kind should be taken. The transgressions of the fathers should not be visited upon the children. The Apaches are mountain Indians, and they do not like that forest section of Alabama where they can see only in one direction, and that is straight up."

* * * * *

Do you realize, gentle reader, that the population of the model Apache encampment we have just visited at Mount Vernon Barracks was made up largely of the identical Indians who composed the brutal and riotous mob at Fort Apache? In Arizona they were insolent, defiant, turbulent, indulging in midnight orgies and bloodshed—absolutely out of control. In Alabama we find them living in a civilized, cleanly and orderly manner, subject to an excellent system of discipline "enforced by the Indians themselves", wherein arrests were made by Apache soldiers and offenders tried before an Apache judge and prisoners remanded to the custody of Apache guards, the people living in well kept houses, the children attending schools and the adults ambitious to own land and become independent.

Some might exclaim that a miracle had been wrought in Alabama, but, as a matter of fact, the marvelous transformation demonstrated at Mount Vernon Barracks is explained by the magic word, "ADMINISTRATION." Obviously at Fort Apache there was none. At Mount Vernon these identical Indians were placed under the firm, kindly, thoughtful and intelligent care and direction of Captain Wotherspoon, and the average reader will be



COMPANY I—TWELFTH INFANTRY—UNITED STATES ARMY
(Recruited from the interned renegade Apaches at Mount Vernon Barracks, Alabama. Photograph made there in 1893)

astounded to note how promptly and willingly these Indians responded to an administration—the evident purpose of which was to secure the greatest benefits possible for those administered to. No more convincing illustration could be produced in support of the opinion I have expressed from the time of my earliest association with these Indians, viz: That if the Apaches were given a fair chance, under firm, just, intelligent and sympathetic direction, their orderly development and gradual progress would be assured.

After being held about five years at Mount Vernon Barracks, the Chiricahuas were removed to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, where they were permanently established; given reasonable allotments of land, and otherwise suitably provided for.

In the meantime the name and general character of Geronimo had become so well known throughout the country that he was regraded as a most valuable asset as an attraction at prominent public affairs where efforts were made to secure the largest attendance possible. With this worthy object in view he was taken to the Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition at Omaha in 1898; to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo in 1901, and to the St. Louis World's Fair in 1904, and the fact that the notorious ex-renegade Apache chief would appear as a special exhibit at those expositions was widely advertised in advance, as well as during the periods when those respective expositions were in progress. The morbid public, having been duly advised of the presence of this extraordinary attraction, were eager to see the genial representative of many a blood-red trail, shake hands with him, talk to him, and to purchase from him his photograph, or his autograph—or whatever souvenirs of a renegade character the cunning old rascal might have for sale. Geronimo, being thrifty, smiled benignly as the silver coins flowed into his ample wallet, and, being human, was greatly pleased and flattered by the attention shown him—and regarded his visits to these expositions as pretty soft assignments for a prisoner of war.

In the absence of definite information relative to the persistent assertion that Geronimo had served a term as "scout" in the regular army during the period he was detained by the government as a prisoner of war, the following interrogation was sent to the War Department: "Was Geronimo, Apache Indian, carried on the pay rolls of the War Department as a 'scout' at any time after being sent out of Arizona?" Under date of Washington, D. C., June 25, 1926, Adjutant General Robert C. Davis sent the following reply:

"Nothing is found to show expressly that the Apache Chief Geronimo was ever on the pay roll of the army, but it seems probable that he was enlisted and paid as an army scout at Fort Sill, I. T., between June 11, 1897, and June 10, 1900. He was sent from Mt. Vernon Barracks to Fort Sill, where he remained until his death. The records show that one Geronimo, born in Arizona, age 63, was enlisted at Fort Sill, I. T., June 11, 1897, as an Indian scout, to serve three years, and was discharged there June 10, 1900. Geronimo, the Apache chief, died at Fort Sill February 17, 1909."

The average American citizen will accept the above statement as showing "expressly" that for three years during the period Geronimo was held as a prisoner of war he enjoyed the rank, pay, and emoluments of a "scout" in the regular army. There was no other "Geronimo" in the list of Apaches detained at Fort Sill, and "Geronimo, born in Arizona, age 63," is a description that exactly fits "Geronimo—the renegade," alias "Geronimo—the prisoner of war," alias "Geronimo—the justice of the peace" alias "Geronimo—the Indian scout."

Recently I requested the adjutant general to advise me as to the pay received and the duties performed by Geronimo during the three years he served his country as an Indian scout. Under date of Washington, D. C., February 17, 1928, Adjutant General Lutz Wahl replied as follows:

"Geronimo, the Apache leader, while interned at Fort Sill, Indian Territory, was enlisted there in the U. S. Army as an Indian scout. He held the rank of private during his service. * * * Indian scouts received the pay and allowances of cavalry soldiers. * * * Eleven other Indians were enlisted there as scouts at the same time. * * * The enlistment of Indians as scouts (soldiers) was authorized by Section 6 of an Act of Congress approved July 28, 1866.

Nothing is known here of any particular duties performed by Geronimo while he was an enlisted scout. He probably performed no regular duties. He was at the Omaha Exposition from September 9 to October 30, 1898."

It is interesting to note that General Wahl has eliminated such harsh designations as "renegade," "hostile" or "prisoner of war" and mildly states that "Geronimo, the Apache leader, while interned at Fort Sill, was enlisted in the U. S. Army as an Indian scout;" that he held the rank and received the pay and allowances of a cavalry soldier; that he probably performed no regular duties, and that during the period he was serving as a

"scout" (and interned at Fort Sill) he was permitted to spend nearly two months at the Omaha Exposition.

While in Arizona, Geronimo was restricted to the spectacular dual role of renegade and prisoner of war, but at Mt. Vernon Barracks and at Fort Sill he was advanced to a triple role in the great drama, he having acted as justice of the peace at the former camp, and a scout at Fort Sill.

In this connection I cannot resist comparing the favors shown Geronimo with the absolute neglect that has been the lot of Tau-el-cly-ee, that faithful and efficient member of the San Carlos Police Force. On December 22, 1875, Dis-a-lin, a prominent young chief, ran amuck at the San Carlos agency in a frenzied attempt to kill the agent, the chief clerk, and the chief of police. Although related to the young chief, Tau-el-cly-ee promptly shot and killed Dis-a-lin. In June, 1876, Tau-el-cly-ee was designated sergeant of the company of Apache Police that accompanied me to Apache Pass in connection with the removal of the Chiricahuas. There, with twenty men he captured the murderer Pi-on-se-nay and brought him in to the agency, and later acted as special guard while conveying Pi-on-se-nay en route to Tucson—until the prisoner was transferred to the custody of the deputy sheriffs of Pima county. These are examples of his loyal and efficient services. Nevertheless, for years he has wandered about the mining camps of Globe and Miami, old, decrepit, almost blind—an object of charity. On several occasions I have contributed funds for the relief of Tau-el-cly-ee. He was denied a pension because he was never enrolled in the army. How easy it would have been to remedy this situation by enlisting Tau-el-cly-ee as an "Indian scout"—a la Geronimo. The "pay and allowances of a cavalry soldier" would have taken care of him handsomely for three years—and thereafter he would have been eligible for a pension.

Geronimo never betrayed a penchant for hard labor but he did develop a remarkable aptitude for intercepting the nimble dollar. Down at Mount Vernon Barracks, soon after he had decided that the pen is mightier than the needle-gun, he learned to print his name—using only capital letters. When I visited Mount Vernon in 1894 I found the wily Apache "justice of the peace" had established a fairly lucrative business as a commercial publicity agent. He made small bows with two arrows. On the bow he placed his autograph. He also had autographed photographs of himself. Visitors to the barracks and travelers at the railway station were given frequent opportunities to purchase either or both of these autographed articles. Geronimo said that business

was not too bad. He was acting as his own publicity agent and allowing the public to pay for it. Thereafter Geronimo always had a supply of autographed photographs to exchange for silver coins. I have been told he would sell the buttons from his coat, or sell his hat for silver coins. I don't blame him. I would do the same. Mr. Burbank paid him to sit for his portrait, and he told Mr. Barrett he would tell him the story of his life if he (Barrett) would pay him. The three years during which he drew the pay and allowances of a cavalry soldier, with no regular duties to perform, added much to his peace and prosperity, while, at the same time, his new rank and uniform as "Indian scout" served as a boost to the autograph and photograph business. But the peak of his business opportunities were the periods he was permitted to spend at the Omaha, Buffalo, and St. Louis Expositions. His presence at these big shows had been conspicuously announced, and the dear people wanted to see him, and talk with him, and to trade with him—and Geronimo never neglected his own business. He says in his book that at first he did not want to go to the St. Louis World's Fair, but when assured that he would "receive good attention and protection" he consented; that permission was obtained from the President, and that he remained six months at the Fair in charge of representatives of the Indian Department.

Regarding his personal business at the Fair, Geronimo says: "I sold my photographs for twenty-five cents, and was allowed to keep ten cents of this for myself. I also wrote my name for ten, fifteen, or twenty-five cents, as the case might be, and kept all of that money * * * when I returned I had plenty of money—more than I had ever owned before."

Unfortunately, I have not been able to obtain any authentic statement as to the revenue Geronimo received in royalties or otherwise from the publication of his book, but enough has been presented to indicate that this noted Apache leader was fairly successful from a business standpoint, notwithstanding the handicap under which he labored owing to his status as an ex-renegade and "prisoner of war."

A number of excellent portraits of Geronimo have been painted by Mr. E. A. Burbank, an artist of rare ability. Mr. Burbank spent considerable time at Fort Sill and arranged with the noted Apache chief for several sittings. In compensation for sittings for the first two portraits Mr. Burbank says he gave Geronimo five dollars, a chair, and a sack of grain, and subsequently he paid him five dollars for each sitting of six hours. The artist and his Apache subject became great friends, and Mr. Burbank

tells me that Geronimo was always genial, courteous, and frank in his manner, kind to his family, and that he met every appointment with exact promptness. And, as a matter of fact, I recognize that Mr. Burbank discovered in Geronimo traits that are characteristic of the Apache race.

The most spectacular exhibition of Geronimo was his appearance in the military parade on the occasion of the inauguration of Theodore Roosevelt as President of the United States. The date was March 4, 1905. Through a singular coincidence, my son, Woodworth (born in Tucson, Arizona, the year after my capture of Geronimo in 1877), was a member of the general inaugural committee and chairman of the sub-committee on publicity, and Colonel Roosevelt's request that Geronimo should appear in the inaugural parade was made to him. The President's request was complied with. Five former noted renegade chiefs were brought to Washington, a Sioux, a Comanche, a Ute, a Blackfoot and an Apache. All dolled up in genuine dime-novel Indian toggerly, including buckskins, war-paint, and feathers, each carrying the weapon of his choice, and mounted on prancing steeds, liberally draped and festooned according to the several asserted fashions of the respective tribes exhibited, these five representatives of the bad actors on many a blood-stained western trail, proudly rode abreast up Pennsylvania Avenue in front of a battalion of cadets from the Carlisle Indian School, thus forming a conspicuous section of the imposing inaugural parade.

Colonel Roosevelt hinted that these old relics of the wild and woolly war-path in contrast with the battalion of Indian cadets would indicate the progress the red men had made in the preceding quarter century, but the rough rider's well known penchant for the spectacular doubtless inspired the invitation. These heap-big war chiefs thoroughly enjoyed the distinguished honor paid them, as well as the marked interest evinced by the vast inauguration throngs, and were glad to express their appreciation and approval of the fact that the sovereign American people had chosen Colonel Roosevelt to succeed himself as the "Great White Father" at Washington.

Geronimo, who had by no means lost his cunning, availed himself of this opportunity to appeal in person to his host, the President of the United States, for a pardon, or parole, and permission to return to his old, familiar hunting grounds in Arizona. The exact phraseology of "Teddy's" diplomatic refusal to accede to the pathetic appeal of the ex-renegade Apache chief is not immediately available for convenient quotation in this narrative.

And thus it transpired that Geronimo was destined to live out the remainder of his days on the land allotted to him at Fort Sill. He is asserted to have dictated an autobiography which was published in book form in 1906 under the title of "GERONIMO'S STORY OF HIS LIFE." The old warrior says he dedicated his book to Theodore Roosevelt because the President gave him permission to write and publish it.

Geronimo died at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, February 17, 1909. Following is a press despatch announcing his death:

GERONIMO LAID IN HIS GRAVE

Indian Chief Dies After Being Prisoner Twenty-Two
Years

"Lawton, Okla., February 18, 1909.—Geronimo, the old Indian war chief, who died at Fort Sill yesterday, was buried today in the Apache burying ground northeast of the army post. The Rev. L. L. Legters, the Indian missionary, conducted the services, which were as similar to the Apache system of burial as the clergyman thought proper.

War Department officials had set aside today as a holiday for the Apache prisoners of war at Fort Sill, and the 200 warriors joined in the slow procession that carried the body of their old leader to the grave.

Geronimo was one of the few Indians accounted by United States soldiers as possessing real military genius. He was pursued steadily by troops for fifteen years, and was captured finally because he permitted himself to be, believing that he would be turned loose again on promising good behaviour.

Geronimo was probably eighty years old. Twenty-five years ago his reputation in Arizona was that of a fiend in human form, and for ten years before that his name had been a dread word among settlers and ranchmen.

Geronimo died in the faith of his fore-fathers, which knew no white man's god. The sun was his conception of deity. Four years ago, when Geronimo feared that the injuries received in a fall from his horse would prove fatal, he joined the Reformed Church. He was suspended from the church two years later because of excessive drinking, gambling and other infractions of church rules."

The announcement that funeral services conducted by Rev. L. L. Legters, the Indian missionary, "were as similar to the Apache system of burial as the clergyman thought proper,"

doubtless was a fiction emanating from the romantic imagination of the reporter. The Apaches were very secretive in the matter of their burial rites, so much so that I never witnessed the burial of a single Apache while I was their agent—except that of Tah-zay in the Congressional Cemetery at Washington, D. C., and an Apache never voluntarily mentioned the name of a deceased relative.

* * * * *

Geronimo was a dominating character. He possessed courage, intuition, determination, initiative, and executive ability to a marked degree, and he was an adept in the effective use of strategem, as well as the fine art of diplomacy. These rare qualifications plus physical strength and endurance coupled with a restive, insubordinate disposition enabled him to achieve extraordinary success along certain chosen lines in the face of seemingly overwhelming odds.

He was born a nomadic savage in an arid, austere, mountainous country sparsely inhabited by roving bands of the Apache race. As an infant he was warmed by the sun, rocked by the winds, and sheltered by the trees. His nursery was the wide, open spaces of rugged Nature, and here, as intelligence dawned and understanding developed, he listened to stirring tales of the pleasures of the chase and the glories of the war-path. Very soon, as he grew in stature and strength, he demonstrated his fitness for leadership by organizing the little Apache boys with whom he played into a band of make-believe raiders and inspired them to imitate feats of war. Therefore we are not surprised at his delight when, as a mere youth still in his "teens," the wise men ignored the custom of the tribe by admitting him to the councils of the braves and the activities of the war-path.

Geronimo descended from an ancestry of warriors. His grandfather was renowned for the vigor and success of his raids against the Mexicans. His first active experience on the war-path was under the capable leadership of Mangus Colorado, but he proved such an apt pupil that very soon he was organizing and leading his own raiding parties. Mexico was his principal field of operations. He acquired a bitter hatred for the Mexicans and for three decades he raided their territory almost annually. Thus, raiding became his occupation, and murder and pillage his habit. The reverses he met with only increased his bitterness and quickened his zeal. His environment and experience evolved for him a harsh code of ethics which, to

himself, fully justified his ruthless deeds of plunder and bloodshed. His greatest concern was that the particular raid in which he was engaged should be successful—and that success was usually measured by the number killed and the amount and value of the booty secured.

This is a picture of the Geronimo whom I met for the first time at Apache Pass on June 8, 1876. This picture is, largely, painted by himself in his story of his life. Never before having heard of Geronimo, I knew nothing of his history, and could learn very little at that time. Prior to this meeting with me his passion for raiding had been practically unrestrained. Having indulged in these savage forays for a quarter century, the activities of the war-path had become his business and the cruel scenes of the blood-red trail his divertimento. In these circumstances it is not altogether surprising that when our government sought to restrain his lawlessness and halt his depredations he resented this action as an interference with his natural rights, and he promptly defied the United States by fleeing into Mexico.

Not many months later we find him hob-nobbing with his friend, Victorio, at the Ojo Caliente agency in New Mexico—and actually drawing rations at that agency. Then came his second meeting with me at Ojo Caliente on April 21, 1877. Our stratagem deceived him. He walked into our trap—and into the guard-house IN CHAINS. I can now appreciate his chagrin and humiliation at thus finding himself a shackled prisoner. He reasoned that he “did not belong” to us and therefore his arrest was unjust. Doubtless he was sincere in this judgment. But he was a sport, and having surrendered in such abrupt fashion that the very important matter of “terms” could not even be hinted at, he became a most tractable prisoner and did not give his guards the slightest inconvenience during the long trek from Ojo Caliente to San Carlos.

After a few months, his tact and diplomacy won for him a parole from his chains and the guard-house at San Carlos. Soon he regaled himself with one of his habitual annual outings into Mexico, and then returned to San Carlos. In the fall of 1881 he again left the reservation with a large following—including Nah-chee and his band. From that time until he was sent to Florida in the fall of 1886, his dealings were largely with the military. He defied the United States and Mexico. He fought the armies of both nations—and survived that stupendous ordeal unscathed. He surrendered three times during this period,—twice to General Crook and once to General Miles, but always the time

and place and terms were dictated by himself. The conditions of his first surrender to General Crook (in 1883) allowed him to revel for about nine months in Mexico and then to return to the reservation for a rest period of more than a year. While thus recuperating from his strenuous life in Mexico, he was afforded opportunity to look after the very important matter of his equipment—modern rifles and an ample supply of ammunition. The period of rest and preparedness being over, Geronimo and Nahchee at the head of a large band of "Chiricahua prisoners escaped from the reservation on May 17, 1885," and hit the trail for Mexico for another outing of murder and pillage. But now the raiding arena had been extended to include the territory of the United States, and Geronimo justified his raids into American territory on the grounds that the United States troops were fighting him in Mexico.

Geronimo's second surrender to General Crook on March 28, 1886, endured for two days and a night, and then he and a majority of the Chiricahua prisoners with him "escaped to the hills."

Now enters General Miles. It was reported that Geronimo had made overtures of surrender to General Crook in March, 1886, because his band were worn out and his supply of food and ammunition exhausted. Nevertheless, Geronimo was able to continue to oppose and defy the troops under General Miles and the Mexican troops from April until September. And then, on September 3, 1886, at Skeleton Canyon, Geronimo told General Miles that he (Geronimo) would die fighting unless the terms of surrender were to his liking.

And we learn from a combination of official records and Geronimo's statement and the subsequent history of the hostiles, that General Miles made haste to promise Geronimo that his life and the lives of all of his people would be spared; that the government would protect and provide for them; that they would be given lands and homes and stock and implements, etc., and that Geronimo, himself, would not be required to do any work as long as he lived. Thus it is obvious that the only punishment inflicted upon Geronimo was exile from the mountains and trails he loved so well—and the consequent enforced abandonment of his annual outings for pillage and murder in Mexico.

Having accepted exile, Geronimo abandoned his former harsh weapons of stratagem and force and substituted in their stead the more genteel qualities of tact and diplomacy. It was the exercise of these qualities through the medium of his strong personality that enabled him, throughout the period of his internment as

characters of more or less prominence, it may be considered that the narrative is well worth the space herein allotted to it.

The leniency extended to Geronimo by General Crook and General Miles is, to, me, inexplicable, and yet so far as these two military commanders are concerned I entertain only feelings of sincere regret. My deeper and stronger sentiments have ever gone out to the great mass of the Apaches who, in one way or another, have always paid the bitter penalties which should have been assessed against Geronimo, that professional renegade, and other Indians of similar desperate character, as well as those in authority responsible for faulty management.

Three of the leading actors in this prolonged tragedy of misfortune, treachery and bloodshed have crossed the Great Divide. General George Crook and General Nelson A. Miles are sleeping their last, long sleep within monumented tombs amid the nation's honored dead in that great cemetery on the brow of Arlington, Virginia, and, as I was informed by an army officer stationed at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, the mortal remains of Geronimo lie hidden there—IN AN UNMARKED GRAVE.

a prisoner of war, to obtain for himself many favors and advantages. His office of justice of the peace at Mount Vernon Barracks not only gave him a degree of authority, but also a modicum of dignity and responsibility. At Fort Sill, he maneuvered himself into the position of an "Indian scout" (actually a soldier in the regular army), which entitled him to wear the uniform and draw the pay and allowances of a cavalry soldier. His record as a ruthless renegade and his conduct as an interned prisoner of war made it possible for him to enjoy the exceptional advantages of spending periods varying from two to six months at the Omaha and Buffalo Expositions and the St. Louis World's Fair. These results prove that his tact and diplomacy served him well.

Geronimo declared more than once that no one could kill him, and it is by no means improbable that he believed this to be true. It cannot be doubted that he flirted with death many times during the decades when he was persistently and aggressively active as a ruthless raider and desperate outlaw, and it is easily possible that as, time after time, the grim reaper missed him by the narrowest of margins, he may have become convinced in his own mind that the Fates had decreed that he was not born to be killed.

And I have often thought that during the period he was fighting two armies in Mexico Geronimo was obsessed with another conviction,—viz:—that he was the sole arbiter of the question as to when he should rest on the reservation and when he should revel on the war-path. Certain it is that his success in dictating his own terms would justify that conviction.

Geronimo's last appearance in public—and the most spectacular exhibition in his remarkable career—occurred at Washington, D. C., on March 4, 1905, when, at the special request of the President of the United States, he and four other ex-renegade Indian war-chiefs, all duly striped and smeared and caparisoned, constituted a unique and conspicuous feature of the presidential inaugural parade as it moved with martial tread along that world-famed boulevard of the nation's capital—Pennsylvania Avenue.

Truly it may be said that, throughout his eventful career, Geronimo overcame and achieved in a masterful manner.

* * * * *

When I arrested Geronimo in 1877 and conveyed him 500 miles in shackles, my official report of the affair was contained in a single paragraph, and at the inception of this story I had no thought that it would extend itself to such length. However, when we reflect that these details involve events running through nearly half a century of frontier history, and are concerned with many

ARIZONANS IN SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

By A. D. WEBB

It has been thirty years since the Spanish-American War was fought. That conflict occurred in 1898. Arizona has a right to be proud of the record of the old territory in that sanguinary conflict. What became known as the Rough Rider Regiment, commanded by Colonels Wood and Roosevelt, included several companies composed of Arizona's virile manhood, many of whom had become prominent in Arizona before the war began. Among these were Major Alexander O. Brodie and Captains W. D. ("Bucky") O'Neill, J. L. B. Alexander and James H. McClintock. Among those who enlisted and served as privates through the Cuban campaign were C. E. Mills, now president of the Valley Bank, in Phoenix, and president of the Apache Powder Company, at Benson. When Mills enlisted he resigned the position of general manager of the Detroit Copper Company, at Morenci. Another private belonging to Company A, of which "Bucky" O'Neill was captain, was A. D. Webb, who at the time of his enlistment was editing a weekly newspaper at Safford, Arizona, and prior to that time was a co-owner and publisher of the Arizona Bulletin, associated with the present State Historian and writer of this article. When Mr. Webb left to join his company at Prescott, he promised to write letters back to the Arizona Bulletin giving some of his experiences and observations as a soldier. This he did, and several of these letters have been selected for the pages of the ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW. These letters are here appended:

"TEDDIE'S TERRIERS."

SOLDIERING WITH ARIZONA'S COWBOY VOLUNTEERS

(Special Correspondence to Arizona Bulletin)

San Antonio, Texas, May 10, 1898.

As the doings of Graham's soldier boys up to the time they enlisted have been fully reported in the territorial papers, I did not write any letter last week.

The boys got here and all passed except one. He will go to San Antonio with the rest as first "sub," with transportation and rations.

Phoenix treated the Graham boys royally, but Prescott is evidently too familiar with regulars to know how to treat volunteer soldiers, and the "marble heart" and "frost" was about what we got.

After being sworn in we were sent to Whipple Barracks and introduced to Uncle Sam's fare of pork and beans. The pork was rather shy, but there was plenty of coffee, which, with a porterhouse and mushrooms (got the latter down town), pieced out our first day's fare.

The first night spent in barracks was enlivened by some very original profanity caused principally by the hardness of the floor, the scarceness of blankets, and the peculiar antics of a swarm of bedbugs. The latter were in good shipping condition and most of them branded U. S. on left hip.

The second day in barracks was spent in drilling foot movements. Fare did not improve much, but by taking one meal down town I succeeded in pulling through. At night it snowed, and about two inches covered the ground when we arose. The snow did not raise the temperature any, and but few of the boys were able to speak from hoarseness. The remarks made by those able to remark at all would not do to print.

The two troops left Prescott on Wednesday at 6:30. Prior to their departure a public reception was held on Court House Square. Speeches were made by the governor, adjutant general, Major Brodie, Captains O'Neill and McClintock, and other distinguished gentlemen. A battle-flag was presented to Company A by the ladies of Prescott, and a mascot in the way of a half-grown Arizona lion, a nasty young brute, ready to fight on the slightest provocation, and supposed to be typical of the Arizona contingent to the cowboy regiment.

The four thousand Prescottites followed the boys to the train and bid them Godspeed, amid the thunder of exploding powder and cheers from thousands of men, women and children.

When A. P. Junction was reached it began to snow and continued all night. There was no fire in the cars and the windows frosted over with the vapor rising from the inside of the cars. Chuck was scanty, as usual, and the boys put in a bad night.

Graham County has much to be proud of for the showing she has made. She not only got her full quota (16), but she got one extra. Out of seventeen men who went up to Prescott, every one was accepted, although no previous physical examination had been passed by any of them. There is not another county in the

territory but had men turned down by the examining surgeon. This shows that old Graham raises good stock.

Flagstaff has proven the most patriotic town thus far encountered. At 2 o'clock in the morning, in a blinding snow storm, with the mercury way below freezing, nearly the whole town turned out with the band and fireworks to give the boys a send-off.

While passing through El Paso some of A troop stole a Skye terrier and carried it along with the lion, attracting much attention on the road, as he was decorated in all kinds of shape, with a neat little red, white and blue ribbon tied to his tail.

Although we traveled some 250 miles out of the way, we are the first troops on the ground. Hurrah for Arizona! We arrived Saturday morning at 4 o'clock and were immediately quartered in the exposition building at the fairgrounds. Our horses are not here yet, but the pack mules arrived this morning, and husky looking lot they were. We expect our uniforms today.

The Arizona contingent has been split into three troops. First Lieutenant Alexander has been promoted to Captain and Second Lieutenant Wilcox to first lieutenant.

All the boys from Graham County are in the best of spirits, and I don't think you could buy one of them off for \$500 cash. From what we can learn we probably will be the first troops landed in Cuba, and the boys from Graham will be the first to land from the ship.

Trooper Rawhide,
(A. D. Webb.)

FIRST OF THE DEAD

MARSHALL BIRD, AN ARIZONA TROOPER, KILLED IN SAN ANTONIO.

(Special correspondence to Arizona Bulletin)

San Antonio, May 9.—Marshall Bird, of Nogales, a member of the southern troop of Arizona Cavalry, died at 12:30 p. m. today. His death resulted from a fall from a horse. He was thrown by a vicious horse yesterday afternoon. His skull was fractured and he lay unconscious until death, eighteen hours later.

He was 19 years of age, and was the son of Capt. Allen T. Bird, proprietor of The Oasis at Nogales. He was a brilliant young man, well liked in the camp and bore promise of making a good soldier. His body will be returned to Nogales.

Trooper Rawhide.

AT THE FRONT

ANOTHER INTERESTING LETTER FROM TROOPER
RAWHIDE, AT TAMPA, FLA.

(Special correspondence to Arizona Bulletin)

On board the U. S. Transport Yucatan, Port Tampa, Fla., June 11, 1898.

When the Rough Riders came aboard the transport Yucatan on Tuesday last, most of us were of the opinion that we were to put to sea at once, and would ere this time be landed on Cuban soil. But it has turned out that our officers are neither prophets nor sons of prophets, and we are still lying idle on the placid waters of the bay—thirty big transports and several small fighting vessels. We spent Tuesday night anchored about one-half mile from the pier, the bands on the different ships indulging in a sort of a contest until about ten o'clock when the welcome sound of the bugle call "lights out" notified the tired soldiers that they would be permitted to sleep till reveille for the first time in three days.

Troop A was most fortunate in securing quarters, as we were allotted the deck "aft the cabin." At any other time in their lives, probably some of our men would have "kicked" at sleeping on a hard, bare floor, with a saddle blanket and rubber "poncho" for bedclothes, but when compared with the sweltering wretches packed like sardines down on the third deck in double berths, three sections high, our position is about the same as the president of a railroad in a palace car and emigrants in a tourist sleeper.

We were all paid off the night we broke camp—presumably so we could buy what we wanted to eat for a week or so, and give someone holding a fat job a chance to steal the money appropriated for our rations. Wednesday morning, not having any chance to spend their money, all kinds of glambling games opened. The "Shark" was there in most every troop, with the old loaded dice and sanded monte cards; likewise the "sucker" to blow in his money against a sure thing. The devotees of the great American game of poker could be found safely enconced in sheltered nooks, standing pat on a pair of deuces, or cursing his luck when holding a full hand as in days of yore. The sports from Graham County "chipped in" and opened a crap game, but they were foolish enough to use "square" dice and were speedily taken in. A wet blanket was soon thrown over the boys of sporting proclivities, however, when it was announced that Gen. Miles had issued

an order forbidding all gambling in the army. The gallant warriors now play nothing but seven up "for fun," and practice a little at "jacks up," using cartridges instead of money—so they will not get rusty.

The Disciples of Walton got out their fish-hooks and lines Wednesday and put up all sorts of jobs on the finny inhabitants of the bay, but as the catch failed to aggregate the amount of bait used, we concluded that the fishermen were not very successful—at least until they get to writing home and telling their friends what they caught.

Thursday we went back into harbor and loaded a few carloads of freight aboard. As the stuff was all in packages of from 100 to 700 pounds each, the work was "light and easy."

Friday your correspondent and three other unlucky troopers from Arizona were on what is known as old guard fatigue duty. We reported to the proper sergeant and were given brooms and told to take off our shoes and stockings. We did as ordered and were then introduced to a large rubber hose, which, with the assistance of the "old guard fatigue" from the other troops, we hauled all over the three decks of the ship and gave it a thorough scrubbing. Before we got through with this job we could have given an old-time Mississippi River steamboat mate some nice points in the art of profanity. The next time your "Uncle Fuller" is on the "old guard fatigue" on board a ship, he is going to hide out.

The way they have of doing business in this country makes a western man sick. Over half a million dollars have been turned loose, in pay to the soldiers alone, during the past ten days and there is but one store in the place, and after fighting one's way to the counter—which usually takes about a half-hour—he will then find one clerk behind the counter in a large building and probably not a blessed article he came for. A live business man could have made a fortune here. "Niggers" have made from \$25 to \$50 a day selling boiled fish, lemonade, sandwiches, etc.

The boys are all enjoying a bath in the waters of the bay once or twice a day, and for the first time since we enlisted we can keep clean. There are no facilities for washing clothes, however; otherwise, except for the men on duty, a cavalryman's life on ship-board would be the ideal existence for a lazy man. It seems quite strange not to be kept on the hop from morning to night, but one can't groom horses, lead them to water, and ride them all over the landscape on board a ship 300 feet long.

There is a good deal of feeling at Tampa between the white and colored soldiers, and a great deal of rough and tumble fighting has been the result, and a few negroes have been killed. A colored house of prostitution was burned down yesterday by a party of white soldiers who had been attacked by the inmates armed with pistols, soda bottles, etc.

There are nearly 40,000 soldiers and government employes here and every store and saloon in the place has sold everything they had to sell at double prices.

Trooper Rawhide
(A. D. Webb).

Trooper Rawhide writes interesting letters descriptive of the voyage to Santiago.

A collision narrowly averted. The men taken were real cow-boys. Slow time. Santiago at last.

Wednesday, June 15, '98.

After "fiddling" around for a month, sailing orders were finally received and the fleet having the largest army of invasion in the history of modern warfare, weighed anchor and steamed out toward the Gulf of Mexico last Monday afternoon at about 4 p. m. When the mouth of the bay (about 30 miles distant) was reached the ships dropped anchor and swung idly at their mooring until about 2 p. m. the next day, when the squadron again got under way and stood out to sea. It was a grand and imposing sight to see the thirty big transports with about 1000 men each, steaming out in a "column of fours" while the half dozen or more fighting ships deployed as skirmishers and flankers on the front and on either side, keeping up a sharp look-out for Spanish ships.

The Yucatan, or No. 8, on which the thoughts of Arizona are doubtless now centered, as she bears all the Rough Riders picked for this expedition, narrowly escaped a collision on the way out and it was a pleasure to see the men stand firm and not flinch for a moment in the face of peril that produced almost a stampede on the part of the sailors of the two ships. When the danger was passed the cavalymen on the Yucatan jeered the infantrymen on the other craft in true soldier fashion, telling them they could not get out of the way of an ox-cart; and the "dough-boys" retaliated that we had better get a new crew before we went to sea or they would likely have the pleasure of riding our horses in Cuba while we furnished food for the fishes.

All day long we have been out of sight of land and there is a delightful uncertainty about where we are going. Some say we are headed for Porto Rico, others that Havana, Santiago de Cuba or some other point in Cuba is our destination. I think we will stop at Tortugas. Key West is out of the question, as we are about 100 miles out in the Gulf.

The status of our outfit is the source of some comment among the boys. They used to call us the R. R. R.—Roosevelt's Rough Riders—but when our horses and six-shooters were taken away from us, some facetious cuss dubbed us the W. W. W.'s—Wood's Weary Walkers. Now they have put us on a ship armed with dynamite gun and a battery of rapid fire guns, and we have come to the conclusion that we must belong to Capt. Jinks' famous band of horse-marines.

The dynamite gun on the bow is something of an experiment, we understand, and we are told that if a shot from it—112 pounds in weight—strikes within a hundred yards of an iron-clad, it will sink it. As there are some 3000 or 4000 pounds of this ammunition piled up in the bow, the result of an explosion can readily be conjectured. The other night we were struck by a "white squall" accompanied by heavy thunder and vivid lightning. We all agreed that if lightning struck us we would knock a hole in the bottom of the sea.

A troop has lost its comfortable quarters. We are now down in the hold where the ambitious mercury rises to some hundred odd each night when we are supposed to be sleeping.

As there has been considerable discussion in Graham County as to the men she sent to the war, I will give a brief account of each one in this expedition. The rest of the Graham County were left at Tampa:

Griffin—cowboy and miner, broke bronchos in the Sulphur Springs Valley and vicinity for seven years. An excellent shot and crack rider.

May—cowboy and teamster. Has ridden on the range for ten years in Arizona and California. Good rider and rifle shot.

Van Sicklen—cowboy; worked cattle for different outfits in San Simon and Graham mountain range country. Excellent rider and good shot with rifle.

Tuttle—rancher and student. Has ridden horses all his life. Can rope and ride bronchos. A fair shot.

Paxton—rancher, a good rider and marksman.

Stark—farmer; a fair rider and crack shot with pistol.

Webb—printer; indifferent rider. A fair shot with rifle.

Bugbee, Fred—farmer and railroad man; an average rider. Don't know about his marksmanship.

McCarter—printer; good rider. Can catch a horse, shoe him, saddle and ride him. As good an all round man as there is in the troop. Don't know about his marksmanship.

Santiago de Cuba, June 20, 1898.

For just one week and a day we have been aboard the old craft, and for seven days we have been steaming steadily south-east. In an ordinary sort of a steamship we would have been nearing the coast of Africa, but in very truth we have but arrived in the vicinity of Santiago de Cuba. We have averaged a speed of about six miles an hour since the start.

The food has been as usual; very poor in quality and devilish little of it. One could occasionally go down by the kitchen window where the meals for the officers and shipmen are cooked and "bum a hand-out" from the cook, if he put up anywhere from two bits to a dollar for the privilege. Ice water has sold on the ship for five and ten cents for a half of a cupful, and other things in proportion. Uncle Sam is very liberal in promises, but by the time a soldier gets what is rightfully his own he is usually dead and does not need it. If any of the relatives of the Arizonans happen to catch any of the smart Alecks who have circulated the stories about all the supplies being forwarded to the soldiers and sold at cost plus transportation, they will please hang them immediately, and wait till we get home for the trial. That patriotic gentleman, Armour, is working off a lot of "salt horse" on the army that would make a dog sick, under the name of prime roast beef. We got a consignment of the aforesaid, which together with hard-tack and, occasionally, beans and very weak coffee, has made up our feed for the last ten days.

The only thing there seems to be plenty of aboard this ship is whiskey (at \$20 per gallon) and beer (as warm as dish-water) at twenty-five cents a small pint bottle. In his young days your correspondent has experimented with some pretty tough bug extract in Arizona, yet he can truthfully say that he has never tackled any red liquor that would come up to the standard of this rat poison sold right here on board this government ship.

We have had an exceptionally smooth voyage. There has been but very little seasickness aboard and but four or five men have been transferred to the hospital ship en route. This speaks

better for the physical condition of the men than it does for the good management of those supposed to look out for our welfare.

Thursday, while skirting the Cuban coast, we fell in with a small sail boat clear out of sight of land. There were six occupants in the boat and the single star banner of Cuba floated defiantly at the masthead. As we passed the gallant little craft, she showed her teeth and fired a salute with a Winchester. We responded with rousing cheers and steamed away, leaving the tiny craft alone in the rolling waves. Today at noon we passed a place called Cayanejos (or some other name), where a battle has just ended between a force of U. S. marines, 800 strong, and a large Spanish force. A U. S. gunboat came out and informed us that 160 Spaniards were killed and 200 wounded and 18 taken prisoners. The American loss was 8 killed.

We are told that we are to land in the morning. Our guns are all cleaned and oiled, while our baggage is rolled in the long horseshoe roll, to be slung over the shoulder so that we can disembark at a moment's notice. Our belts are full of cartridges, and our canteens filled with water. Before this letter reaches its destination, the Arizona volunteers will probably have smelled powder for the first time on the field of battle.

Trooper Rawhide.
(A. D. Webb).

TROOPER RAWHIDE.

THE BULLETIN CORRESPONDENT IN THE BATTLE. ANOTHER INTERESTING LETTER FROM SANTIAGO WHICH TELLS OF HARD FIGHTING.

(Special Bulletin correspondence.)

Cuba, June 27, 1898.

As I predicted in my last letter, the Arizona Volunteers have been in battle, and under the most adverse circumstances. They acquitted themselves in a most creditable manner. Not a man flinched and most of the boys stood under fire and made sport of the Spaniards and their shooting, even while the bullets are thick as bees, and men were being killed and wounded on every hand.

We stood out to sea the night after we came through the Windward Passage, and on the morning of the 22nd we came back about 18 miles from Santiago de Cuba and lay off the shore three or four miles, while the warships threw shells into the hills to prospect for Spaniards. The town was held by about 200 Spanish

troops but they hit the road in high places when the first shots were fired. We then steamed in and landed at 4 p. m. The Spaniards had fired the town and burned the railroad track and machine shops. They drove most of the Cubans away in front of them. We had been up since three o'clock in the morning. The food was scant as usual. No sooner were the American troops ashore than the insurgents began to pour in and tell what valorous deeds they would have performed if they had arrived a little sooner. They are a queer looking lot. All sizes, ages and colors; ragged beyond description, and armed with all kinds of guns, pistols and cutlery, from a stiletto to a machete four feet long.

We camped at the seashore that night, and were not permitted to unroll our blankets. We slept on the ground and about two inches of dew fell on us. It was very cold, and we were soaked to the skin when we arose. Got up at 4 a. m. and cooked breakfast. Then we loafed around until 4 p. m. Lots of cocoanuts and mangoes. I went with some other Graham County boys and brought in lots of nuts, first eating all the ripe ones and drinking all the juice from the green ones we could hold. While on this expedition we met about 500 insurgents lying in the brush. They told us we should be more careful as the country was full of Spanish Guerrillas. We replied that we would throw cocoanuts at them if they attacked us. The Cubans looked at us with their mouths agape at such talk.

At 4 p. m. we shouldered our baggage and started for the next town. We carried about 45 pounds per man and marched 12 miles in 4½ hours, with two rests of about 15 minutes each. Part of the march was made on a run.

It was fearfully warm, and the men began to drop from the line before we had proceeded a mile from camp. Before we had marched two miles the road was lined with men who could stagger along no farther, and the faint-hearted ones who gave up easily. Four regiments were ahead of us and the regular infantry did not stand the march any better than we did. All night long men were straggling into camp. We marched by all the troops ahead of us, except two regiments of cavalry who were on outpost duty. We cooked supper and then stood around in a pouring rain to hear the news of the day. The town had been attacked by the insurgents, and the Spaniards had beaten them back. Then the U. S. Regulars came up, fired a volley or two, and the Spaniards fled in the direction of Santiago de Cuda, taking all the Cubans—men, women and children—with them. Before they left, they beheaded 17 crippled who could not walk; so we were

told by some of the inhabitants who hid in the rocks and came down when we entered the town.

We turned in at 11 p. m. and slept in the mud till 3:30 a. m., when we were awakened by the bugle and given forty-five minutes to get breakfast and be ready to march.

When the sun rose on the morning of the 24th, we were climbing a steep hill about one mile long, with our packs heavier than the day before for the rain had soaked up during the night. The Rough Riders were in front—8 troops of about 60 men, each, strong. There were a few troops of the Tenth Regular Cavalry on the right, and some of the First Regular Cavalry farther out—about 900 men in all. When we got up the hill they hot-footed us along the crest of the ridge, through dense forest, for a few hours, when all at once the column was halted and the men told to keep quiet. Most of us were so tired by this time that we just dropped in our tracks to rest, but some of the boys sought the shade of trees. We moved on again a few hundred yards, and found that the “rabbit path” we had been following was rapidly developing into a fair road. We were then stopped again and deployed as skirmishers to the right of the road. Not a shot had been fired up to this time. We had advanced about 150 yards farther, a few scattering shots were fired, and almost instantly both sides were turned loose. The regular volleys of a few troops of the U. S. Regulars were broken by the rattling of the machine guns, which sounded like a dozen snare drums going off at once. Off to our right the boys were plugging away with a few Hotchkiss rapid fire guns and we, the Rough Riders, were popping away in true Arizona style, but only when we saw something tangible to shoot at. “Bucky” O’Neil walked along with A troop, joshing with his men as though we were drilling back in San Antonio, and he did not have any the best of it either, for when he gave the order to advance by creeping, the boys insisted on standing up and walking, claiming it was easier to walk than crawl through the Spanish bayonets and thick, tangled grass in front. By this time, we were getting into the ground where the Spanish have their guns trained when they planned the ambuscade, and bullets, explosive shells and balls from machine guns were whistling through our ranks like a swarm of bees and trimming a shower of branches from the trees overhead. We dropped down on our hands and knees and crawled about 100 yards closer to the enemy, when we came to a small, steep canyon, with a dense growth of small trees all around us. Here the command of halt was given and we laid down in skirmish order—two yards apart. We were then under a terrible

fire. I felt a bullet zip past my right ear; the man on the left of me said he saw a twig cut clean off about two inches above my head. Archie Tuttle was on my right side about four feet away, and a bullet struck the ground about six inches from him and threw dust all over him. The sergeant of our squad was the second man from me on the left, and was lying very low behind some small brush. A bullet split a three-inch sappling just beside his head and the splinters flew in his face. The trees above us to a height of twelve feet were literally cut to pieces. It was evident that the Spaniards had their machine guns trained a little too high—no doubt intending to kill us all off when we stampede. But we did not stampede. We kept inching a little closer trying to locate them, and occasionally getting a shot at a Spaniard who was away from the main body. Finally the firing ceased, and we took up a position to the front and waited. The heavy firing shifted to other parts of the field, but a scattering rain of bullets kept dropping on A troop. During the heaviest firing we had two men killed—Corporal Dougherty and Private Ligget—both from the northern part of the territory. Dougherty was shot through the head and Ligget through the heart. Neither spoke after being hit. After the firing ceased we marched about a half-mile and rested in the shade of some trees along the road. The roll of A troop was called and everyone who went into the fight, except the dead, answered "Here." There had been no straggling nor running. Every step taken during the fight had been taken toward the enemy, and we had to stand for some time under a fierce fire, and we could not return it for fear of hitting other U. S. troops. We were flanked so badly at one time that we all thought our own men were shooting into us from the rear.

Too much praise cannot be given Captain "Bucky" O'Neill for his part in the fight. Totally regardless of his own safety he walked up and down the line looking after his men and when he could do no more he calmly rolled a cigarette and took a smoke.

After the dead had been brought in we went on ahead a half a mile, cooked our dinner, came back and went into camp on the very ground occupied by the enemy during the fight.

At one time A troop was within 100 yards of the Spanish firing line, but they were so well concealed and using smokeless powder that we could not see them, which was probably fortunate for them.

B troop had three wounded—including Capt. McClintock. C troop was not in the fight. Major Brodie, of Prescott, was wounded in the arm.

The Graham County boys in the fight were Van Sicklen, Griffin, Bugbee, Paxton, Stark, McCarter, Tuttle, Webb and Mills, the man from Morenci, who joined A troop at San Antonio. None of us was hit, fortunately, but the fatigue of the march and fight did some of us up pretty severely. Wallace Stark is in the hospital today, but not very ill. The rest of us are ready for duty.

The next morning, with a very impressive service, the bodies of our nine comrades lost in the battle were interred in a trench, while thousands of buzzards floated overhead and added to the dreadful feeling which is experienced amid such scenes. They had found a man whom I had known well in the regiment, and I hope I never again see such a spectacle as he presented. The buzzards are reported to be getting fat on the Spaniards who fell in the dense brush where our men could not find them to bury.

We camped on the battlefield two nights, and then moved up two miles nearer to Santiago de Cuba, establishing a camp which we will probably hold until the final assault. We march out and do our scouting sentry and outpost duty and then come back to camp. We are pretty close to the city. I think a big battle is imminent.

Several funny things happened during the fight. An insurgent major boarded our transport before we landed, and after looking us over said we were a fine looking lot of fellows, but we needed machetas like his to cut our way through the Spaniards. During the fight he was seen "cutting his way" to the rear, and using his machete to beat his horse over the back. He has not been seen since.

The camp is now full of newspaper correspondents, and I suppose you have a better description of the fight than I have given, but devilish few of them were as near to the Spanish guns as your Uncle Fuller and the rest of the boys from Graham County. Tuttle was out on a scout yesterday with "Teddy" Roosevelt and five other "Terriers." We are all, with the exception of Stark, feeling pretty well. Grub is scarce, but we are good rustlers. A Spanish newspaper, printed since the fight, came into camp this morning. It stated that there were 60,000 Americans and 5,000 Spaniards in the fight. That our loss was 5,000, and theirs 250. In truth there were but 900 Americans in the scrap. The Lord only knows how many Spaniards there were. The Rough Riders tramped them out of the brush, and the 10th Cavalry killed them as they ran. That's about the style of it.

Trooper Rawhide.

(A. D. Webb).

TROOPER RAWHIDE

MORE OF HIS EXPERIENCES AND OBSERVATIONS IN
FRONT OF SANTIAGO.

MANY HARDSHIPS ENDURED. DEATH AND BURIAL
OF "BUCKY" O'NEILL. THREE DAYS OF HARD FIGHT-
ING. GRAHAM COUNTY BOYS WHO TOOK PART.
TROOP A IN FRONT.

(Special Bulletin Correspondence)

In the trenches before Santiago de Cuba, July 17, 1898.

Since my last letter the people of Arizona have probably become satisfied regarding the motive which prompted some two hundred young men in the cactus territory to throw up good jobs and respond to the president's first appeal for Americans to come to the front. We have been tried in a manner almost unknown to volunteers, and I will leave it to future historians to say if we have been found wanting.

The battle has been fought; the enemy made to humbly sue for peace, and on the roll of honor Arizona has some fifteen names of men who fearlessly laid down their lives at their country's call; and in the hospitals and on the convalescent list about twenty more may be found, who bear the marks of Spanish bullets and shells. In the hospitals may be found a dozen more, equally brave men, who are victims of the deadly fever and other diseases, brought on by the fearful privation and exposure we have been compelled to undergo. We have suffered heavy loss, the worst being in the death of Capt. "Bucky" O'Neill, than whom a braver man never led soldiers to battle. Standing erect, midst a storm of bullets, laughing and joking with his men, he met his death as other heroes have met theirs before him. He was buried near the spot where he fell by his own men, two of whom had stood guard over his remains from the moment he was shot until his body was tenderly laid to rest. No parson was there to tell of the nobleness of his character, and his funeral dirge was the whistle of bullets and the scream of shells. "Bucky" is dead, but death will close the eyes of the last trooper who fought under him ere he is forgotten.

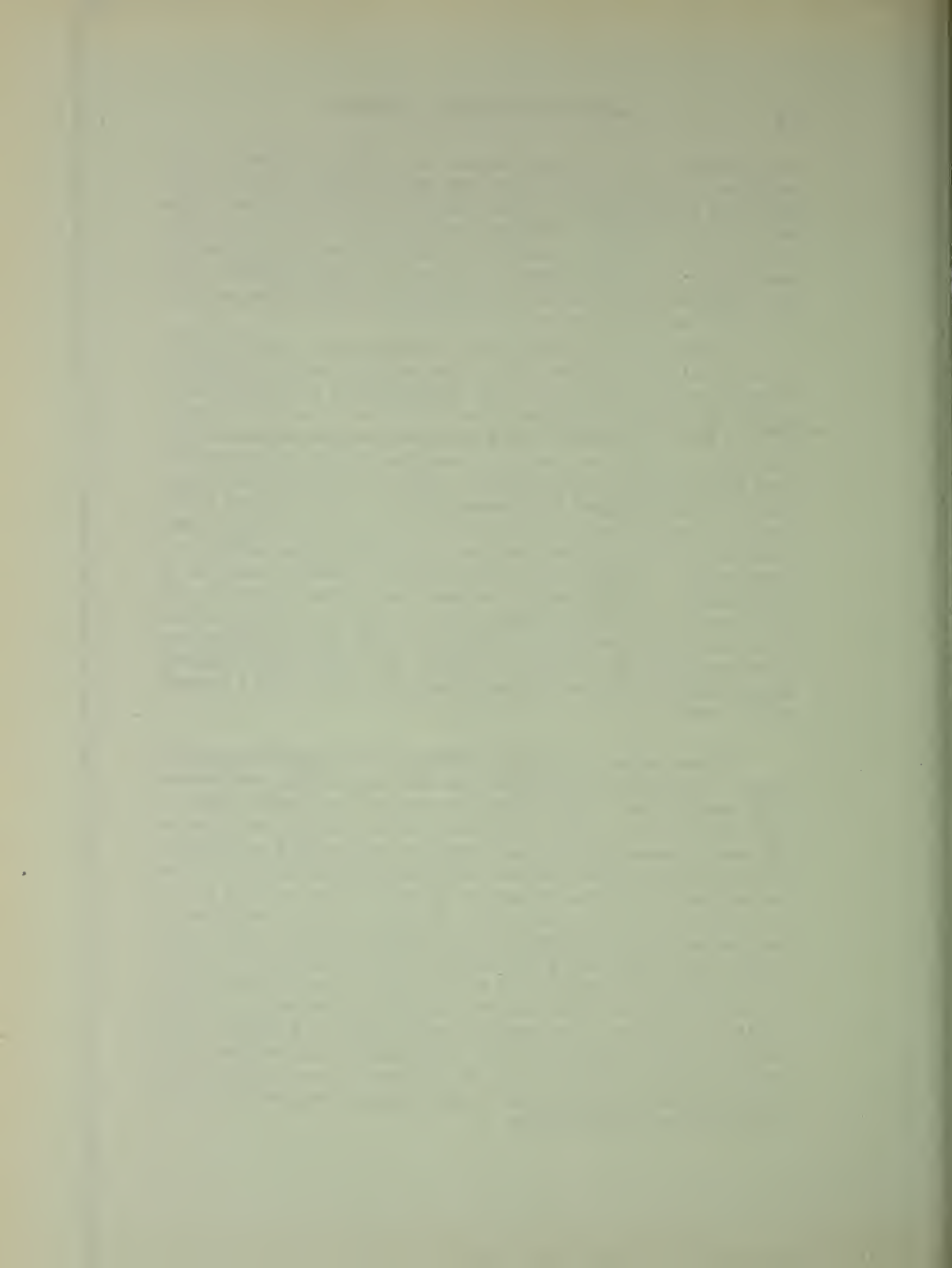
The battle of the 1st, 2nd and 3rd of July has been described, no doubt, by far abler writers than myself, and is now almost an-



cient history in the United States, so I will not attempt a description. "A" troop was there from start to finish. We were sent out alone at daybreak to make a scout to a point some two miles to the left of the line. Without breakfast we started cheerfully and scouted a country where we could all have been ambushed and killed at any time had the enemy been in that direction. The only thing we saw, however, was some skulking guerrillas, who got out of the way before we could shoot them.

Arriving at a high point your correspondent, Archie Tuttle, Frank Paxton and a few others, who had been sent on ahead as skirmishers, had a fine view of the bombardment preceding the assault. We could see the great 8-inch shells as they soared through the air, both from our own and our enemy's guns, and could follow those we could not see by the peculiar hissing screech which once heard will never be forgotten. When it was found the enemy could not be dislodged by cannonading, we were recalled to the regiment to take part in the assault. On our way back we passed a band of Cuban soldiers who had apparently been hiding in a deep ravine. A shell had found them out, however, and one of their number lay dead while two more were groaning by the side of the trail we were traveling, badly wounded. I stopped and gave one of the poor devils half of the water in my canteen, and I can yet hear the "Gracias, Senor," the poor fellow uttered. Many times that day, with throat parched and burning, I thought of that water.

We soon came up with our regiment and hurried toward the front. It was getting fearfully hot and our clothes were soaked with perspiration. The bullets commenced to whistle about us and the air seemed full of explosive balls used by our enemies. We were seasoned soldiers now, however, and smiled in contempt at the man who ducked his head when one popped near him. When we came to a dead man we simply glanced at him to see if he was an acquaintance, then passed on. We soon came up with the firing line and were ordered to lay down and not shoot, as there were some of the Tenth and First Cavalry between us and the enemy. We lay down in an open field and the sun got in its work to such an extent that two of the men were unable to rise and go on when ordered to advance. Our position was in front of a battery which the enemy were trying to silence with cannon and machine guns. Shells, bullets and all kinds of old scrap iron whistled and screamed over our heads, but we lay close to the ground and escaped with very little injury.



We next moved about one hundred yards nearer to the enemy and took a position along a wire fence by the side of the public road. As we lay in this position we were exposed to a very heavy fire from sharpshooters in the trees. At this point our captain was killed. The death of Captain O'Neill seemed to paralyze the troop, as no one appeared to know what to do. After awhile we lined up with the other troops of our regiment and when the order to advance was given each man in the troop started out to do a little fighting on his own account, to get even with the Spaniards. Wherever the fighting was the hottest that day there could be found men from Arizona in the forefront of the battle. With the dusky warriors of the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry, wherever they charged the enemy could be found the Rough Riders from Arizona. Troop and regimental formation was thrown to the wind; the men were after Spanish blood, and from the fact that some of the members of "A" troop fired from 200 to 300 shots, I guess they got it.

After heights were taken, a continuous fire was kept up until it was so dark we could not see. Then the guns were dropped and the tired troopers rested by working till daylight with pick and shovel, building entrenchments. Such is the account of the doing of the men from Arizona on the 1st of July. On the 2nd, the enemy found us almost as strongly entrenched as themselves. This appeared to make them mad and they opened on us again and tried to shell us off the hill. We refused to leave it, though we lost several men from shells and a few from bullets. The fight was kept up all the 2nd and until noon on the 3rd, when a truce was declared. The Graham County men in the fight were Fred Bugbee, Frank Van Sicklen, Archie Tuttle, A. D. Webb, McCarter, Frank Paxton and C. E. Mills. Bugbee was the only Graham County man wounded, getting a scalp wound from a Mauser bullet. McCarter got a hole in his shirt, and Webb one through his legging.

I have been a long time writing this, but we were nearly dead after the fight, and duty was very heavy and chuck scarce. We are now sparring for points with Yellow Jack. I weigh 145 pounds. The bullet that hit me perforated my legging, took the skin off my shin and made a black and blue spot about as big as a dollar and a half. It is all right now. Griffin and May, from Graham County, are reported sick. Stark is sick in camp here.

It rains every day here, and we are wet all the time. It is a devil of a country to live out doors in.

Trooper Rawhide.
(A. D. Webb).

TROOPER RAWHIDE

WRITES HIS LAST LETTER FROM CUBA. THE ARIZONA BOYS TIRED AND SICK.

The following interesting letter from Troope Rawhide was written in camp near Santiago a short while before the Rough Riders sailed for Long Island.

Santiago de Cuba, August 4, 1898.

We have now been lying in this "recuperation" camp for seventeen days, and for a "healthy" location to go to and rest up in, it is a selection worthy of the mighty brain and ponderous intellect of even a commanding general of the United States' Armies. I don't believe there is a blessed soul among the four hundred-odd Rough Riders, who constitute the remnant of a regiment on this island but who has been sick for a greater or less period of time since we pitched our tent on this healthy (?) campground, excepting, perhaps, a few commissioned officers who go to town, four miles away, whenever they please; ride on the bay; eat and drink what they wish, and have a "dog robber" to cook for them while out here in camp. Even some of these gentlemen (by an Act of Congress) have over-played their hands and are lying in town awaiting to get well, or sober, before returning to this sweet-scented camp.

Nearly everyone in camp is fairly putrid with dysentery. Chills come around each day to shake the majority of us to see if we are still alive. When the chills get tired, along comes a most diabolical kind of fever which is warranted to burn a man up entirely in just three hours; it usually stops a trifle short of that spontaneous combustion point, much to the disappointment of the poor victim. Strange as it may seem, though, very few deaths have occurred from natural causes among the Rough Riders so far, but I will make a prognostication that a pestilence will sweep the camp before September 15, if we remain here.

As the people will be interested in the condition of each man from Graham County, and they are probably a fair average of the camp, I will deal with each personally:



Fred Bugbee, shot in the head at San Juan Hill, has recovered from his wound, and has been wrestling with chills and fever until he looks like a spirit from another world.

May and Griffin have been shipped back to the United States. Both reported very sick on the hospital boat.

Wallace Stark is confined to his tent. Doctor unable to diagnose his case. Has not reported for duty for over two weeks.

C. E. Mills, of Morenci, sick in town; don't know how bad.

Frank Van Sicklen, chills and fever; not able to report for duty.

Frank Paxton stood the climate well; been confined to tent only two or three days during the last three weeks.

Archie Tuttle has got fat since landing on the island. The chills and fever, however, have been sparring a couple of rounds with him every other day for the past week, but don't seem to be getting much the best of the contest so far.

A. D. Webb has stood the trip well and with the exception of losing some fifty pounds in weight, through dysentery and violent exercise, is all right, though not so corpulent as in days of yore.

McCarter has stood the campaign fine. He is now in town, and I understand has been detached and is working in a printing office.

That's the way we are hooked up and you can judge for yourself whether the health of the regiment is "wonderful" or not. The hospitals are tents; the whole country is soaked with water; it rains every day; we have nothing worth the name of a tent to shelter us, and yet we are told to keep dry and clean by a lot of jays sent here by the government to masquerade under the name of "doctors" (?).

We drew new uniforms the other day, and what in the name of the master of ceremonies in the infernal region we are going to do with them I do not know. Had there been any more brass buttons and yellow cloth in the United States they doubtless would have been used on these gaudy uniforms. When fully "ragged out" a Rough Rider trooper now looks about like R. Allyn Lewis, Arizona's brave adjutant general, in full dress, and a drum-major rolled into one. There are shoulder straps on the shoulders, a belt, pleats in the back and front, a high gold collar—and buttons, buttons everywhere. One of the boys put his on at once and took a stroll up through the camp. All the regulars saluted him, taking him for a captain at least.

Troop "A" drew these wonderful uniforms shortly after the daily rain, when the "company street" of this gallant troop was about the blackest, dirtiest mud in has ever been my ill-fortune to plant my foot in. It came to within an inch of the top of our government brogans, which have to be laced with extra care to prevent pulling off while en route from one end of the "street" to the other. A pair of canvas overalls and a blue woollen shirt is good enough for me to campaign in Cuba with, and I think I voice the sentiment of every enlisted man in the Rough Rider Regiment when I say it is good enough for all of us. Personally, I will say that it is my belief that if the United States wishes to make jackasses out of its soldiers, it should load them down with something besides dress parade suits of clothes that will be spoiled before we get a chance to put them on.

There are all kinds of rumors afloat. Some say we go to Porto Rico, others that we will be sent to the United States shortly, while still others say we are going to stay here and make a campaign of the island. They can send us to the devil, so far as I am concerned, if they will only move us from these fever-soaked hills around Santiago de Cuba.

Trooper Rawhide.
(A. D. Webb).

HISTORY OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN ARIZONA AND THE NATION

Delivered before the Democratic Woman's Club of Maricopa County, Arizona,
May 1, 1928, by Mrs. Mattie L. Williams

What a tremendous subject to be expressed in a few words! I suppose I am to tell what of it—what good it has done—what change has it made—has it been worth while?

Susan B. Anthony will no doubt stand out as the peer, or greatest of all woman suffrage leaders in our United States, and next I would place the name of Dr. Anna K. Shaw. There are many others I will not mention, but feel duty bound to mention Alice Paul.

I shall not tell what has been accomplished in other countries, but only in our own.

Following is a quotation of Elihu Root, U. S. Senator from New York, taken from a pamphlet issued by the National American Woman Suffrage Association:

"I believe it (the granting of suffrage to women) to be false philosophy; I believe it is an attempt to turn backward along the line of social development, and that if the step ever be taken we go centuries backward on march toward a higher, a nobler and a purer civilization, which must be found not in confusion, but in the higher differentiation of the sex."

We all know how doubts and objections were raised in regard to woman suffrage. Summed up, there were really two objections: (1) The superiority of the male complex, and (2), the inferiority of the female complex.

The Susan B. Anthony amendment was first introduced into Congress in 1878 by Senator A. A. Sargent of California, exactly as she drew it up, and was as follows:

Section I. The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by any state on account of sex.

II. Congress shall have power by appropriate legislation to enforce the provision of this Article.

There was an equal suffrage association that did active work in Kansas and in 1861 the women there were given school suffrage. The women banded together to not give up until entire suffrage was won.

The ablest leaders of the suffrage organizations, however, were in the East. They labored forty years intensely, but no

suffrage referendum was secured. The women of Wyoming voted in 1869, in Utah in 1870, in Colorado in 1876, while Washington gave suffrage to women in 1883 and re-enacted this law in 1889—twenty years for these four states. In 1896 the suffrage amendment carried in Idaho.

In 1896 California went Republican and voted against the suffrage amendment; and the Brewers & Wholesale Liquor Dealers Association defeated the suffrage amendment submitted by voters of California in 1882, 1900, 1906, 1908, 1910 and 1912.

After Wyoming, Utah, Colorado and Washington had suffrage for women, there were only two remaining territories, Arizona and Oklahoma, and here as elsewhere, the saloons checked every effort to secure suffrage.

It is time to pause and pay tribute to whom tribute is due—the saloons were running riot. It seemed that the main object for the Brewers Association was the political protection of trade. All will admit that this organization directed its powers in defense of liquor interests. In 1874 the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was organized which was the largest woman's organization in any country. It was proven beyond a doubt the same men who conducted anti-prohibition campaigns were against suffrage amendment, one of the worst features being that the liquor interests applied the boycott to men favoring suffrage as they did to those favoring prohibition. The state of Ohio encountered some of these hardest fought battles. The methods employed through the educational means of the W. C. T. U. were a great help and one of the biggest aids in winning national suffrage. Through unjust conditions the women were forced to fight their way to political liberty.

In 1912 suffrage amendments were submitted to the electors in six states: Arizona, Kansas, Oregon, Michigan, Wisconsin and Ohio. Arizona, Kansas and Oregon won, the other states lost.

The first bill approved by the Governor of Alaska (1913) was woman suffrage, and in 1913 Illinois women won the right to vote for the President of the United States, for municipal officers, and for those state officers not named in the State Constitution as eligible by votes of male electors only. Illinois had an electoral vote of 29. This victory for woman suffrage affected the nation. The day following the Illinois municipal election, newspapers announced that women had closed more than one thousand saloons. Liquor trade papers reported, "We told you so."

In 1914 referendum for woman suffrage in seven states was submitted. Only two won, Montana and Nevada. Though only two states were won in this year, active plans were made for Federal Suffrage Amendment. The last of all suffrage conventions came to an end February, 1920.

While the American women labored for woman suffrage, twenty-six countries gave the vote to their women. America's delay no doubt was due to trading and trickery, the buying and selling of American politics. In some places bosses wanted to assert "their rights" as though they were kings; but in our Democratic Party, where many of our leaders were supporters of woman suffrage, women were given a welcome and at once national committeemen shared honors with our national committeewomen. When women came into politics they did not expect to lead, and as yet have shown no signs of leading, but they do want to have their say, and not only wanting to say, but does say by her ballot.

The suffrage amendment was finally passed by Congress June 14, 1919. From January 10, 1878, when the bill was introduced by Senator Sargent, until June 14, 1919, the term was forty years and six months. The amendment was continuously pending, sometimes favorable, sometimes adverse reports. In all that time the Senate committees made six reports only, and the House committees made five in the thirty-five years between 1878 and 1913.

After the suffrage amendment was passed by Congress, it had to be ratified by legislatures of at least 36 states. All but ten states did ratify the amendment. So the women of the following ten states were given the right to vote by the men of the other states: Delaware, Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi and Florida. I am sure we are all justly proud that our state ratified.

At noon February 12, 1920, the first special session of the Fourth State Legislature of Arizona voted to ratify the suffrage amendment. Attached to the House Bill were the names of Mrs. Nellie Haywood, Mrs. Rosa McKay, Mrs. J. W. Westover and Mrs. Pauline O'Neill. The resolution was signed and went promptly to the Senate, which adopted the ratifying resolution at 9:10 P. M. of the same day.

Woman suffrage agitation was started in Arizona in 1901 and a bill granting full suffrage was passed by the Legislature, but was vetoed by Governor Brodie on constitutional grounds. A real active campaign was begun in 1909 led by Mrs. Frances Wil-

lard Munds of Yavapai County, who was assisted by a number of prominent women, especially members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

The Legislature was unwilling to act, resort was taken to the people and in 1912 women were given the right of suffrage two to one. The vote cast was for 13,452 to 6,202 against. At the first election, after women had suffrage in Arizona, Mrs. Munds was elected to the State Senate, to this date the only woman filling this place in Arizona. In the House of the Legislature, the following have served: Mrs. Rachel Berry, Mrs. Nellie Bush, Miss C. Louise Boehringer, Mrs. J. H. Westover, Mrs. Theodora Marsh, Mrs. Rosa McKay, Mrs. Vernettie O. Ivy, Miss Gladys Walker and Mrs. B. E. Marks, the last one the only Republican woman.

The first meeting to discuss the experience of women in politics was held about ten years ago and was attended by fourteen nations. People from Australia, New Zealand, Great Britain, Germany, Czecho Slovakia, Scandinavia, Holland, France and Belgium were represented. They discussed the questions: Is there a reaction against woman suffrage in your country? If so, how does it show itself? And why does it exist. This was found to be true: That no country had a movement to take the vote away from women, nor was there any expressed desire to do so. There was in every land a resistance to equality in political fields. You know the saying that men are afraid of women voters; some men think women are not "needed" in politics. Many times men have failed to clean up their politics because women have suffrage; they must not expect the women to clean up what they have been centuries making.

In the United States two women have served as Governors—many have served in a judicial way—judges of supreme court, etc., and many as members of the legislature—and serving with credit to their sex, their party and their nation. There is nothing the matter with woman suffrage in the United States. It is wholesome—it surely supports the Eighteenth Amendment. Our critics are slowly becoming reconciled, though the process is a little painful to some.

I am indebted to State Historian Major Geo. H. Kelly, to the Story of the Woman's Party by Inez Haynes Irwin, to Woman Suffrage and Politics by Carrie Chapman Catt and Nettie Rogers Shuler, and to the librarians of the Phoenix Public Library for the information and helps that have made it possible for me to condense this little bit of history on woman suffrage.



NOTE—Now for the year 1928; Arizona was not slow to place honor and responsibilities on woman. In April of this year Mrs. Fannie B. Gaar was elected Mayor of Casa Grande, Pinal County. The first woman Chairman of any County Central Committee in Arizona was elected in September. Mrs. P. W. Hamilton, of Coolidge in Pinal County, holds this office. She is a Democrat—she will make good. Then, to balance affairs, she has a man for her secretary. Think of that! Your humble servant has served as secretary two years and treasurer four years on Maricopa County Central Committee, but always there was a man for Chairman.

MATTIE L. WILLIAMS.



THE FIRST PIONEERS OF THE GILA VALLEY

(As Related by MRS. C. A. TEEPLES of Pima, Arizona.)

Many have attempted to tell who the first Gila Valley pioneers were in Graham County. They have told it in public and have printed it in the valley paper. Most of the earliest pioneers have passed away, but they still live in the minds of all of the true early pioneers, and those who speak of the first pioneers, in most cases, have either forgotten or do not know the facts.

I am taking the liberty to tell who the first pioneers who came to the Gila Valley were; how they were sent and what they experienced after arriving. In 1879 William Teeples came twice to the Gila with two different companies from Northern Arizona, in search of a new home. Some liked the valley, while others did not. Those who were favorably impressed went to Jesse N. Smith, who was then president of the Snowflake Stake of Latter Day Saints, and reported conditions and their desires, and asked for his advice in regard to colonizing the valley of the Gila. President Smith told the men that he would go to Show Low, where their camp was located and organize their colony. President Smith then took with him a company and went to Show Low and held a meeting at the home of Moses Cluff. At this meeting, J. K. Rogers was chosen and set apart as presiding elder in the church, with William Teeples as first, and Henry Dallas as second counselors, and Hyrum Weech, secretary. These leaders were instructed by President Smith to obey counsel and they would get along all right. The little colony then made rapid preparations to start on their journey. With the men, women and children they numbered about twenty-five souls. The men and women drove the teams while the boys drove the loose cattle, and everything proceeded well.

When we reached Camp Apache our men went to get supplies, so that we could continue on to the Gila Valley. When the officers of the camp heard of our travels they desired to secure the names and ages of every member of our company, and also wanted to know of trouble from the Indians, but we did not know of the danger at that time. We continued on and encountered some very bad roads. When we reached Black River we crossed over safely and camped for the night, but the next morning the men and boys had to remove the large rocks from the mountain road before we could go on. It was more of a trail than a

ORIGINAL ARTICLES

1. The first article discusses the importance of maintaining accurate medical records. It emphasizes that these records are not only essential for patient care but also serve as a legal document. The author suggests that physicians should adopt a systematic approach to record-keeping, ensuring that all relevant information is captured and organized in a clear, concise manner.

2. The second article explores the role of the physician in the community. It argues that beyond the clinical setting, doctors have a responsibility to engage in public health activities, such as health education and advocacy. By doing so, they can help to prevent disease and promote the overall well-being of the population.

3. The third article focuses on the ethical challenges faced by medical professionals. It examines issues such as informed consent, confidentiality, and the allocation of scarce resources. The author provides a framework for navigating these complex situations, drawing on established ethical principles and professional standards.

4. The fourth article addresses the impact of medical technology on the practice of medicine. It discusses how advances in diagnostic and therapeutic techniques have transformed patient care, while also highlighting the potential for misuse and the need for ongoing education and training for healthcare providers.

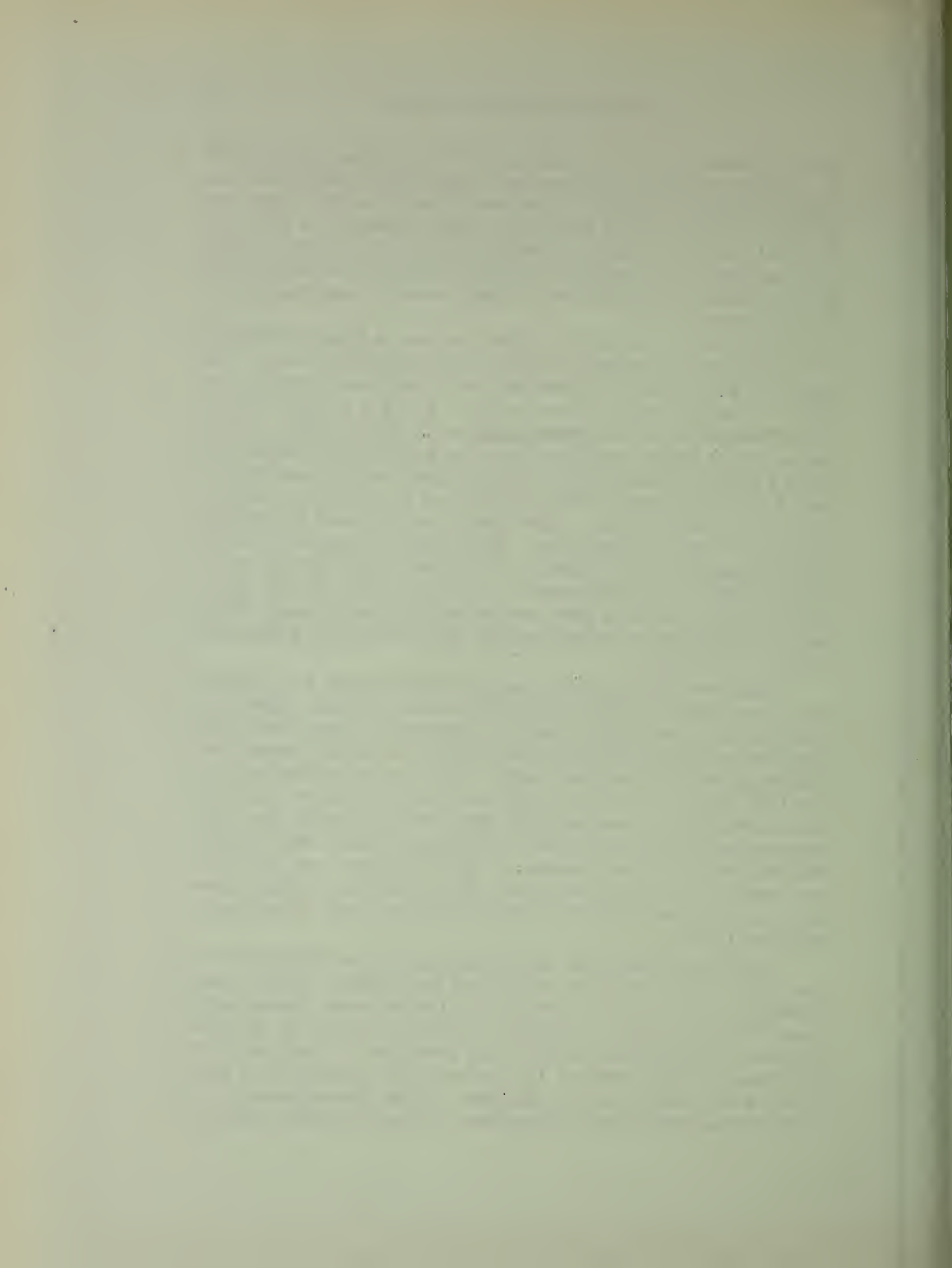
5. The fifth article examines the relationship between the medical profession and the legal system. It explores how legal requirements, such as malpractice litigation, can influence clinical decision-making and the overall culture of the medical profession. The author calls for a more collaborative approach between the two fields to ensure the best outcomes for patients.

road, but after lots of hard work to get the way clear we passed on by hitching nearly every team to a wagon and pulling one at a time to the top of the hill. It took nearly the entire day to get over the hill. In descending the grade, it was necessary to lock each wheel of the wagon and tie a log behind to keep it from running over the horses. We made the journey with only the slight break of one bolt on a wagon and not a single accident, and reached the Gila in safety.

When we got to the Gila River we met a band of Indians. Our company had crossed the river and camped for noon. The men and boys went in swimming, and afterwards caught some fish. I was getting the dinner ready. I had a plateful of nice fried fish and a plate of warm bread ready for the table. There was a young Indian standing near; he watched his chance and when I wasn't looking he grabbed both bread and fish and ran. I then had to cook more bread and fish and this time kept it from the sight of the Indians. After dinner we gathered our belongings together and journeyed on. That night we camped near Mr. Moore's ranch, at Fort Thomas, and the next day, April 8, we arrived at Pima. It was afternoon. The first thing we did was to burn the tall grass for a camp site, where Pima now stands. There were lots of insects, mice and snakes, and burning the grass made it safer for a camp.

Tents were pitched and a townsite laid out into lots, and the men drew tickets for their lots, which were numbered. Each man went on his lot and went to work to improve it. They went to the river and cut cottonwood logs with which to build their houses, and exchanged work in building them. The first house finished was for J. K. Rogers. It had a combination roof of willows, tall rush grass, then finer grass mixed with clay mud, and, lastly, dry earth was put on to keep out the rain. Mr. Teeple's house was the first one built with windows, doors and floors. This one was built with two rooms, with a shed between. By the Fourth of July three more families had arrived. They were Heber Reed, John Busby and Sam Curtis.

We all joined together in celebrating this first "July 4th" on the Gila. There were also three other young men who had come from Show Low and were working for the ranchers. These young men did a good part in helping to make a success of the celebration. They brought some of the provisions to help out with the dinner. While some of the women were preparing the meal others were taking part on a program. After dinner the men and boys played games until chore time. Then came the dance in



the evening. Planks were arranged around the rooms for seats. Wm. Thompson played an accordian, while we all joined in the dance. Everybody was enjoying themselves in the promenade when Mrs. Patterson and her friends arrived, or, in other words, "a band of ruffians." We were unaware of their coming until they had unhitched their team and come to the house. There were four women and five men in the company. As our people were leaving the floor for their seats, after a dance, this group came rushing in and pushed to the center of the room. They were invited to be seated until it was their turn to dance. Each of the women had two revolvers and the men had one each. When they went on to dance they removed their weapons and laid them down. While the four couples were dancing the extra man slipped a revolver outside and hid it in the wagon. When it was discovered that the gun was missing the women made a great disturbance and began to accuse us "Mormons," and demanded to know who had taken it. Mr. Teeples asked them to be quiet and told them that it would be found and proven that our people did not take it. They searched the house and then went to the wagon and found it there hidden under some things. They were peaceable the balance of the time, but when they got started home they made a terrible racket and drove like Satan was after them. This was their introduction. They came again afterward.

Mr. Teeples had a good blacksmith shop and the ranchers often came to have their tools repaired; travelers would also stop for meals. Some were clothed like human beings, but had the manners of beasts—as wicked as sin could make them, and those who were with them who would be decent, were afraid to object to their actions for fear of death. One time a gang got into a fight, beat one man until they thought him dead, then rode off and left him. Later, some of them came back and found him still alive and asked our people to care for him until he was well which we did. Another time a man was taken away from the officers and carried some distance up Ash Creek and hanged to a walnut tree. Our people were asked to cut him down and bury him, which they did. Other things were very trying. Our cattle at one time all went blind and our men had a hard time to cure them from this infection. At times the Indians were so bad that some of the men would have to stand guard at night.

Many families came the first fall and winter. Some only remained a short time and then went to St. David, where they could get freighting as employment. Our men bought a threshing machine and threshed their own grain and hauled it, thus keeping



them in employment. They made their own flour at a great saving, as at that time flour was eight dollars a hundred. We would get four pounds of sugar for one dollar and other groceries were priced on the same basis. While the men were threshing they contracted malarial fever and were very sick. Mr. Wilton Hawes, whose wife had died before he left Utah, was living on Mrs. Patterson's ranch. He had a large family and they all took the fever and chills, and his daughter narrowly escaped death. Mrs. S. G. Rogers and I were called to go and care for this girl. We stayed all day, and worked with her until she was out of danger. That was on Friday. The next morning (Saturday) my son took sick with the same malady, and on Sunday he died. At this same time we were threatened with having our stock driven off and ourselves driven out on foot. But we weathered it in spite of all the discouragements and trials.

In 1879 our colony erected a log house in which to hold school and church services. In 1880 a number of new families arrived and we felt more secure. Still at times we were threatened. Never were men more faithful to their calling than were Mr. Rogers and Mr. Teeples. They went through all kinds of trials, which cannot be mentioned here. Mr. Teeples' greatest trial brought him to his bed, and he was heartsick when he died. He divided his last foot of land as an inducement to people to stay and help build the colony. He also bought grain for seed, which he gave to them; and he did other things as great. Finally he died trying to do all he could to hold the colony together. And he died penniless. Mr. Rogers was never the same afterwards, for he had to carry a double load. Rueben Fuller and Henry Dall had to taste the bitter pill also, but Mr. Dall later moved to Utah.

In the year 1880 Mr. Collins, of Ft. Thomas, sent a troop of soldiers up to drive the colony away, but Jack O'Neil, who was deputy sheriff of Ft. Thomas at the time, told the soldiers he would come with them and see what was wrong. He had the soldiers stop down in the wash, while he came to talk with the leading men. He found them peaceable and that there was no cause to molest us, and he sent the soldiers back.

In the summer of 1880 there was a small colony came from the Little Colorado and settled on the north side of the river. They rented land and planted it to corn and beans. Then they were stricken with chills and there was none well enough to take care of another. While they were in this troubled condition, the Indians made a raid on them. There was but one man able to move and he ran down to the river and started to cross. The river was



very high and soon his horse went down and left him to swim for his life. He had a hard time reaching the shore, and when he did it was near Mr. Moore's farm at Ft. Thomas. He called to a Mexican to bring him some clothing, as he had lost his in the river. He then borrowed a horse and rode up to Pima and gave the alarm about the Indians. Our men built a raft and brought the sick people across the river to Pima and cared for them until they were well. Mr. Teeples took three families to his home—twenty-five souls in all—stricken with chills and fever. Mr. Rogers and all others who could take a family did so.

There was a baby in one family and the mother and baby were very sick and sorely in need of help. When I found this out I helped them. Later that fall and winter there was another company came over the mountains, in great danger from the Indians, but the hand of the Lord guided them and they got through all right. About that time Al Kempton came with a company. The night before they arrived at San Carlos the soldiers and Indians had a battle, and when the company came off the mountain toward the river there were dead horses and dogs lying all around, and the teams had to turn out of the road to get past them. These are some of the things the first pioneers had to pass through the first two years on the Gila. These staunch old pioneers were ready to help all that needed help as long as they had a cent to do it with. With all these trials and hardships they were faithful and strong in the cause of truth, and rich in the spirit of the Lord, our Redeemer. Our men paid for the right-of-way, and made the first ditch, and made it possible for others to make homes here. Through all this, the Teeples and Rogers had suffered many hardships; nevertheless, but few know who the first pioneers were. The first pioneers are dead and forgotten, and others get the praise for something that does not belong to them. But there is still a spark of fire left that will not die, and when the wind blows in that direction it will come to life again. The children know what their parents have gone through. These men should not be forgotten, and when the different organizations of the young gather, these organizations should bear the names of the first pioneers and have the history of the community taught to them. The pioneers should have all the honor due them, for they went through more for the upbuilding of this valley than anyone, for they came here with plenty and died poor men. For the sake of these faithful pioneers, I will close with pleading, as the poet says, "Please don't let me die."

(Signed) MRS. C. A. TEEPLES,

Pima, Arizona.



"THE NOONAN"

(By J. A. ROCKFELLOW)

Every cowboy in Cochise County knows the Noonan Ranch, but surprisingly few people are familiar with its history.

From the town of Pearce, in the Sulphur Spring Valley, looking due west, one sees a long finger-like ridge of granite, a spur of the main Dragoon range, which extends south and terminates rather abruptly, whence a pretty grassy mesa extends beyond and flanks it on the east and on the west.

Butted against the end of this ridge Mike Noonan built a one-room cabin of stone and adobe, with door at south and fireplace at north end. Noonan was a big husky American-Irishman, a hard-rock miner and a man of much horse sense. The writer first met him at the old Signal Mine in Mohave County in 1878. By '81 Noonan had accumulated a small "stake" and embarked in the cattle business. He bought a small bunch bringing them to this risky but ideal cattle range. He sank a well in the arroya about 200 yards south of the cabin and watered the cattle by pulling water in buckets by hand.

From one side of the well he ran a drift above the water level which was partly concealed by timbers.

The following year he purchased an additional herd. Two miles northwesterly is the basin adjoining the historic Stronghold of Cochise. In this basin, which now contains the noted Buckley peach orchard, Noonan held the newly purchased herd temporarily because it was a simple matter to keep them from straying by guarding the entrance.

While Noonan had ridden hurriedly to his cabin to attend to his cattle there, a band of Apaches came swooping down from the north into the basin.

They had robbed a wagon train north of Willcox, killing the drivers, were red-handed from the raid and loaded with loot. Coming into the grazing cattle they shot them and speared them with their lances until every animal was dead or dying, this in pure wantonness. Later the writer counted 76 or 78 carcasses all within an area of a half mile.

Hurrying back Noonan heard the shooting and the shouting and through the opening in the hills could see the last of the slaughter.

Just then an Indian look-out on the north boundary ridge gave a signal: The "Boys in Blue" were coming on their trail and it was time to move. In the hurry of going two or three ponies were left behind as the Indians rode south, up the rocky ridge separating the basin from the Stronghold canyon. One Indian came back for the ponies but he was not observed by Noonan, who had watched the stampede and who, as soon as he thought it safe, rode in to see the wreck. Just as he passed the point that forms the narrow entrance a bullet whizzed by his head.

Mike was a good shot and cool. Almost instantly he was on the ground behind his horse and had a bead on Mr. Indian. His long sharp rifle cracked and the Apache fell like a stuck-ox. The bullet had caught him between the eyes. Noonan, as victor, got the ponies but was looser his seventy odd cattle.

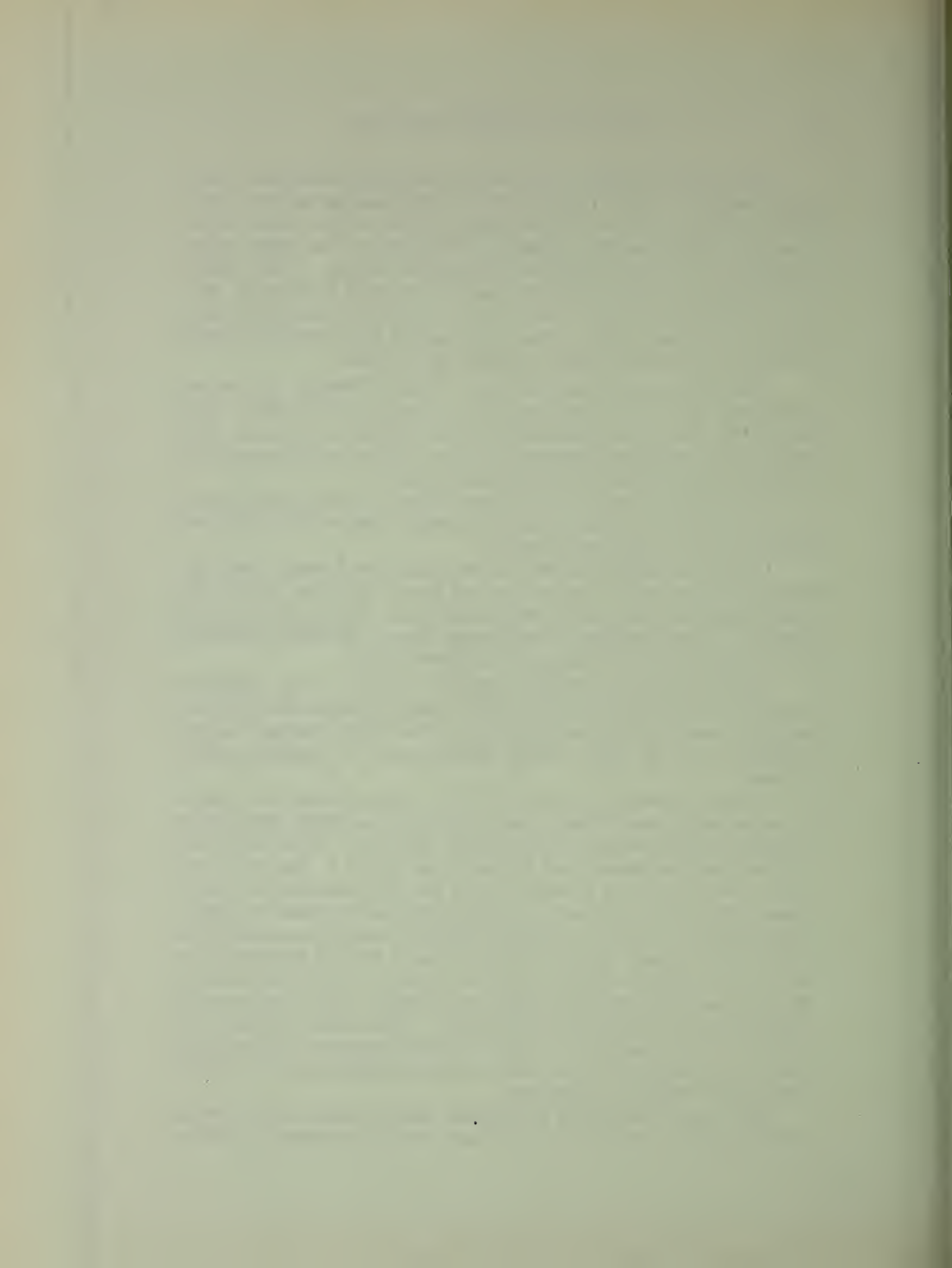
The soldiers came charging soon after, but the Indians, with their fleet-footed ponies up in the rough rocks could out-travel the big cavalry horses and escaped.

It was an Apache custom to get their dead away from the hands of an enemy. The writer has known of them taking the most desperate chances to accomplish this. But in the case of Noonan's "good Indian" it was never done. His flesh was food for the coyotes and his bones left scattered about.

In 1883, General Crook, with the consent of the Mexican Government, followed the trail of the bronco Apaches into Mexico, and there made a treaty with them by which they promised to live peaceably on the San Carlos Reservation in eastern-central Arizona.

A few Indians returned with him; others followed in bands for a period of more than a year. But in June, 1885, they broke out under Geronimo and renewed their deviltry. In the early fall of that year the writer was living at the old N Y Ranch in the valley ten miles from Noonan's, and having some business with Noonan drove up in the early evening prepared to spend the night. About time to "turn in" a whoop from the outside announced the arrival of a friend. In those days it was a rule of precaution to whoop when approaching a ranch or a camp to avoid frightening the occupants or getting a charge of buckshot from someone who shot first and investigated afterwards. This caller proved to be James Crowley, manager of the 3 C Cattle Company, who had just come from Tombstone and who reported Indians in the middle pass of the Dragoon mountains.

The writer suggested to Noonan that as soon as the moon arose they drive down to the N Y and return next morning. Mike



said "No, but you must go as your horses are running in the Stronghold canyon and if you don't go and get them out before daylight the Indians will have them sure." Further he said he would take his gun and saddle, get down in the well in the drift and stay till the sun was well up. Then as the cattle came in to drink, if they were not excited he would know that no Indians were about.

The writer felt he ought not to leave Noonan but the latter insisted. Driving to the N Y he found a saddle-horse in the corral, mounting him he rode to the Stronghold and brought out the horse herd (a valuable group) and drove them down to the valley before the break of day. Just as he was leaving Noonan the latter said: "Wait a minute," and writing something on a slip of paper handed it over. Rather hesitatingly he said: "This is my sister's address. She lives in Baltimore. If anything should happen to me I want her to have what I leave."

In a few days the big raid occurred that took in the well known Sulphur Spring Ranch. The Indians headed south with a large herd of stolen horses. The few settlers in the community were soon mounted and after the forty or more Indians. The writer being exceptionally well mounted was selected to ride to some telegraph office and send word to General Crook at Fort Bowie. Dragoon was the nearest telegraph station, distant from Sulphur Springs about fifteen miles. After a lively ride and a deliberate return, one of the neighbors met the writer with the announcement "They got Mike." It seems that instead of keeping on south the Indians had spied a troop of cavalry moving leisurely along northward and had then turned and run west to the mountains. They entered Grapevine Canyon and kept on over the trail northwest to the basin where Noonan's cattle had been killed three years before. At the Grapevine two Indians evidently had left the main bunch and slipped along the rocky ridge south about a mile to the Noonan cabin. Their foot tracks could be seen in places. They had slipped down the rocky bluff back of the cabin and got around in range of the front door. The general supposition was that Mike was in the cabin, that his dog had barked or something had taken him to the door where he received the fatal shot. However, he must have lived some time and probably stood there, gun in hand, for his boots when found were full of blood and there was also a pool of blood just inside the door. Then as he became faint he had reeled back and fallen into the big fireplace at the other end of the cabin.

The Indians mutilated his body badly; they looted the cabin, took among other things the leather skirts from his saddle, leaving the saddle tree. They did not take the sharp rifle but rendered it useless by breaking the stock.

When the writer learned of the tragedy he thought at once of the slip of paper bearing the sister's address. It was still in his pocket-book. She was notified at once and as a result received quite a sum of money, though much of the proceeds of the estate was eaten up in administration costs and attorney fees.

The Noonan ranch is now owned by the Coronado Cattle Company of which Mr. A. Y. Smith is president.



TUCSON IN 1847

Reminiscences of Judg F. Adams—Description of the Fort, Etc.

(From Arizona Daily Citizen, June 13, 1889.)

Judge F. Adams, of San Louis Obispo, Cal., a partner of Mr. Frank Proctor, is in the city. Judge Adams is an old pioneer, the oldest in fact in Arizona today. He was first here in 18'7 when Tucson was a Mexican garrison. A command of sixty men under Lieut. Schoonmaker left for Fort Bliss, Texas, as bearer of dispatches to General Kearney, then in California. They reached Tucson in November and attempted to take the fort, but having neither cannon to knock it down nor ladders to scale the walls they were obliged to content themselves with holding the town, which consisted of about 25 families attached to the Mexican garrison stationed here.

One walled square constituted the town proper. This square was about 300 yards in extent and was walled solidly about. The rear end or side of every house was built into and against the wall, with the doors—windows there were none—opening into the interior plaza. The mode of ingress and egress was through two immense doors made of heavy timber put solidly together. The rear of the houses adjoining the wall were built four or five feet higher than the front or sides and thus afforded an effective breast work to shoot from in case of attack. The fort was also a walled square about 250 feet in diameter. It was situated about 300 yards from the town square. It was built of adobe. The walls were about 12 feet high and commanded by two bastions situated at opposite corners and so constructed as to infilade the walls from the point of each angle. They were supplied with one small cannon, which, however, did no damage. The attacking party could do nothing but ride around the walls, as the garrison refused to come out. In this class of manoeuvring they had a mule killed and that made up the sum total of casualties on both sides. The Americans pitched their camp by one of the big gates of the town and to guard against surprise, stationed pickets both inside and out. On the fourth day they were joined by a detail of five men from Fort Bliss, who had been sent after them to order their recall. On the fifth day they began their return march up the Santa Cruz, followed by the Mexican garrison. When between Tucson and San Xavier they surprised a camp of three Apaches and killed them. They killed another near San

Xavier, and still another at or near Canoa. The Mexican garrison made a great show of pursuing them, but whenever the Americans faced about they would scamper back in the direction of the town at a great rate. Judge Adams said that he subsequently learned that the garrison claimed to have won a great victory, but if they did it consisted largely in keeping out of the way.

In April, 1849, in company with the party of Texans under Capt. Schoonmaker, they camped one night on the Mimbres River, in New Mexico, when they were attacked by a party of Apaches and part of their stock stolen. They followed the Apaches into the Mimbres mountains, where ill luck still waited on them. In the fight which followed Captain Schoonmaker and six men were killed and the balance of their stock taken. They then cached their provisions and footed it back to Fort Bliss.

At this post Colonel Marcy was outfitting to survey the boundary line between the United States and Mexico. Mr. Adams joined his command as a private and was at once assigned to the division of topographical engineers. The company to which he belonged consisted of thirty-two men, there being less than a hundred men in the entire force. They broke camp June 1, 1849, and headed for Cow Springs; thence they marched to the head waters of the Gila, where they established the initiatory monument. From this point their course lay down the Gila, which they followed to its confluence with the Colorado. From the beginning to the end it was nothing but one continual wage of war. The Apaches had left the higher ground and were camped along the river bottom. At the big bend of the Gila, some 50 or 60 miles above Solomonville, they lost 14 men; another was lost a short distance above where Solomonville now stands; another at the mouth of the San Pedro; still another at the Cienega; another at Gila Bend, and another near where Tacna station now is; and so they dwindled down until at the crossing of the Colorado but six men remained out of the company which had started out with such joyous hopes from Fort Bliss, thirty-one strong but a couple of months before. The missing 25, including Lieut. Henry, commanding the company, brave frontiersmen, had died at the hands of the Indians. Some had fallen in battle; others had been killed while hunting a short distance from the troop. The other divisions of the command suffered proportionately.

At the crossing of the Colorado the Yumas disputed the passage with great obstinacy and held the troop 13 days, running off whatever stock they had left. The Indians also suffered severely, losing, as one of them afterwards told Mr. Adams, 47 men;

and for a long time subsequently others continued to die of the wounds received in attempting to resist the white man's crossing.

At Antelope Peak, on the Gila near Tacna, they found the body of a white woman. She was lying in the brush on the river bank. She had evidently been dead some time as the body was considerably dried. The wolves had torn the clothing from the body and mangled it some, but her wealth of rich golden hair betokened her nationality. They dug a grave and reverently wrapped a blanket about her wasted form and buried what undoubtedly was the remains of the first white woman that ever trod the desert sands of Arizona. Her lonely resting place was marked by a mound of stones, a portion of which is yet to be seen.

ARIZONA IN 1881—OFFICIAL ROSTER

A Business Directory and Gazeteer of Arizona, published in 1881, by W. C. Disturnell, gives the white population of that year as 40,441. The legislature, which met at Prescott in 1881, created three new counties—Gila, Graham and Cochise, which brought the total number of counties in the territory to ten, as follows: Apache, Cochise, Gila, Graham, Maricopa, Mohave, Pima, Pinal, Yavapai and Yuma. Since that date four other counties have been brought into existence by legislatures: Coconino, Santa Cruz, Navajo and Greenlee, the latter being the youngest county, its existence dating from January 1, 1911.

In 1881 Arizona had made but little industrial progress. Some agricultural development had been accomplished in the vicinity of Tucson, Florence, Safford, Phoenix and Yuma. The mines at Clifton were producing some copper and mining development had been started in the Bisbee district. There had been no important development in the Jerome district at that time. Tombstone was in the heyday of its prosperity as a mining camp. Up to that time mining development had been principally for gold and silver. The Old Dominion was starting in the Globe district, which was known as a silver camp at that time; the famous Silver King. Previous to that time the Vulture and Vekol had attracted attention.

According to the national census of 1880, the population of towns and cities, which have grown into greater prominence or declined since that date, were as follows: Benson, 300; Bisbee, population not given but it had a brewery and four saloons. The late John F. Duncan, of Tombstone, was justice of the peace and H. C. Stillman, now living at Douglas, was agent for Wells, Fargo and Company. Florence had a population of 942; Globe, 1400; Phoenix, 1800; Prescott, 2074; Tombstone, 6000 to 7000; Tucson, 9000; Yuma, 1232.

In 1881 the officials then holding office in the several counties were as follows:

Apache County—Charles A. Franklin, probate judge; E. S. Stover, sheriff; W. R. Rudd, district attorney; Dionicio Baca, treasurer; R. J. Bailey, recorder; Antonio Gonzales, Luther Martin, and C. E. Cooley, supervisors.

Cochise County—J. H. Lucas, probate judge; J. H. Behan, sheriff; Lyttleton Price, district attorney; John O. Dunbar, treasurer; A. T. Jones, recorder; M. E. Joyce, Joseph Tasker and

Joseph Dyer, supervisors; R. J. Campbell, clerk board of supervisors; Rodman M. Price, Jr., surveyor; H. M. Matthews, coroner; George Pridham, public administrator; I. N. Mundell, Benson; J. F. Duncan, Bisbee; James C. Burnett and D. H. Holt, Charleston; E. A. Rigg, Contention; George Ellingwood, Galeyville; Charles Ackley, Hereford; A. O. Wallace, A. J. Felter and Wells Spicer, Tombstone; A. F. Burke, Willcox,—justices of the peace.

Gila County—G. A. Swasey, probate judge; W. W. Lowther, sheriff; Oscar M. Brown, district attorney; D. B. Lacey, treasurer; P. B. Miller, recorder; J. D. Smith, F. W. Westmeyer and George Danforth, supervisors; John J. Harlow, clerk board of supervisors; A. G. Pendleton, surveyor; C. A. Macdonell and E. J. Pring, coroners; T. C. Stallo, public administrator; George A. Allen, Globe; J. Willett, Grapevine Springs; T. T. Overton, McMillen; C. Cline, Reno; C. Fraser, Richmond Basin; Reuben Wood, San Carlos; George B. Walker, Stanton,—justices of the peace.

Graham County—George Lake, probate judge; C. B. Rose, sheriff; Neri Osborn, district attorney; I. E. Solomon, treasurer; W. F. Clarke, recorder. Adolph Solomon, A. M. Franklin and Johnathan Foster, supervisors; George H. Stevens, clerk board supervisors; James Haynes, surveyor; E. D. Tuttle, coroner; Thomas Neese, public administrator; E. Mann, Camp Thomas; S. W. Pomeroy, Clifton; E. D. Tuttle, Safford; D. W. Wickersham, Solomonville,—justices of the peace.

Maricopa County—Thomas G. Greenhaw, probate judge; L. H. Orme, sheriff; A. D. Lemon, district attorney; John George, treasurer; R. F. Kirkland, recorder; J. L. Gregg, Michael Wormser and C. T. Hayden, supervisors; Frank Cox, clerk board of supervisors; Joseph D. Reed, coroner and public administrator; F. M. Pomeroy, Mesa City; G. H. Rothrock, M. M. Jackson and James Richards, Phoenix; J. A. Barstow, Tempe; J. H. Gifford, Vulture,—justices of the peace.

Mohave County—Charles Atchison, probate judge; John C. Potts, sheriff; J. W. Stephenson, district attorney; W. A. Langley, treasurer; John K. McKenzie, recorder; L. C. Welborn, William H. Hardy and W. R. Grounds, supervisors; H. Bucksbaum, clerk board of supervisors; James J. Hyde, public administrator; James J. Hyde, Mineral Park; Samuel O. Prince, Sandy,—justices of the peace.

Pima County—John S. Wood, probate judge; R. H. Paull, sheriff; Hugh F. Farley, district attorney; R. N. Leatherwood,

treasurer; Charles R. Drake, recorder; William C. Davis, B. M. Jacobs, Michael Fagan, supervisors; E. W. Risley, clerk board of supervisors; L. D. Chillson, supervisor; W. B. Horton, public administrator; Volney E. Rollins, Arivaca; P. J. Coyne, Greaterville; Trevor Lloyd and J. W. Fuqua, Harshaw; R. S. Barclay, Luttrell; Arthur Thatcher, Oro Blanco; T. Lillie Mercer, Tubac; C. H. Meyers, Joseph Neugass and W. J. Osborn, Tucson; A. J. Davidson, Tullyville; R. Harrison, Washington Camp,—justices of the peace.

Pinal County—George L. Wratten, probate judge; J. P. Gabriel, sheriff; H. B. Summers, district attorney; Peter R. Brady, treasurer; John J. Devine, recorder; Patrick Holland, John T. Bartleson and G. F. Cook, supervisors; J. D. Walker, clerk board of supervisors; Henry Schoshusen, public administrator; J. Miller, Florence; W. H. Benson, Pinal,—justices of the peace.

Yavapai County—A. O. Noyes, probate judge; Joseph R. Walker, sheriff; Joseph P. Hargrave, district attorney; E. J. Cook, treasurer; William Wilkerson, recorder; J. N. Rodenburg, W. A. Cline and J. M. Myers, supervisors; D. F. Mitchell, clerk board of supervisors; Thomas W. Simmons, public administrator; John Mans, Agua Fria; John Anderson, Alexandra; John Stemmer, Ash Creek; S. E. Miner, Big Bug; George C. Waddell, Bradshaw; George W. Hull, Central Verde; Richard De Kuhn, Cherry Creek; S. C. Reese, Chino Valley; W. H. Smith, Crook Canon; J. Trotter, Gillette; William Burch, Green Valley; D. Monroe, Lower Agua Fria; Frank E. Jordan and Murray McInernay, Lower Verde; C. Y. Shelton, Lynx Creek; P. Wilder, Mount Hope; Andrew Jackson, Oak Creek; J. H. Pierson, Peoples Valley; John Hicks, Pine Creek; Paul M. Fisher, Henry W. Fleury and J. L. Hall, Prescott; J. Douglass, Snyder's Holes; H. Anderson and A. J. McPhee, Tip Top; W. W. Nichols, Upper Verde; W. H. Williscraft, Walnut Creek; George Jackson, Walnut Grove; C. P. Stanton, Weaver; H. M. Clack and E. R. Nichols, Williamsons Valley,—justices of the peace.

Yuma County—Isaac Levy, probate judge; Andrew Tyner, sheriff; H. N. Alexander, district attorney; George Martin, treasurer; Samuel Purdy, Jr., recorder; Leopold Furrer, George M. Thurlow and C. H. Brindley, supervisors; George M. Knight, clerk board of supervisors; Walter Millar, surveyor; J. H. Taggart, coroner; Henry R. Mallory, Ehrenberg; A. D. Crawford, Sileni; C. H. Brindley and W. H. Tonge, Yuma,—justices of the peace.

Federal and Territorial Officials

John C. Fremont, "The Pathfinder," was governor of Arizona in 1881. Other territorial and federal officials serving Arizona at that time were:

Secretary of the Territory—John J. Gosper.
Territorial Auditor—E. P. Clark.
Territorial Treasurer—Thos. J. Butler.
Supt. Public Instruction—M. H. Sherman.
Delegate to Congress—Granville H. Oury.
Chief Justice Supreme Court—G. G. W. French.
Associate Justice, Tucson—W. H. Stillwell.
Associate Justice, Phoenix—DeForest Porter.
Clerk Supreme Court—Wm. Wilkerson.
U. S. Attorney—E. B. Pomroy, Tucson.
U. S. Marshal—C. P. Dake, Prescott.
Surveyor General—John Wasson, Tucson.
Depository of Public Moneys—C. H. Lord, Tucson.
Register Land Office—Henry Cousins, Tucson.
Receiver Land Office—C. E. Dailey, Tucson.
Register Land Office—W. N. Kelly, Prescott.
Receiver Land Office—George Lount, Prescott.
Collector Internal Revenue—Thomas Cordis, Tucson.
Inspector Customs—S. M. Ballesteros, Charleston.
Inspector Customs—A. J. Keen, Tucson.

CAMELS IN THE SOUTHWEST

By COLONEL C. C. SMITH, U. S. Army Retired,
in Army and Navy Courier

One day while standing in one of the rooms of the Natural History Exhibit, at Exposition Park in Los Angeles, looking at the skeleton of a prehistoric camel taken from the La Brea tar pits on Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles, I remembered that I had considerable data on the later day camels that were brought from north Africa and the region around Smyrna in Asia Minor, for army use in 1856. And included in this data were several newspaper clippings which had been taken from papers at various times. And then, too, the sight of the La Brea skeleton recalled an incident of my boyhood days in Arizona—the time when a school-mate told me one day in the year of 1880, that in the summer of the preceding year, he and some other boys were swimming in the Gila river, near the town of Florence, when they saw a lone animal, the like of which they had never before seen, stray down to the river for water—an old bull camel, which alarmed them to such an extent, that they left the water hurriedly, donned their shirts and pantaloons and streaked it for town, where they told of what they had seen, only to be laughed at for their pains. This was perhaps the last of the army camels—turned adrift after their usefulness had been condemned, about the beginning of the Civil War—ever seen in the Southwest.

Who was responsible for the introduction of the camel as pack transportation for the army in the Southwest is a moot point. It has generally been accredited to Jefferson Davis, later president of the Confederate States, but at the time of the advent of the camel Secretary of War. That Mr. Davis had much to do with bringing camels to the United States for army use it is true, but from what I have been able to glean in a study of the matter it seems that the first man to advance the idea of their use on the arid plains of the southwest was Mr. George R. Gliddon, who had served many years as United States Consul in the Levant. Mr. John R. Bartlett, United States Commissioner on the American-Mexican Boundary Survey, in 1850, noted that camels ought to be used in the Southwest, though he states he was reiterating Mr. Gliddon's idea.

About this same time Lieutenant Edward F. Beale, U. S. Navy, who with Kit Carson, and an Indian, were the hero mes-

sage carriers, of the battle of San Pascual in California, recommended the use of camels in the Southwest. As a matter of fact Beale's idea was made known before 1850. After the battle of San Pascual, Beale and Carson were sent overland from California to Washington, with dispatches from General Kearny, and it was on this trip, in the Spring of 1847, that Beale hit upon the camel idea, and it came about, because in his saddle bags he carried a book of travels by Abbe Hue, entitled "Travels in China and Tartary," in which the camel was often mentioned. This book, which he would read aloud to Carson in their various camps, and the type of country they were traversing, caused him to report upon arrival in Washington, the camel as the beast of burden for the Southwest. But, as before stated, Gliddon was the first to give out the idea, which appeared in one of his Consular reports.

The facts as to the obtaining of the camels, for use of our army in the desert country of the Southwest, are about these: In 1851 when the army appropriation bill was before Congress, Jefferson Davis, then a senator from Mississippi, proposed an amendment providing for the purchase of camels, with the necessary equipment, for use in the Southwest, together with the importation of ten Arab drivers. This was during the days of the gold rush to California, but the Davis amendment was lost. The California papers then took the matter up, clamoring for a "Lightning Dromedary Express," and their persistence resulted in 1854, in an appropriation of \$30,000—then a huge sum—for the purchase of camels.

The next step was to procure them and bring them to the United States. Major Henry C. Wayne of the Quartermaster's Department of the army was detailed to proceed to North Africa and Asia Minor for this purpose. His orders specified that he was to go to Spezia in Italy, and there find the U. S. Ship "Supply," commanded by Lieutenant D. D. Porter (Admiral during the Civil War) which was to sail along the coast of North Africa and to Smyrna picking such camels as were deemed serviceable and take them to the port of Indianola, Texas. It is here proper to say that in 1851, when the camel question first came up in Congress, Major Wayne had been detailed to make a study of the camel, and so interested did he become that, in spite of the failure of the bill in Congress, he kept adding to his camel knowledge by all sorts of study and inquiry on the beast. And this knowledge was further added to by visiting zoological gardens in London and Paris prior to joining the "Supply" at Spezia.

In the American Legion Monthly for January 1928, is a fine article by Robert Ginsburgh entitled, "The Camels Are Coming," and from this is quoted how the first camel was obtained by Major Wayne:

"The vessel dropped anchor off the Geoletta, port of Tunis, August 4, 1855, on a market day and Wayne and Porter went ashore. The natives eyed the American Army and Navy representatives with mingled feelings of curiosity and suspicion as they marched through the crooked lanes leading to the market place. Veiled Mohammedan women risked the curse of Allah to peer at their military figures. A swarm of small children followed at their heels and every Oriental with an eye for business offered them all the bargains in the city's trading center.

"Camels were selling cheap that day but no sooner did Wayne seek a question when the prices jumped miraculously. The Arab auctioneer muttered something unintelligible, but a kindly self interpreter, with the aid of his hands and feet, explained to Wayne that the price asked was the equivalent of twenty dollars.

"Sold. I'll take one."

"Wayne raised his arm and nodded his head. As he began to fumble in his pockets for the necessary cash, a cheer broke forth in the market place. Never before in the memory of those who gathered daily on the "Camel Exchange" had an animal been sold on the first quotation. The surprised auctioneer offered to escort the beast to the American's lodging, and as he started, flanked on one side by the camel and on the other by representatives of the American Army and Navy, the motley crowd followed. The triumphal procession marched to the water's edge and stopped while the camel was invited to get aboard a Tunisian craft.

"The beast refused. He was coaxed, cajoled and finally whipped, but he held his ground successfully. Several enterprising sailors of the "Supply" had rigged up a block and tackle and were about to hoist him aboard when a Tunisian custom official arrived and stopped the proceedings.

"Camels could not be taken out of Tunis without a permit. Wayne and Porter had overlooked the little formality. While they debated as to their next step, the disinterested camel sat down in its tracks and blinked at the entire performance.

"The American Consul-General, W. P. Chandler, was appealed to but even he could not get the embargo lifted without special permission of the Bey of Tunis. An interview was ar-

ranged with Mohammed Pasha, the Bey, and after the usual diplomatic formalities were exchanged the Americans informed the ruler of their mission. He listened attentively and volunteered to go down to the docks in person to expedite the immediate shipment of the camel. As soon as he saw the beast which required his personal intervention, a broad grin broke over his bronzed countenance. He cast a glowing glance at his subjects who were still assembled in large numbers at the water's edge, and formally authorized the exportation of one camel beyond the continental limits of the realm of Tunis.

* * *

"By this time the patient camel, unaccustomed to such formalities, had grown restless and it required a number of natives to control him. With the entire crew of the "Supply" and a number of Tunesian volunteers, the first of Uncle Sam's publicly owned camels was finally placed on the native craft, rowed alongside the "Supply" and hoisted aboard. He was stowed in a stall below decks."

On Feb. 15, 1856, the "Supply" left Smyrna for the United States with thirty-three full grown animals and one small calf; and with them were some Arab attendants. During the voyage four camels died, but six had been born on the trip, so thirty-six beasts were landed at Indianola.

Camp Verde near Kerrville, Texas, was selected as the eastern end of the camel route, Fort Davis (Texas), as an intermediate station, and Fort Yuma, California, as the western terminal point. Shortly after landing at Indianola the camels were taken to Camp Verde, with their Arab drivers. At Camp Verde a regular Asiatic caravansary was built at considerable expense to the government, and the route was then inaugurated. Six months after the arrival of the first batch, forty more were landed at Galveston, and sent to Fort Davis and thence west, so that at one time it was not an uncommon thing to see detachments of soldiers with camel pack transportation in El Paso and Tucson.

The American camel experiment was doomed to failure, for a reason which even in their own native countries, they have been known to be rendered useless, and which is best described in the quotation below from Lawrence's "Revolt in the Desert", (page 80, last paragraph) a most entertaining work only recently published—Lawrence says: "Camels brought up on the sandy plains of the Arabian coast had delicate pads to their feet; and if such animals were taken suddenly inland for long marches over flints or other hard-retaining ground their soles would burn and at

least crack in a blister; leaving quick flesh two or more niches across, in the center of the pad. In this state they could march over sand; but if, by chance, the foot came down on a pebble, they would stumble, or flinch as though they had stepped on fire, and in a long march might break down altogether unless they were very brave."

At first, the imported animals were found to be very hardy, and the first practical test made to find out if they were as good as pack mules and wagon mules was a success. On one occasion a train consisting of wagons drawn by army mules and a caravan of six camels were sent a distance of sixty miles, over an average frontier road. The result was much in favor of the camels. Two wagons with a combined load of $1\frac{1}{2}$ tons, each wagon drawn by six big army mules, took four days to make the trip. The six camels carrying the same load made the trip in two and a half days. On another occasion the camel was tested over a rough, stony road during time that it was raining, and wet and muddy, and again beat the wagons.

But the real test had not come. As summer came, there were long droughts accompanied by hot winds and sand storms. Typically Saharan. The camels carried more than the mules could pull, and needed less water and food, but the camels began to lag behind the mule trains—what was the cause? The staunchest friends of the camels acknowledged that they could not stand the small, flinty rocks in the Texas, New Mexico and Arizona soil. These igneous rocks literally cut the soft padded feet of the camels to pieces when the soil was dry. When the soil was wet from the rain the beasts could travel with absolutely no discomfort. As the Southwest is very dry most of the time, the camels proved useless.

Reference to the use of a camel in Price's "Across the Continent with the Fifth Cavalry," in the second paragraph on page 61, reads, "On Captain Whiting's arrival at Camp Verde, Texas, (August 1857) en route to his station (Camp Sabinal) he exchanged his pack mules for a camel, which proved an unmitigated nuisance, as it was always late getting into camp. The cavalry in Texas did not take kindly to camel transportation, and the experiment was soon abandoned."

There was another drawback to the use of camels, and that was that they frightened the horses and mules traveling with them. Horses ran away and mules turned over their wagons; and, too, the soldiers had no patience with these beasts from foreign parts. At the beginning of the Civil War when Camp Verde

fell into the hands of the Confederates, the camels proved a burden to them, and some were sold and others turned loose. This action was followed at other camel stations, accounting for the few that later were seen from time to time in a practically wild state.

A mining company in Nevada—after the army experiment—tried them, but this company also concluded that they were useless, and thus passed from the scene of worldly endeavors the use of the camel in the Southwest. These animals, in small numbers, seem now to be used to good advantage in motion picture desert scenes, but this is because they are used in a strictly sandy country where there are no flinty pebbles to injure their feet, and besides, these camels are never subjected to the long marches under varying weather conditions as were the old army camels which demonstrated fully that they were not a beast of burden for the Southwest.

Addenda

The foregoing article was written about April 1st, 1928. On the 15th I was in Tucson, Arizona, and while having dinner at the Old Pueblo Club with Mr. Ed Vail, of the Vail Cattle Company, we got to talking of the army camels in the Southwest. Mr. Vail, a splendid young old man of about 80, told me that when he first came to Arizona in 1878, he remembered that people often spoke of a small herd of camels running at large in the Gila valley in the region of Florence. He further said he knew Hi Jolly, who at that time was living in Tucson, well, now Hi Jolly was the head cameleer brought over from Asia Minor when the first camels were brought over: and he got his name from the soldiers at Camp Verde who preferred Hi Jolly to Hadji (one who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca) as the Arab was respectfully called by the other Arabian cameleers under him.

Historian's Note—Colonel C. C. Smith sends the following clipping from the Los Angeles Times of May 6th, 1928, which shows that they still plan to make the camel a useful beast of burden in our arid southwest, as they did seventy years ago.

CAMELS SERVE AS TAXICABS TO DESERT RESORT: Arrangements are being made by the Southern Pacific Railroad to provide accommodations on its Indio station grounds in the Coachella Valley, for a herd of camels, which will carry travelers to nearby points of interest in the desert. Last week a caravan of four camels met the Sunset Limited and gave sightseers a thrill, carrying them on camelback across the desert sands to the palm-shaded oasis of Biskra, a few miles distant.

The test showed the camels are very popular with Easterners and Californians alike. Charles H. Jonas, who obtained the cooperation of the railroad officials, is negotiating with Sherman I. Horne, one of America's chief importers of foreign animals, for the purchase of a camel herd, which will establish a permanent caravan service between Indio and the Biskra oasis and other near-by points of interest.

BUILDING THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD THROUGH ARIZONA

The Southern Pacific Bulletin, published monthly by the advertising department of the Southern Pacific Railroad System, has been publishing recently a series of articles giving "The Story of the Beginning of Southern Pacific." Chapter 34 of these articles, appearing in the October (1928) number of the Bulletin, tells of the advent of these lines into Arizona and New Mexico in the following:

"Construction of a bridge across the Colorado River and delay in reaching an agreement with military authorities for permission to lay tracks across the reservation at Ft. Yuma, held the railroad on the west bank of the river for four months and it was September 30, 1877, when the first Southern Pacific train crossed the boundary line of California and Arizona into Yuma, then a small village just across the river from the army post, which had been known as Arizona City before 1873.

Yuma remained the terminus of the railroad for about a year and a half, as well as being the end of the line for the stage coaches and freighting teams operating east into Arizona and New Mexico and west to San Diego. It was in the Southwest that the historic and romantic stage coaches made their last stand in the West as a mode of extensive transportation.

Early-day stage transportation through Arizona and New Mexico on the old transcontinental route lasted only about 22 years until replaced by the railroad. Though considered luxurious at the time, travel in the stage coaches presented many hardships and discomforts when thought of in the light of present-day travel, to say nothing of the constant peril of raids from Indians, particularly through the Apache country, and from bandits and other renegades along the route.

Mule Back Travel

An advertisement dated at San Antonio July 1, 1858, stated: "Passengers and express matter are forwarded in new coaches of the San Antonio and San Diego Stage Company, drawn by six mules, over the entire length of our line, excepting the Colorado desert of 100 miles which are crossed on mule back. An armed escort travels through the Indian country with each mail train. Passengers are provided with provisions during the trip, except where the coach stops at public houses along the line, at which each

passenger will pay for his own meal. Each passenger is allowed 30 pounds of personal baggage exclusive of blankets and arms."

On sections of the route less than 300 miles in length the travel usually was continuous day and night, in deference to mail contracts. A passenger within the lurching "thorough-brace" stages, caught a few winks of sleep by passing an arm through one of the leather loops hanging for that purpose from the side of the coach. There was slight break in the monotony of the desert road with only the prospect ahead of arrival at some desolate mud-built "station," where water, whiskey and the roughest food could be secured while the stage team was being changed.

First Stage Line

The first through stage line on the Southern route, which was south of the Gila River and later closely followed by the main line of the Southern Pacific, was that of the San Antonio and San Diego Stage Company, which inaugurated its service in 1857,^{31a} when three coaches made the journey from San Diego to Tucson in three days. On early stage lines through the Southwest, passenger and express service was subordinate to the mail contracts from which the running expenses were assumed to come. The first service was semi-monthly.

In 1858, over this same road, was operated the famous Butterfield Stage route on semi-weekly service. The first trip eastward started from San Francisco September 16, 1858. The eastern stage terminus was Tipton, Mo., end of the Missouri Pacific railroad, then 160 miles long. John Butterfield met with a big ovation when he stepped from the train at St. Louis with the first pouch of mail, having made the 2759-mile trip from the Pacific Coast city in the wonderful time of 24 days, 20 hours and 30 minutes. The service later became daily. The route with its 100 coaches, 1000 horses and 750 men was abandoned at the outbreak of the Civil War, for its military guards had to be withdrawn.

Indian Peril

In 1864 Sol Barth carried mail from Prescott to Albuquerque, subcontracting with Ben Block. The mail was carried weekly provided the carrier wasn't killed by Indians. Regular mail service from southern Arizona does not seem to have been re-es-

NOTE 31a—In an early advertisement in the Tubac Arizonian on June 30, 1859, the San Antonio and San Diego Stage Company made the statement that their line had been in successful operation since July, 1857. Col. Jas. H. McClintock, in his book "Arizona, the Youngest State," relates that Silas St. John, one of the Company's employees, claims the first mail rider, Charlie Youmans, started from San Diego November 15, 1857. St. John took the mail pouch at Carrizo Creek and rode to Yuma (then Yaeger Ferry), 110 miles, in 32 hours without changing horses.

lished until about 1869. Daily service was established in 1875 with six-horse Concord coaches, these connecting with the Southern Pacific at each succeeding terminal as the rails were laid eastward.

In addition to the stage coaches for mail, passenger and express, were the freighting teams which did the heavy hauling between the mines and small communities in the Southwest. "The 'freighter' was a very important personage in the days before the railroad came," writes Col. Jas. H. McClintock in his history. "As a rule he was a professional closely allied to the stage driver, who cursed him for cutting up the road and for raising too much dust. Some of the freighting outfits of those days were awe-inspiring affairs. The team might be anything up to 24 mules driven by a 'jerk line' and handled with a skill marvelous to the uninitiated. The mule, without doubt, was the greatest traction factor in the upbuilding of the Southwest. Oxen at first were tried, but for them the country was too hot and too dry. Horses, except in the Mexican 'rawhide' outfit, suffered much from the same disadvantages."

An effort was also made during 1856-7 to use camels in the desert country for transporting army supplies. Dozens of animals were imported by the Government from Smyrna, along with native drivers. But they, too, were found not fitted for the service and conditions of the country. Most of the animals were turned loose on the desert to shift for themselves. Some were later recaptured for circuses. Wm. Hood, chief engineer of the Southern Pacific, said he and his men frequently saw camels on the desert during the time the railroad was being built.

Trains of Wagons

The freighting wagons were especially built for this service at Yuma, Phoenix, Tucson, and Prescott. Some of the lead wagons had wheels fully eight feet high and capacity for a half carload of goods. Following a 16-mule team there were usually three or four wagons, diminishing in size toward the end vehicle, which was used for forage and for the bedding and food of the "freighter" and his "swamper." Both men were heavily armed, for outlaws, bandit Mexicans, and Apaches all found attractive loot in the cargo of the wagons. In the Apache country travel was made by wagon trains, following the custom used in crossing the plains. A score of teams were joined for mutual protection and at night would park in a circle.

At about the time the railroad reached Yuma final efforts were being made in Congress to get Federal aid in funds and in

lands for building the Texas and Pacific railroad via Tucson and Yuma to San Diego. The Southern Pacific stood ready to build the road east from Yuma without subsidy and this condition caused a remarkable contest in Washington between Collis P. Huntington, representing the interests of the Southern Pacific, and Tom Scott, then president of the Texas and Pacific. The issue was finally settled against the latter company and, on November 19, 1878, ground was broken at Yuma for continuation of the Southern Pacific eastward.^{32a} Unusually rapid construction followed and the 1,183 miles of track through the sparsely settled and mostly desert region was built and put in operation to San Antonio, Texas, in about 50 months, which was comparable to the best records of the earlier railroad building over the Sierra Nevada Mountains in California and across Nevada.

At that time there were no towns or settlements and only stage stations between Yuma and Tucson, about 252 miles, excepting at a short distance northerly there were the cross roads, store, blacksmith shop, etc., now known as Phoenix, and the small villages of Tempe and Florence. From Tucson eastward there were stage stations only as far as El Paso; about 311 miles, with the small towns of Silver City and Mesilla at a considerable distance north of the railroad route.

"Law West of the Pecos"

From El Paso eastward there were small villages in the first few miles of the Rio Grande River bottom and then nothing but stage stations and small military posts as far as what is now Marathon, 254 miles from El Paso, thence to Del Rio, 197 miles from Marathon, there was no one living. The country was entirely vacant southward from the Mexican boundary and northward for a great distance. It was in this region that a few years afterward, when a very few settlers had come in, "Law West of the Pecos" held sway. From Del Rio to San Antonio, 169 miles, the country was sparsely settled with a few very small towns, now grown beyond recognition.

Before the railroad reached Yuma practically all the supplies for the Southwest were shipped by steamer from San Francisco down the coast, around lower California and up the Gulf to Port Isabel, where the cargoes were shifted to light draft sternwheel boats and the journey continued up the Colorado River to points

NOTE 32a—Construction work across Arizona and New Mexico was carried on under the names of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company of Arizona, incorporated September 20, 1878, and the Southern Pacific Railroad Company of New Mexico, incorporated April 14, 1879. Both companies were consolidated with the Southern Pacific Company on March 10, 1902.

in Arizona. Many passengers preferred this water route to the shorter, but more tedious, stage journey in reaching points in northern Arizona. Most of this river traffic was carried on by the Colorado River Steamer Navigation Company, which was purchased by the Southern Pacific during 1877.

Constructing eastward from Yuma, the railroad crept up the bottom land alongside the Gila River to the station now known as Wellton, at that time Adonde Wells. This original line was washed away in 1892, when a dam in the Gila River gave way, and in the following year the present line was relocated on higher ground. Two surveys were made from Wellton. One maintained a light grade passing around the end of the Mohawk Mountain close to the Gila River and going into the present road near Aztec. The other route, and the one chosen, was over Mohawk Summit and thence by easy construction to Gila Bend, now the station of Gila. Beyond Gila a heavy climb brought the railroad to Estrella, from which the road dropped down to the station now known as Heaton and to which point trains first operated April 28, 1879.

Abandoned City

Heaton is now just a blind siding and little more than a whistling post, but early in 1879 it was a town of considerable size and importance. It was then called Maricopa, named after the famous stage station of Maricopa Wells located about seven miles north, which was the watering place for that part of the country. Being at the gateway for teaming to Phoenix and other points in the Salt River Valley, Maricopa seemed destined to become a large city. A special train was run from California carrying many home-seekers and real estate men who invested in property at the railroad terminus. The bubble burst as the railroad pushed on eastward and, by the summer of 1887, the railroad offices and name were moved four miles east to the present town of Maricopa.

Beyond the original Maricopa was constructed one of the longest, if not the longest, curve in the world, five miles in length, with a ten-minute curvature. East of this curve is a tangent 47 miles in length, being the longest piece of straight track on the Southern Pacific lines. Casa Grande was reached May 19, 1879, where work was held up during the summer season. The track reached Tucson March 17, 1880, and three days later the first passenger train entered that city.

Ancient Pueblo

Tucson then had about two thousand inhabitants. It had been surrounded by an adobe wall which was built many years before as a protection against the Indians and outlaws.^{33a} Arrival of the first train was celebrated with great enthusiasm and the banners of all nations were floated from the outer walls of the ancient and honorable pueblo. As the train approached the city limits a salute of 38 guns was fired by the military and the Sixth Cavalry band burst into a medley of patriotic airs. A silver spike, the driving of which marked the final completion of the railroad into Tucson, was presented to Col. Charles Crocker, president of the Southern Pacific. After speeches of welcome, the party of visitors was escorted to the banquet hall.

The "Arizona Star" devoted most of its edition that day to stories about the railroad, and in one article the editor wrote poetically, as follows:

"The railway comes booming across the desert a thousand miles from the Golden Gate to Asia, without a subsidy; without a land grant; without a mortgage on posterity, and is as welcome to Arizona as the fertilizing stream that makes the desert bloom like the rose. The name of the builder of the Chinese Wall is lost in the Asian mystery. Eleven acres of solid masonry has not served to preserve the name of the builder of the pyramid of Gizah. They were of no benefit to the human race. But the names of builders of roads are immortal. The Mongolian shepherd will show you the road which Genghis Khan made through the Nankou Pass. The Swiss peasant will guide you over the road traversed by Hannibal across the Alps. The veriest yokel in England watching his kine graze from the ruins of Stonehenge, will answer your question 'who built that road to the heights of old Sarum? Caesar!' The typical New Englander, in crossing this continent by the Southern Pacific Railroad a thousand years hence to visit the ruins of London, will stop at the Casa Grande and ask a descendant of the Pima Indians who built the citadel

NOTE 33a--The exact date of the founding of Tucson is uncertain. Some writers claim it was first located about the year 1555 and that it is the oldest city in the United States. Others claim that it was not a settlement until the latter part of the 17th century, when the missions along the Santa Cruz were established by Father Kino. Of one thing there seems to be no doubt, and that is that Tucson was the first and only walled city ever existing in the United States. The wall, rising about five feet above the flat roofs of the houses, afforded fine breastworks for the defense of the pueblo. The enclosure formed by this wall occupied area bounded as follows: Beginning at Washington Street, thence south to Pennington, up Pennington to about the middle of the Court House, thence north to Washington Street, and along Washington Street to the place of beginning. There were two entrances by immense doors made of heavy timber. One of these doors stood where Alameda Street enters Main and some of the old wall has been used in the later-day construction." (From "Arizona, the Youngest State," by Col. Jas. H. McClintock.)

of that name, and the gentle savage will reply in the softest dialect of his tribe, 'pimach' (I don't know); but ask him 'Who built the Southern Pacific Railroad?' and the child of the centuries will answer, 'Crocker.' "

One of the features of the celebration, and which gave birth to a story that has been told with many ramifications and has since taken a place in railroad classics, was the sending of telegrams from the banquet hall to all parts of the world. The telegraph, like the railroad, was an innovation and the leading citizens of Tucson decided to give it a thorough christening. Over the signature of Mayor Leatherwood, messages of greeting were sent to the President of the United States, to Governor Freeman, to the Southern Pacific Company, to the Mayors of San Francisco, Los Angeles and Yuma, and to His Holiness the Pope at Rome.

Message to Pope

In sending the message to the Pope, the Mayor was joined by the Very Rev. J. B. Salpointe, and it read: "The Mayor of Tucson begs the honor of reminding His Holiness that this ancient and honorable pueblo was founded by the Spaniards under the sanction of the Church more than three centuries ago and to inform your Holiness that a railroad from San Francisco, California, now connects us with the Christian world. Asking your benediction." Great excitement was created in Tucson a few days later by the delivery of what was thought to be a reply from the Pope. A very brief message, deciphered after some difficulty, expressed the appreciation of His Holiness, but asked laconically, "—but where the H— is Tucson?" Some wag who had attended the ceremonies, but who lived in another city, perpetrated the hoax.

From Tucson the road was built over the open mesa to Vail, 20 miles eastward, where it entered what is known as Cienega Canyon. The original location along Cienega Creek was subjected to bad washouts and nearly all of the line from Vail to Mescal had been rebuilt on higher ground by 1892, as had also a considerable portion of the line further eastward. From Mescal the grade dropped down to the San Pedro River at Benson, over which distance it was necessary to build about two miles of very crooked track. This series of sharp curves was later done away with by line changes which eliminated six ten-degree curves. The first train was operated to Benson June 22, 1880.

Apache Country

From the Dragoon Mountains, just beyond Benson, the road was extended across the Sulphur Springs Valley, passing over a point once occupied by the ancient Lake Cochise, where the prosperous little town of Willecox now stands. For hundreds of years the Apache Indians held absolute dominion over this section of the country. Chief Cochise made peace in 1872, which was not violated until about two years after his death in 1876, when the greater part of the Indians broke from the reservation and went on the warpath later under the leadership of Chief Geronimo. It was during the heyday of this notorious Indian rebel that the Southern Pacific line was being built through that part of Arizona, but the construction force was never attacked. During a part of the time a military escort moved along with the railroad men for protection. Geronimo surrendered in 1886.

Emerging from the fertile valley, the road passed over the summit now known as Razo, then Railroad Pass, and from there down the hill to Luzena and Bowie, so named from Ft. Bowie, an old military post which lies several miles to the south of the present station. From this point the road extended across San Simon Valley and trains were operated into San Simon, 11 miles from the Arizona-New Mexico boundary line, on September 15, 1880.

Just beyond, the line climbed the Peloncillo Mountains to the summit of Steins, in the vicinity of which some of the scenes of Geronimo were enacted and where many mail robbers took their toll.

The first passenger trains were operated into Lordsburg on October 18, 1880; to Deming on December 15; and on May 19, 1881, the road reached the Rio Grande River and El Paso welcomed its first railroad train.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.,
REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

Of the ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW, published quarterly at Phoenix, Arizona,
for April, 1928.

STATE OF ARIZONA }
County of Maricopa. } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared George H. Kelly, State Historian, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of the ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher—ARIZONA STATE HISTORIAN, Phoenix, Arizona

Editor—ARIZONA STATE HISTORIAN, Phoenix, Arizona

Managing Editor—ARIZONA STATE HISTORIAN, Phoenix, Arizona

Business Managers—ARIZONA STATE HISTORIAN, Phoenix, Arizona

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent. or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) STATE OF ARIZONA.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) NONE.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

GEO. H. KELLY, State Historian.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of October, 1928

(SEAL)

B. F. HILL, Notary Public.

(My commission expires September 23rd, 1928.)

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